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BIOGRAPHICAL
SKETCHES
OF
DISTINGUISHED MARYLANDERS.

BY ESMERALDA BOYLE,
*Author of Thistle-Down, Felice, and Songs of the
Land and Sea.*



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TO THE
STATE OF MARYLAND

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.

PREFACE.



IN these sketches are embraced only a few of the many Marylanders whose acts have gone far towards establishing the greatness of our country. Yet through this small volume the author hopes that the soldiers, statesmen, and singers of "The Old Land" may become familiar as household friends to the children of their native State. Let us never be so ungrateful as to forget those whom we should first remember—the men and women whose illustrious names glorify the pages of our history.

In the material furnished to the present writer, only the true worth of great actions was considered. It is not incumbent upon an author to make laborious search for the petty weaknesses or greater faults common to all humanity. The better work is to discover, as clearly as possible, those nobler traits of soul that elevate men and women to a standard that inspires reverence towards our heroes and heroines of History. When in daily life we are familiar with sorrow wrought through the words or acts of evil-intentioned "mischief makers," how earnestly should we guard from slander the names of those whose fame we love.

We should rejoice that in this century the story of

the great Dulany has again been found and rescued from the dust. The two letters from George Washington to Governor Johnson, contained in these pages, have never before been published. This work, done for old Maryland's sake, has brought its own reward and comfort to the writer. If, while referring with proud satisfaction to the deeds of our acknowledged great ones, we would sometimes remember the unnamed valor of untitled lords, it would be well. Not far need we seek, perhaps, an "inglorious Milton:"

Some silent, uncrowned poet
Upon whose unknown grave,
No fame-bestowing laurels
Their gracious homage wave.

Where no unsullied marble
Doth mark the hallowed ground,
Within whose heart unuttered
Is grief the most profound.

Where Spring's first roses scatter
Their perfume, sweet and wild,
About the earthly temple
Of Nature's cherished child.

E. B.

June 24th, 1876.

THE
Thanks of the Author

ARE DUE FOR ASSISTANCE IN THIS WORK TO

George Delany, Chevalier de St. Maurice and St. Ligmas, d'Italia,
Dublin, Ireland; The Hon. Judge Pinkney, Baltimore;
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President of Saint
John's College,
Annapolis,
AND OTHERS.



AN INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.



R. BANCROFT, the historian, says: "The mild forbearance of a Proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the State."

McMahon says, in his "History of Maryland:" "The Freemen of Maryland, as they were called, were emphatically so from their origin. They never permitted the Proprietary to entrench upon what they considered to be their rights; and the records of this period furnish many instances in which they opposed and defeated the designs of the Proprietaries."

The first of every land in all the world
Where love of God, in peace, each creed defined,
And freedom of the heart was certified
By freedom of the mind!

Where Christian, each, might worship as he willed,
Where temples throning different faiths arose,
Where bigot and where martyr, side by side,
Were shielded from their foes!

From the Charter of Maryland, granted by King Charles the First, of England, it is evident how Maryland and her children were esteemed by that monarch, though he was a *Protestant*, and the recipients of his bounty *Catholics*: "Whereas, our right trusty, and well

beloved subject, Cecilius Calvert, Baron of Baltimore, in our Kingdom of Ireland, son and heir of Sir George Calvert, Kt., late Baron of Baltimore, in the same Kingdom of Ireland, pursuing his father's intentions, being excited with a laudable and pious zeal for the propagation of the Christian faith, and the enlargement of our empire and dominion, hath humbly besought leave of us, by his industry and charge to transport an ample colony of the English nation unto a certain country hereafter described, in the parts of America, not yet cultivated and planted, though in some parts thereof inhabited by certain barbarous people having no knowledge of Almighty God."

And again, in reference to the "remote country" among "barbarous nations:" "Therefore, we have given, and for us, our heirs and successors, do give power by these presents, unto the now Lord Baltimore, his heirs or assigns, by themselves or their captains, or others, their officers, to levy, muster and train, all sorts of men, of what condition, or wheresoever born, in the said province of Maryland for the time being, and to make war and to pursue the enemies and robbers aforesaid, as well by sea as by land, yea, even without the limits of the said province, and (by God's assistance) to vanquish and take them, and being taken, to put them to death by the law of war, or to save them at their pleasure; and to do all and everything which unto the charge and office of a captain-general of an army belongeth, or hath accustomed to belong, as fully and freely as any captain-general of an army hath ever had the same."

And again: "Furthermore, that the way to honors and dignities may not seem to be altogether precluded and shut up to men well born, and to such as shall prepare themselves unto this present plantation and

desire to deserve well of us, and our kingdoms, both in peace and war, in so far distant and remote a country; Therefore we, for us, our heirs and successors, do give free and absolute power unto the said now Lord Baltimore, his heirs and assigns, to confer favors, rewards and honours, upon such inhabitants within the province aforesaid, as shall deserve the same; and to invest them with what titles and dignities soever as he shall think fit, (so as they be not such as are now used in England.") And further on occurs the following:—"we give and grant license unto the said now Lord Baltimore and *his heirs to erect any parcels of land within the province aforesaid into manors*, and in every of the *said manors* to have and to hold a *Court Baron* with all things whatsoever which to a *Court Baron* do belong, and to have and to hold view of Frank-Pledge (for the conservation of the peace and the better government of those parts) by themselves or their stewards, or by the lords for the time being of other manors to be deputed, when they shall be erected: And in the same, to use all things belonging to *View of Frank-Pledge*, and further, our pleasure is, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, we do covenant and grant to and with the said now Lord Baltimore, his heirs and assigns; that we, our heirs and successors, shall at no time hereafter, set or make, or cause to be set, any imposition, custom or other taxation, rate or contribution whatsoever in or upon the dwellers and inhabitants of the aforesaid province, for their lands, tenements, goods or chattels, or in or upon any goods or merchandizes within the said province, or to be laden or unladen within any of the ports or harbours of the said province; and our pleasure is, and for us, our heirs and successors, we charge and command, that this our declaration shall be henceforward from time to time received and

allowed in all our courts, and before all the judges of us, our heirs and successors, for a sufficient and lawful discharge, payment and acquittance; commanding all, and singular, our officers and ministers of us, our heirs and successors, and enjoining them upon pain of our high displeasure, that they do not presume at any time to attempt anything to the contrary of the premises, or that they do in any sort withstand the same, but that they be at all times aiding and assisting, as is fitting, unto the said, now Lord Baltimore, and *his heirs*, and to the inhabitants and merchants of Maryland aforesaid, their servants, ministers, factors, and assigns, in the full use and fruition of the benefit of this our Charter.”

That all doubts and restrictions interfering with the future prosperity of Maryland should be rendered impracticable barriers, the Charter concludes in this wise: “If perchance hereafter it should happen that any doubts or questions should arise concerning the true sense and understanding of any word, clause or sentence contained in this our present Charter, we will ordain and command, that at all times, and in all things, such interpretation be made thereof, and allowed in any of our courts whatsoever, as shall be judged most advantageous and favourable unto the said now Lord Baltimore, his heirs and assigns. Provided always, that no interpretation be admitted thereof, by which God’s holy and truly Christian religion, or the allegiance due unto us, our heirs and successors may in any thing suffer any prejudice or diminution.”

This grant witnessed and signed at Westminster, the 20th day of June, 1632, was executed for the benefit of Cecilius Calvert, first Lord Proprietary and Governor of the State of Maryland, and the second Lord Baltimore, son of Sir George Calvert, who was created Lord Balti-

more by James I of England, on the 20th day of February, 1624.

Lord Baltimore, George Calvert, was born in Yorkshire in 1582. When quite young he became the Secretary of Sir Robert Cecil, through whose influence and recommendation he afterward obtained the position of Clerk to the Privy Council. He finally rose to the office of Secretary of State to King James I. In 1624, he became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. **“Moved by conscientious scruples he determined no longer to hold the office of Secretary of State, which would make him, in a manner, the instrument of persecution against those whose faith he had adopted, and tendered his resignation to the King, informing him that he was now become a Roman Catholic, so that he must be wanting to his trust or violate his conscience in discharging his office.”* Not long after his resignation he was created Lord Baltimore of Baltimore in Ireland. The persecution of the Catholics in England at this time was so cruel that they longed for a refuge from the storm. This Lord Baltimore sought and obtained for them through his gracious intercession with the King. A grant was made, and the form prepared by Lord Baltimore only awaited the great seal as its mark of verity when he died. George Calvert possessed that true greatness of mind and soul which can only be the inheritance of the good. So profound was his wisdom that he sought by the means of peace and justice alone to forward and accomplish the happiness of those intrusted to his care, and subject to his rule. So broad was his liberality that he looked above that miserable bigotry which is the breeder and disseminator of distrust, tyranny, and persecution. So pure were his principles that he desired the elevation and mainte-

*McSherry.

nance of truth in all high offices of trust and dignity within his control.

His son and successor, Cecilius, the Second Lord Baltimore, fitted out two vessels bearing the suggestive names of the "Ark" and "The Dove," and under the command of his brother, the Honorable Leonard Calvert, a party of emigrants departed for the shores of America. They set sail from Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, England, on the 22nd day of November, in the year 1633. It was Saint Cecilia's day, and Father Andrew White says: "After committing the principal parts of the ship to the protection of God especially, and of His most Holy Mother, and St. Ignatius, and all the guardian angels of Maryland, we sailed on a little way between the two shores, and the wind failing us, we stopped opposite Yarmouth Castle, which is near the southern end of the same island (Isle of Wight). Here we were received with a cheerful salute of artillery."

* The ship spoken of is supposed to have been the Ark, as the Pinnace was the Dove. Father White tells of a storm that overtook the Ark on the broad bosom of the deep, and of the consternation of the sailors. In the midst of the angry waves and winds he remembered the One of whom it is written:† "Rising up, He rebuked the wind, and said to the sea: Peace; be still. And the wind ceased; and there was made a great calm." He sought refuge and assistance in prayer, and relating this in the simple language of his faith, he says: "I had scarcely finished when they observed that the storm was abating. That, indeed, brought me to a new frame of mind, and filled me at the same time with great joy and admiration, since I understood much more clearly the greatness of God's love toward the people of Mary-

* Bancroft.

† St. Mark, Chap. IV., 39 verse.

land, to whom your Reverence has sent us. Eternal praises to the most sweet graciousness of the Redeemer!!”

As the principal portion of the crew was Roman Catholic, they consecrated their landing by the sacrifice of the Mass. On page 33, of the journal of the missionary Priest above quoted, is the following beautiful passage: “After we had completed the sacrifice, we took upon our shoulders a great cross, which we had hewn out of a tree, and advancing in order to the appointed place, with the assistance of the Governor and his associates, and the other Catholics, we erected a trophy to Christ the Saviour, humbly reciting, on our bended knees, the Litanies of the Sacred Cross, with great emotion.” In this narration of events, which is evidently intended as a record of the Catholic Missions in Maryland, the general reader will perhaps find little of interest. The Indians were reported as gentle and tractable, easily won by the friendship of the white man, and keeping an unbroken faith while the pledge was honored by the Christian. The early settlers of Maryland were unchanging in their gentle treatment of the Indians, those untutored children of nature, who awaited the guidance of teachers “more wise in their day and generation.” From the records left to us it is evident that these teachers endeavored by all mild and lawful means to elevate the hearts of the Indians to a knowledge of the true God. The Indian of the present day, dwelling on the border-lands of civilization, deems the white man a traitor to his word, an enemy to the Indian race, and a breaker of compacts, whose perfidy, must be retaliated upon the innocent by fire and *toma-hawks*. This is rather a sad commentary upon the Savage, or the Christian, of our times Which is it?

From the “Annals of Annapolis,” by Daniel Ridgely,

of Maryland, is the following: "For several years previous to 1675, the inhabitants of the province of Maryland, and the Indians within and upon her border county, lived upon terms of peace and amity. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise, such being the nature and benevolent character of the laws and resolutions of the province for the protection of the friendly Indians. From the proceedings of the assembly, the strongest disposition was manifested to cherish and protect them; and *in no instance did the government take from the aborigines one acre of land without a remuneration perfectly satisfactory to them.*

John G. Morris, Esquire, in his pamphlet entitled "The Lords Baltimore," says: "In his views of establishing foreign plantations, he thought that the original inhabitants, instead of being exterminated, should be civilized and converted; that the Governors should not be interested merchants, but gentlemen not concerned in trade, and that every one should be left to provide for himself by his own industry, without dependence on a common interest."

Although Cecilus was the first Proprietary Governor who ruled over Maryland, the colony was indebted to George Calvert for its polity.

Hughes, in his "Brief Sketch of Maryland," has quoted the following:

"The mild, liberal, and moral spirit of the father was characteristically impressed upon the charter thus granted to the son, which strongly corroborates the opinion that he himself was its author. Although, very naturally, imbued to a considerable extent with the aristocratic and loyal spirit of an English subject, still he made ample provision for the rights and liberties of the colonists. Although, too, he had felt the sting of religious intolerance, and had been numbered amongst

the 'Proscribed' on his conversion to the faith of the Catholic religion, still he insured to all Christian men the most perfect exercise of the rights of conscience. Nor was it a mere *parchment guarantee*. Never, from the first settlement of Maryland, down to the period when her Proprietary was suspended, could she blush for the commission of one act of authorized intolerance against any denomination of Christians. To be sure christianity was made the law of the land; and was, in some measure, the boundary line of political franchise. The unhappy child of the Synagogue was still doomed to bear the mark of an outcast, and was unjustly debarred the privileges of a freeman.* Even so, Calvert and his colonists made giant strides in advance of the age. Maryland established the principle, and, above all, the *practice* of Christian toleration in the new hemisphere, and laid the ground-work for the complete superstructure, which was afterward reared by the hands of Jefferson and his illustrious co-laborers in the cause of truth. She was the first to give 'religious liberty a home, its only home in the wide world,' where '*the disfranchised friends of prelacy from Massachusetts, and the Puritans from Virginia, were welcome to equal liberty of conscience and political rights.*' Such is a sample only of the honorable and impartial testimony of Bancroft, who is more than sustained by the eloquent historian of Maryland. I say it not in triumph. It is a recorded truth. Indeed, the contrast is too mournful for triumph. It was truly most lamentable to see men who had fled from the old world to secure a peaceful enjoyment of civil and religious freedom, themselves, and their children after them, persecuting their fellow-men for a difference in creed. Maryland did not,

* Bancroft's History, U. S., Vol. I, p. 247.

and could not rejoice in the contrast. She only endeavored to teach a better lesson and to exemplify her teaching by her practice."

The best and most forcible pens of the day have been employed in giving honor to George Calvert, who "deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent lawgivers of all ages." * And from his name, which was kept bright by just deeds, falls the lustre illuminating the record of the Lords Baltimore who followed.

The wise rule of the Proprietary Government diffusing the happiness of peace throughout the Colony of Maryland is due to him; to his great example also is due much of the justice of Cecilius, the moderation and endurance of Leonard, and all that was most admirable in the rule of the Proprietary Domain until its overthrow, and from its resumption till the Revolution. The Honorable Charles Browning, grandson of Charles VI, Lord Baltimore, gives a few items in his records of the Baltimore family, and in reference to the emigrants "between two and three hundred gentlemen, their wives, families and attendants."

On page 87, among the "Brief Explanations," we are told that "Cecilius Lord Baltimore was particularly attentive in the selection of those whom he first engaged with, and who came over with his brother, that they should be sober, virtuous men, his lordship not looking so much for present profit as reasonable expectation."

From these men, and in appreciation of Lord Baltimore's generosity, the following vote was offered and confirmed, and placed among the perpetual laws of the State of Maryland in the year 1671:

"Great and manifold are the benefits wherewith Almighty God hath blessed the colony, first brought and

* Bancroft.

planted within this province of Maryland at your *Lordship's charge*, and continued by *your care and industry* in the happy restitution of a blessed peace unto us, being lately wasted with a miserable dissension and an unhappy war. But more inestimable are the blessings thereby poured on this province in planting Christianity among a people that knew not God, nor had heard of Christ."

"No ceremony that to great ones belongs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one-half so good a grace
As mercy does."





DANIEL DULANY.

“Where are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones
Who flourished in the infancy of days?
All to the grave gone down.”—KIRKE WHITE.



JOHN V. L. McMAHON, the distinguished lawyer and historian, says in a note to his Maryland history: “If lessons upon the vanity of human hopes would avail, here is an individual over whose history we might pause to learn how insufficient are all the brightest qualities of the mind to rescue the memory of their possessor from the common doom of mortality. But half a century has gone by, and the very name of Daniel Dulany is almost forgotten in his native State, where the unquestioned supremacy of his talents was once the theme of every tongue, and the boast of every citizen.

“In the colonial history of Maryland, the name of Dulany is associated with virtue and ability of the highest order. Daniel Dulany the elder, the father of the distinguished person alluded to in the text, was as conspicuous amongst his contemporaries as his more accomplished son, and enjoyed a reputation in the province, surpassed only by that of the latter. Of his origin and early history I have been unable to collect

any accurate information. He was admitted to the bar of the Provincial Court in 1710, and from that period his career was one of uninterrupted honor and usefulness. For nearly forty years he held the first place in the confidence of the proprietary, and the affections of the people. During that period he filled the various offices of Attorney General, Judge of the Admiralty, Commissary General, Agent and Receiver General, and Counciller, the latter of which he held under the successive administration of Governors Bladen, Ogle, and Sharpe. He was also, for several years, a member of the Lower House, in which capacity he was distinguished as the leader of the country party, in the controversy about the extension of the English Statutes.

“His son Daniel, *the greater* (if we may use such a term), is said to have been educated in England, and was admitted to the bar of the Provincial Court in 1747. In 1757, he was appointed one of the Council, and in 1761, the Secretary of the Province, which offices he held in conjunction from the latter period until the American Revolution. For many years before the fall of the proprietary government, he stood confessedly without a rival in this colony as a lawyer, a scholar, and an orator, and we may safely hazard the assertion that in high and varied accomplishments which constitute these, he has had amongst the sons of Maryland but one equal, and no superior. We may admit that tradition is a magnifier, and that men seen through its medium and the obscurity of half a century, like objects in a misty morning, loom largely in the distance; yet with regard to Mr. Dulany, there is no room for such illusion. “*You may tell Hercules by his foot,*” says the proverb, and this truth is as just, when applied to the proportions of the mind as to those of the body. The legal arguments and opinions of Mr.

Dulany, which yet remain to us, bear the impress of abilities too commanding, and of learning too profound to admit of question. Had we but these fragments, like the remains of splendor which linger around some of the ruins of antiquity, they would be enough for admiration; yet they fall very far short of furnishing just conceptions of the character and accomplishments of his mind. We have higher attestations of these in the testimony of contemporaries. For many years before the Revolution he was regarded as an *oracle* of the law. It was the constant practice of the courts of the Province to submit to his opinion every question of difficulty which came before them, and so infallible were his opinions considered, that he who hoped to reverse them was regarded "as hoping against hope." Nor was his professional reputation limited to the colony. I have been credibly informed that he was occasionally consulted from England upon questions of magnitude; and that in the Southern counties of Virginia, adjacent to Maryland, it was not unfrequent to withdraw questions from their courts, and even from the Chancellor of England, to submit them to his award. Thus unrivaled in professional learning, according to the representations of his contemporaries, he added to it all the power of the orator, the accomplishments of the scholar, the graces of the person, and the serenity of the gentleman. Mr. Pinkney, himself the wonder of his age, who saw but the setting splendor of Mr. Dulany's talents, is reported to have said of him, "that even amongst such men as Fox, Pitt, and Sheridan, he had not found his superior."

The above was written in 1830 by Mr. McMahon, yet in 1876 much of a historical nature hitherto obscured by the dust of time, has been rescued for the benefit of future generations.

As age comes upon us we fondly recall the friends and associates of childhood ; so our Nation in its hundredth year reverts with tender and noble pride to the bright days of its infancy, to those who gave lustre to its name, to those who raised the wide-spreading banner above the bulwark of Liberty.

Maryland in her sublime dignity has ever revered the brave, the strong and the good amongst her children. To none of all her great ones is more respect due than to Daniel Dulany. The distinguished Philadelphia lawyer, Horace Binney, says in "The Leaders of the Old Bar of Philadelphia,"—"Mr. Tilghman was also an advocate of great powers, a master of every question in his causes, a wary tactician in the management of them, highly accomplished in language, a faultless logician, a man of the purest integrity and of the highest honor, fluent without the least volubility, concise to a degree that left every one's patience and attention unimpaired, and perspicuous to almost the lowest order of understanding, while he was dealing with almost the highest topics. How could such qualities as these fail to give him a ready acceptance with both courts and juries, and to make him the bulwark of any cause which his judgment approved? An invincible aversion to authorship and to public office has prevented this great lawyer from being known as he ought to have been, beyond the limits of his own country. He has probably left nothing professional behind him but his opinions upon cases, now in various hands, and difficult to collect; but which if collected and published would place him upon the same elevation with Dulany of Maryland." Having recited the numerous virtues, talents, and qualifications of Chief Justice Tilghman, a Marylander by birth, he concludes the recital by comparing him to Daniel

Dulany, which in the opinion of Mr. Binney seems the most exalted praise that he could bestow upon a great man.

Mr. Tyler, in his Memoir of Chief Justice Taney, in speaking of an important case in the Court of Appeals of Maryland, argued by Taney and Harper on the one side, and Pinkney and Winder and Williams on the other, says: "It is worthy of note, that among the authorities cited by Messrs. Harper and Taney, in their brief, is the opinion of Daniel Dulany." The opinions of this great Maryland lawyer had almost as much weight in courts in Maryland, and hardly less with the crown lawyers of England, than the opinions of the great Roman jurists, that were made authority by the edict of the Emperor, had in Roman Courts. This was due, in some degree, to the fact that there were no reports of Maryland decisions until 1809: 1 Harris & McHenry. In that volume the opinions of Daniel Dulany are published along with the decisions of the Provincial Court and the Court of Appeals. The high reputation of this great Maryland lawyer stimulated the ambition of the Maryland bar, while his opinions were models of legal discussion for their imitation."

With the full force of a newly-awakened pride, strong efforts are being made to recover from the common dust of destructive time those old and honorable traditions of the past that are the crownings of our glory. As if by threads, or piece by piece, an almost forgotten story is brought to view. The chief heroes of this story, heroes that had wellnigh become as myths, are Daniel Dulany and Daniel Dulany "of Dan." These two men stand at the head of the Bar of America. This opinion is but the reiteration of an opinion expressed by the great lawyers of our land. At the time of the elder Dulany's birth the population of Maryland was not

thirty thousand. When the younger Daniel appeared among the "children of men" the number of souls in the colony of Maryland did not count fifty thousand, nor was there a town in the colony of two thousand inhabitants. The Dulanys were thorough English lawyers, with the most profound legal learning of Westminster Hall. The younger lawyer of the two has perhaps never been excelled in the accomplishments of the forum, and it has been asserted that not previous to his time, nor since its close, has his superior appeared before the Bar of Westminster.

Such were the founders of the strength and fame of the Maryland Bar. To the glorious height of the younger Dulany the youthful aspirants of the Provincial Court strove to rise; yet as children that stretch their hands toward the stars in the mighty space above them, the hopes of the many were never realized. Only two ever approached him in successful greatness, and these were Luther Martin and William Pinkney. The last-named, and the greater intellect of the two, is said to have stood in the very place of the younger Dulany in the point of effective eloquence; indeed it is a disputed question with the majority whether William Pinkney is not entitled to an equal amount of praise, and to as high a place on the Roll of Honor as the Star Lawyer of older renown.

As those men who dwell in the region of mountains are ever given to looking upward, so are elevated the thoughts and desires of those who have constantly around them the great in mind and deeds: To the Government of the United States of America, the Bar of Maryland has given five such Attorney-Generals as William Pinkney, William Wirt, Roger Brooke Taney, John Nelson, and Reverdy Johnson; to the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States a Taney and a

Chase. Thus from the staunch foundation-stone rose this most-mighty tower, the Bar of Maryland! With the progress of society, and the development of nations, the power of intellectual superiority must be recognized. Intelligence is the mediator, the agent that effects the great designs of a divine Providence. In the patriarchal days the leaders of the people were chosen as well for the ruling qualities of mind as for their moral attributes: The open way still winds forever onward and upward!

In the struggle for intellectual supremacy in the contest of argument between the adherent subjects of the mother country and the Colonies, Daniel Dulany stood pre-eminent. McMahon thus writes of "Daniel Dulany, the fit advocate of such a cause:"

"Conspicuous amongst all the essays of that day in opposition to the Stamp Act, is one to the honor of which Maryland lays claim, as the production of her most distinguished son. It came from the pen of one whose very name was a tower of strength. Abilities that defied competition, learning that ranged with an eagle-flight over every science, accomplishments that fascinated, and gentleness that soothed even envy, all conspired to render *Daniel Dulany* the fit advocate of such a cause. His celebrated essay against the Stamp Act, entitled "*Consideration on the propriety of imposing taxes in the British Colonies, for the purpose of raising a revenue by Act of Parliament,*" was published at Annapolis on the 14th of October, 1765. It was not an argument calculated merely for the meridian of Maryland. This province had a peculiar charter exemption, but the claims founded on this did not enter into the consideration of the general question, and resting upon express grant, they were rather in conflict with those in support of which no such grant could be

adduced. Mr. Dulany had a higher aim. His purpose was to show that under the principles of the British Constitution, and by force of their condition as British subjects, the colonists generally were exempt from the tax imposed ; and he has accomplished this by a mode of argument the most irresistible." He concludes his legal argument in these words: "This right of exemption from all taxes, without their consent, the colonists claim as *British subjects*. They derive this right from the common law, which their charters have declared and confirmed ; and they conceive that when stripped of this right, whether by prerogation or by any other power, they are, at the same time, deprived of every privilege distinguishing free men from slaves."

Not alone to the mere legal question involved in the famous Stamp Act did Mr. Dulany confine his views, but with the outlooking glance of the statesman, he suggests a remedy against English oppression. He advises the colonies to manufacture for themselves, rather than to depend for the mere necessities of life upon the mother country:

"In this very considerable branch, so little difficulty is there, that a beginning is half the work. The path is beaten, there is no danger of losing the way, there are directors to guide every step. But why should they stop at the point of clothing laborers ; why not proceed when vigor and strength will increase with the progression to clothe the planters ? When the first stage is arrived at, the spirits will be recruited, and the second should be undertaken with alacrity, since it may be performed with ease. In this, too, the experiment hath been made, and hath succeeded. Let the manufactures of America be the symbol of dignity, the badge of virtue, and it will soon break the fetters of distress. A garment of linsey-woolsey, when made the distinc-

tion of real patriotism, is more honorable and attractive of respect and veneration than all the pageantry, and the robes, and the plumes, and the diadem of any emperor without it. Let the emulation be not in the richness and variety of foreign productions; but in the improvement and perfection of our own. Let it be demonstrated that the subjects of the British Empire in Europe and America are the same, that the hardships of the latter will ever recoil upon the former. In theory it is supposed that each is equally important to the other, that all partake of the adversity and depression, if any. The theory is just, and time will certainly establish it; but if another principle should be ever hereafter adopted in practice, and a violation deliberate, cruel, ungrateful, and attended with every instance of provocation, be offered to our fundamental rights, why should we leave it to the slow advances of time (which may be the great hope and reliance, probably, of the authors of the injury, whose view it may be to accomplish their selfish purposes in the interval) to prove what might be demonstrated immediately? Instead of moping, and puling, and whining to excite compassion, in such situations, we ought, with spirit, and vigor, and alacrity, to bid defiance to tyranny, by exposing its impotence, by making it as contemptible as it would be detestable. By a vigorous application to manufactures, the consequence of oppression in the Colonies to the inhabitants of Great Britain would strike home, and immediately. None would mistake it. Craft and subtilty would not be able to impose upon the most ignorant and credulous; for if any should be so weak of sight as not to see, they would be so callous as not to feel it. Such conduct would be the most dutiful and beneficial to the mother country. It would point out the distemper when the remedy might be easy, and a cure at once effected by a simple alteration of regimen."

The foregoing extract gives evidence of the wise view taken by Mr. Dulany of a great political question. He is acknowledged as the father of that policy of the Federal Government which a half a century later embraced the principle of the genuine *American System*.

Dulany's advice, though bold and fearless as his view was broad, was only intended to be of the most pacific nature. The proposition for the erection of a separate and independent government, would have startled the bravest. Neither the minds of the people, nor the resources of the Colonies, were at that time prepared for a war with the home-land. Right was the chosen text when Dulany's Essay was written; and Right alone was the inspiration of every loyal heart that looked forward to an ultimate reconciliation with England.

Yet an open and forcible resistance was soon contemplated to the Stamp Act by the province of Maryland. It was now determined to put an end to its operation in the transaction of public business. With this purpose, on the 24th of February, 1766, a large number of the principal inhabitants of Baltimore county assembled at Baltimore town, and organized as an association for the maintenance of order and the protection of *American liberty*, under the name of the *Sons of Liberty*. They entered into a resolution to meet at Annapolis on the first of March ensuing, for the purpose of compelling the officers there to open their offices and to transact business without stamped paper. This design was immediately communicated to the inhabitants of the neighboring counties, who were invited to co operate in it by the formation of similar associations. The officers, at whom their resolutions were aimed, were notified of their coming, and advised to be ready to receive them. On the first of March the association met at Annapolis. They sent a written

communication of their purpose to the Chief Justice of the Provincial Court, the Secretary, the Commissary General and the Judges of the Land Office. The answers returned were not satisfactory. After issuing invitations to the other counties to form similar associations, the assembly adjourned to meet again at Annapolis to ascertain what the officers intended to do in regard to their application, at their previous meeting. On the day appointed the association repaired to the Provincial Court to present and enforce their petition. The Court at first refused to comply, but finally passed an order in conformity to the petition, and the other officers immediately acceded. Thus the Stamp Act was nullified in Maryland.

“ Mr. Dulany, during this period, was (says McMahon) the Secretary of the Province, and when the association of the Sons of Liberty was formed, he, and the other officers of the province, were notified of their intention to come to Annapolis and compel the officers to transact business without the use of stamped paper. Thus notified, he submitted himself to the advice of the Governor and Council, apprising them at the same time that in acceding to this measure he would act against his own sentiments, and would not hesitate to lay down his office to avoid such an issue, were it not that by so doing, he would cast upon the Governor the necessity of making a new appointment requiring the use of stamped paper, and with it a responsibility which might bring even the person of the latter into jeopardy. ‘He (says Mr. Dulany in his letter to the executive) seems to have as little power to protect himself as I have; but if that respect should be openly and violently trampled upon, and personal indignities be offered, the example and the consequences would be much worse in his case than in that of a subordinate

officer constrained to yield to the times.' The Council seems to have put this application under '*an advisave*,' and in the meantime the Sons of Liberty came and placed Mr. Dulany, as well as the others, in the condition of '*officers constrained to yield to the times*.' Thus to have thrown himself into the breach for the protection of the Governor, and at the hazard of all the reputation he had acquired, evinced a magnanimity which even his enemies must admire. The honors lavished upon Mr. Dulany by the repeal of the Stamp Act abundantly demonstrate that his course on this occasion had in no degree diminished the respect and affection of the colony, and furnish the strongest possible attestation to the purity of his motives and the consistency of his course." Mr. Dulany possessed the highest element of heroic character—moral courage—without which no man can be a statesman, telling the people what is the best for their country and not what pleases them. This generation, so full of pusillanimity, should study the life of this great leader of a great generation, in the most trying period of American history. He did more than any man of the time to expose the usurped power of England either by prerogative or legislation, to tax the colonies for revenue. "He became (says McMahon), the *Pitt* of Maryland, and whilst his fellow citizens hailed him with one voice as the great champion of their liberties, even foreign colonies, in their joyous celebrations of the repeal of the Stamp Act, did not hesitate to place him in their remembrances with a Camden and a Chatham."

To the last hour of discussion, Daniel Dulany opposed by the strong expression of his opinion the separation of the colonies from England. He doubted the wisdom of so bold an endeavor at that time. Right, to be available to the workers of it, must sometimes

await a propitious season. He feared for this seeming bantling that dared raise its voice against the veteran army and "wooden walls" of Britannia. Reason, and not force, was the weapon that he urged.

The result is known. When the royal authority was overthrown, Daniel Dulany, junior, who had long held the high office of First Secretary of the Province, retired into the quietude of private life. The extensive property possessed by the family was confiscated to the use of the new government. A portion of the estates situated in Frederick county, and known as Prospect Hall, is now in the possession of a family alien in race and name to the original distinguished owner. In Baltimore county, a tract of land known as Dulany's Valley, extends for a distance of about five miles. It is watered by small streams, and is noted for its fertility and rich natural beauties.

A writer in one of the Baltimore county papers recently contributed the following information: "Just above you is a beautiful valley, which you and everybody, including the postoffice authorities, always write 'Dulaney's Valley.' The name is derived from a member of the Dulany family, who, at the time of the Revolution, owned some 5,000 acres in a body, covering what is now known as Dulany's Valley, with some of the surrounding hills. Dulany being a loyalist or tory, this property was confiscated and sold by the State. Five hundred acres apiece were, however, granted by the State to each of his three sisters—Mrs. Hanson, Mrs. Fitzhugh and Mrs. Belt, comprising the beautiful farms owned at present by Messrs. Peerce, Matthews, Payne and others. The official name of the Dulany tract, if I remember rightly, was the 'Valley of Jehosaphat.'"

In this valley, and embraced in the estate, is the

homestead of a branch of the Fitzhugh line, known as "Old Windsor Hill." In the graveyard, on the brow of this hill, lie the remains of Mrs. Walter Dulany, who was first the wife, and afterward the beautiful widow of Lloyd Dulany, killed in a duel with the Reverend Bennet Allen.

Many valuable mementoes belonging originally to this family, and now scattered here and there, attest to the high social standing of the Dulanys in this country and in England.

The relation of a romance in which the Dulanys have a leading part will not here be inappropriate.

Before the breaking out of the Revolution, the Episcopal benefice, including Annapolis, was held by Mr. Bennet Allen, a clergyman of the established church. The revenue of this parish not being so great as that of some others in the colony, Mr. Allen sought to add another living to his charge. The Frederick parish is said to have been the object of his aim. A plurality of livings being contrary to the laws, much opposition to the reverend gentleman's wishes was evinced. Amongst those who thus opposed him was Walter Dulany, the son of the elder Daniel. The matter under discussion found its way into Green's Gazette, and what had begun in words ended in blows. Young Lloyd Dulany, the half-brother of Walter, being incensed by a publication of Mr. Allen's, horse-whipped the clergyman in the streets of Annapolis. The war breaking out immediately, Mr. Allen left for England. Mr. Dulany, by his haughty demeanor toward the American patriots, rendered himself obnoxious. His house on Main street (now occupied as a hotel) was several times surrounded by the indignant "freemen" of the day. Although no violence had yet been done, the threats of the people induced his departure. Accompanied by his

youthful and beautiful wife, he sailed for London. After establishing himself in London, the quarrel between Lloyd Dulany and Mr. Allen was renewed.

The reputations and social standing of several noted Americans being attacked in the public prints, immediately following an article against Governor Thomas Johnson of Maryland, was one relating to the Dulany family. The accompanying anonymous contribution was published in 1782:

“Daniel Dulany, Secretary of Maryland, a person of still lower extraction than the former, offered the service of his pen to the Congress, which, as he would not act ostensibly, was rejected, and his name struck out of the list of toasts proposed at an entertainment made during the meeting of the first Congress, upon a motion of the Maryland delegates, as inimical to the cause of liberty. This, and other instances of disaffection to the family, determined them to divide, part coming over to England under the character of sufferers to the royal cause, and part residing in America to take care of their property, and to be ready to close with the winning side. Policy too common on this occasion, as it only serves to prolong the war, and becomes a heavy burthen on this country: there being several of this name and family who have allowances from Government.”

This was duly responded to by Lloyd Dulany, Esq., the brother of the absent man upon whom the attack had been made. The response was severe and just. Considerable time elapsed before the writer of the anonymous libel was made known. Finally the following reply appeared in print from the pen of the clergyman whose name is appended to the letter:

“SIR:—It is not till the present moment that I find myself at liberty to avow that the character of Daniel Dulany, Secretary of Maryland, published sometime since in the *Morning Post*, was

written by me; the author of which you call an infamous *liar* and a *cowardly assassin*; though I know you to be, from facts, what I am only in your imagination, both an infamous *liar*, and a *cowardly assassin*. I shall not go about to recriminate, because I do not wish to imitate, but to punish your insolence. If you harbor still the same degree of resentment, the bearer will put you in a way of carrying it into immediate execution.

BENNET ALLEN."

"MR. LLOYD DULANY."

This invitation was accepted. A duel was fought and Lloyd Dulany was mortally wounded. Mr. Bennet Allen was tried and found guilty of "manslaughter only." He was fined one shilling and condemned to six months' imprisonment at Newgate.

It will thus be seen that in those days as in these latter times, the public journals, which should be the *instruments of peace and the distributors of truth to the people*, were made the receptacles of petty spites and malignant hatreds. Many of our journals may therefore lay claims to an old established precedent in a right to slander.

From two gentlemen, one the lineal descendant of Daniel Dulany the elder, the other coming from Daniel the younger, the following authentic information is obtained. That culled from the leaves of a "family history," is quoted first: "The *Dulanys* of Maryland, were the *Delaneys* in Ireland, whence their ancestor came. He was in some way related to the well-known Dr. Patrick Delaney, the friend of Swift, whose name often appears in contemporary literature. The story is, that young Delaney ran away from his friends without money and 'indentured himself,' as it was called, for passage money—in plain English he agreed to be sold into servitude for a time on his arrival on this side to pay his way. His time was bought by a gentleman, a lawyer, in one of the lower

counties and he went into service at his master's residence. It was proved, however, that he was seen reading Latin by the fire-light in the servants' quarter, which fact led to an investigation, when it was discovered that he was master of what was considered a fine education in those days. His studiousness and erudition so wrought on his master, that he took him into his office, and after making him a lawyer, bestowed upon him his daughter in marriage." So runs the family story; and it was thus that Daniel Dulany, the Irish servant, became the great barrister, and the progenitor of one of the most aristocratic families of the Colony of Maryland.

This romantic story from the pen of an honorable representative of the "great barrister," gives a twofold interest to the hero, who in a false position, and under difficulties, still preserved his noble ambition. In the account given by the second gentleman referred to, as the descendent of the younger Daniel, the youthful emigrant's departure from home without "a leave of absence" is partly explained: The elder Daniel Dulany was born in Queen's county, Ireland. He was cousin-german to Patrick Delaney, mentioned frequently in connection with Dean Swift. The old remembered couplet of Swift's is familiar to many a reader,

"Delaney sends a silver standish

When I no more a pen can brandish.

Patrick was born in Ireland in 1686, and died in 1768. He was a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, where he was educated. He afterward became Chancellor of Christ Church, and Prebendary of Saint Patrick's, in Dublin. He was Dean of Down in 1744. He was a man of great learning, as well as an author of note. He wrote some strictures upon Lord Orrery regarding his "Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift."

The name of Dulany, like many others, and especially those of Ireland, has undergone the changes of time and *circumstance*. After the Siege of Athlone, where the Prince of Orange was defeated, in 1690, a portion of the Delaney family left Ireland and settled in London. Two of the name, said to be cousins, were engaged in this battle, one a Colonel Delany, the other a Captain Dullany.

The arms of this family are registered about the period above-named at London. The crest is an up-lifted arm and dagger. The arms a lion rampant in quartered shield.

One of this family, in 1178, was Felix O'Dullany, (Roman Catholic) Bishop of Ossory, in Ireland.

The Dulanys of Maryland were Protestants, however, having left the ancient faith. From the same great clan in the Kings and Queens' counties came the O'Delans and the Delanos; of the same race also is the present distinguished editor of the *London Times*, Mr. Delane. O'Hart thus refers to the name:—"O'Dubhlaine, or Delaney, Chiefs of Tuath-an-Toraidh: and a clan of note in the barony of Upper Ossory, Queens County, and also in Kilkenny."

Daniel Dulany was entered at the University of Dublin; but in consequence of his father having married a second time, he left the college without taking his degree.

In 1710 he was admitted to the Bar of Maryland.

His first wife was a daughter of Colonel Carter, of Calvert county, Maryland,—by her he had no children. His second wife was Rebecca, daughter of Colonel Walter Smith, of Calvert county. His third wife was the sister of Governor Edward Lloyd, of Maryland.

He died at Annapolis, December the 5th, 1750, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was honorably

interred in the vault near the north entrance of Saint Anne's Church at Annapolis. His pall was supported by his Excellency, the Governor of Maryland, four of the Honorable Council and the Worshipful Mayor of Annapolis.

Daniel Dulany "the greater" was the son of Daniel Dulany the first, by the second marriage. He was educated at Eton, and at Clare Hall, Cambridge, England. He was afterward of the Temple. He was admitted to the Bar of Maryland in the year 1740. His wife was Miss Tasker, the sister of Col. Benjamin Tasker, Jr. He died in the city of Baltimore, March the 19th, 1797, aged 75 years and 8 months.

In Saint Paul's church, Baltimore, there is a monument erected to his memory. His mortal remains are supposed to be interred elsewhere, however, as upon the stone there is no *hic jacet*. A statue of this great man once stood in the Episcopal Church of Saint Anne, at Annapolis. An accidental fire destroyed this venerable building in 1856, and the statue was reduced to lime. This church was named in commemoration of Queen Anne, of England. In the lofty steeple of the church hung a deep-toned bell, presented by that royal lady. At the time of the destructive fire mentioned, the bell which was made to sway to and fro by the upward rush of the heated air, rang out a solemn and dirge-like strain, recalling by turns to the minds of the assembled multitude the peals that had rung through long generations of *ye olden time*, for the Coming and the Going which we know as Life and Death; finally it descended with a mighty crash into the leaping flames that illumined the darkness of the night, ringing thenceforth only in memory through the silence, the dust, and the ashes, of the unreturning Past.



THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

OF BALTIMORE, MD.



NCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak
and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore;

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there
came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping—rapping at my chamber door.
“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, tapping at my chamber door ;
“Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow ; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door ;
This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,
 " Sir," said I, " or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;
 But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping—tapping at my chamber door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you : " here I opened wide the
 door :—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering,
 fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream
 before ;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word
 " Lenore ! "
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word
 " Lenore ! "

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
 " Surely," said I, " surely that is something at my window lattice ;
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore :
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
 Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopped or stayed
 he ;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore ;
 " Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, " art sure
 no craven ;
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly
 shore ;
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian Shore,"
 Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door,
With such a name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word lie did outpour ;
Nothing further then he uttered ; not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown
before ;
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown
before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast, and followed faster till his songs one burden bore ;
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never—nevermore."

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust
and door ;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of
yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core ;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloating o'er ;
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen
censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe, from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this Home by Honor haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me, tell me, I implore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked
upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian Shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off
my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him stealing throws his shadow on the
floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the
floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!



THOMAS JOHNSON,

THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF MARYLAND.

THE ABBE ROBIN, one of the Chaplains of the French Army in North America, thus writes of Annapolis as it appeared during the progress of the Revolution: "In that very inconsiderable town standing at the mouth of the Severn, where it falls into the bay, of the few buildings it contains, at least three-fourths may be styled elegant and grand. Female luxury here exceeds what is known in the provinces of France. A French hair-dresser is a man of importance amongst them, and it is said a certain dame here hires one of that craft at *one thousand* crowns a year. The State House is a very beautiful building; I think the most so of any I have seen in America." From the "gossiping" letter of the *Abbe*, we learn of the customs prevailing in what was then known as the Athens of America. McMahon, the historian, says of it: "Long before the era of the American Revolution it was conspicuous as the seat of wealth and fashion; and the luxurious habits, elegant accomplishments, and profuse hospitality of its inhabitants were proverbially known throughout the Colonies. . . . It was the seat of a wealthy government, and of its principal institutions, and as such congregated around it many whose liberal attainments emi-

nently qualified them for society, and the endorsements of whose offices enabled them to keep pace even with the extravagances of fashion."

The seat of the government of Maryland was transferred from Saint Mary's to Annapolis, then called the Port of Annapolis, in the winter of 1694-1695. Erected into a city, it was invested with the privileges of sending delegates to the Assembly in 1708. In this favored city sat a court of general jurisdiction, in matters of a certain grade, over the whole State. This was called the Provincial Court, and the Court of Appeals. In these two courts all the leading lawyers of the State practiced. Here greatness found utterance, and through its appealing eloquence the Bar of Maryland developed its strength.

Thomas Johnson was reared in the office of the Provincial Court, learning the course of its procedure. He studied law in the office of Mr. Bordley, an eminent lawyer of the time; such were the advantages of his position.

Thomas Johnson, having settled at Annapolis, continued attaining eminence at the Bar until the approach of the American Revolution.

The Stamp Act had now been passed by the English Parliament. The sole power to convene the General Assembly of Maryland was vested in the Governor of the State. In November, 1763, Governor Sharpe prorogued it, and by repeated prorogations postponed its session. The Assembly was, however, at length convened on the 23d of September, 1765.

The Stamp Act was the first subject discussed. To this Assembly Thomas Johnson was sent as a delegate from Anne Arundel county.

A circular from the Assembly of Massachusetts invited the other Colonies to unite with them in the

appointment of Commissioners to a general Congress to be held at New York.

This was immediately taken up for consideration. On the second day of its session, the Assembly passing by all other business, concurred in the proposition and appointed Commissioners. A committee for drafting the instructions of the Commission was also appointed, and Thomas Johnson chosen as a member thereof.

The General Assembly adopted and ordered to be published on the 28th of September, 1765, a series of resolutions declaring the character and tendencies of the late measures of the English Parliament. Of this portion of Maryland's history, McMahon says: "Pre-eminent amongst all the legislative declarations of the Colonies for the lofty and dignified tone of their remonstrances, and for the entire unanimity with which they were adopted, they form one of the proudest portions of our history."

The indignant expressions of the several Colonies caused the repeal of the offensive Stamp Act by the English Parliament, on the 18th day of March, 1766. The Colonies were unsatisfied. The claim to the right of revenue taxation had not been removed. Against this power involved in the Stamp Act the Colonies contended. Under an assumption of regulating the commerce of the Colonies, said to be justified by the distinction originally drawn by the colonists themselves, between internal and external taxation, the Parliament contemplated a new scheme in 1767. The Act was passed on the 2nd of July of that year. The Act was to take place after the 20th of November ensuing, by which new duties were imposed on tea and other of the most necessary articles of consumption. After the passage of this and other obnoxious acts, the Assembly of Maryland was not convened until May the 24th, 1768.

The Massachusetts Assembly of January, 1768, had issued a circular to the Colonial Assemblies generally, detailing its own operations and inviting concurrence.

The injunction of the Crown to the Governors of the Colonies generally, was to prorogue their Assemblies should any inclination be manifested to second the designs of the Massachusetts circular.

The Lower House of the Assembly of Maryland took the Massachusetts circular into consideration on the 8th of June, 1768.

A committee was appointed, consisting of gentlemen distinguished for ability, and devotion to the cause of the Colonies.

This committee was instructed to draft a petition of remonstrance to the King of England against the late impositions. Thomas Johnson was one of this committee.

McMahon says: "Their petition to the King may safely challenge a comparison with any similar paper of that period, as an eloquent and affecting appeal to the justice of the crown."

The General Assembly of Maryland controlled by its right the officers of the province, and regulated their compensation for official services.

The fees of office had been prescribed by an act passed in the year 1763, and which had been unchanged until October 1770. In the session of September, 1770, the act had been presented for renewal.

There were no salaries. An officer was allowed a separate fee for each definite act of service.

The fees which were established by this act of 1763 had prevailed from a very early period in the Colony.

The excesses practiced under this system prevented the statute of 1763 from being re-enacted. Governor Eden resolved to regulate the fees under the preroga-

tives of his office. On the 26th of November, 1770, he issued a proclamation to that effect. No measure of internal polity was ever more thoroughly discussed or more closely investigated. Parties were formed calling to their aid every man of influence or ability.

Green's Gazette, that common meeting-ground of the day, also served as a medium in the discussion. Opposed to the proclamation of the Governor was Thomas Johnson, amongst the foremost.

McMahon, in his history, in treating of this discussion, says: "The reputation of Thomas Johnson does not rest alone upon the memorials of our colonial history. It has a prouder record in the history of his State, in the councils of the American nation. Distinguished as the first Governor of Maryland, after her elevation to the rank of an independent State, and as one of her ablest representatives in the Continental Congress, his efforts in this mere provincial controversy are adverted to, not as evidences of his character, but as the earnest of those virtues afterward so conspicuous in the discharge of his arduous and dangerous duties during the darkest hours of the Revolution. At this early period he held a professional rank, and enjoyed a degree of public respect in his own Colony, sufficient for enviable distinction."

The next Assembly convened, after the proclamation of the Governor, was in October, 1771.

Every effort was made to procure the withdrawal of the proclamation in the Lower House during a session of something more than two months. The matter under controversy had no more eloquent discussor than Thomas Johnson. The right of taxation was declared to belong to the Assembly alone. The proclamation, as well as the regulation of fees in the land, were declared illegal, the measures arbitrary.

An address to the Governor, drawing attention to his illegal course, followed these resolutions from the Lower House.

The delegate from Anne Arundel County, *Thomas Johnson*, presented the address to the House.

It was adopted with but three dissenting voices.

In this manner concludes the appeal:—

“Permit us to entreat your Excellency to review this unconstitutional assumption of power, and consider its pernicious consequences. Applications to the public offices are not of choice, but necessity. Redress cannot otherwise be had for the smallest or most atrocious injuries; and as surely as that necessity does exist, and a binding force in the proclamation or regulation of fees in the land office be admitted, so certainly must the fees thereby established be paid to obtain redress. In the sentiments of a much approved and admired writer, suppose the fees imposed by this proclamation could be paid by the good people of this Province with the utmost ease, and that they were the most exactly proportioned to the value of the officer’s services; yet, even in such a supposed case, this proclamation ought to be regarded with abhorrence. *For who are a free people?* Not those over whom government is reasonable and equitably exercised; but those who live under a government so constitutionally checked and controlled, that proper provision is made against its being otherwise exercised. This act of power is founded on the destruction of constitutional security. If the proclamation may rightfully regulate the fees, it has a right to fix any quantum. If it has a right to regulate, it has a right to regulate to a million; for where does its right stop? At any given point! To attempt to limit the right, after granting it to exist at all, is contrary to justice. If it has a right to tax us, then,

whether our money shall continue in our own pockets depends no longer on us, but on the prerogative."

Unavailing were these remonstrances. The views of the Governor remained unchanged. No compromise seemed possible, and the refractory Assembly was prorogued according to the order of the crown.

The year 1774 had arrived, and on the 31st day of March was passed in Parliament the Boston Port-Bill, taking from Boston all its privileges as a port of entry and discharge. Aroused by these measures, the Maryland colonists met in General Convention in the city of Annapolis on the 22nd of June, 1774, the different counties being there represented by their most distinguished men. Thomas Johnson appeared as a deputy from Anne Arundel county. At the meeting of the Convention it was agreed that any divided question should be settled by vote, each county having one vote, the majority settling the question.

By the 10th resolution, it was resolved, "That Matthew Tilghman, Thomas Johnson, Robert Goldsborough, William Paca, and Samuel Chase, Esquires, or any two or more of them, be deputies for this Province, to attend a general Congress of deputies from the Colonies, at such time and place as may be agreed on, to effect one general plan of conduct, operating on the commercial connection of the Colonies with the mother country, for the relief of Boston and the preservation of American liberty; and that the deputies of this province immediately correspond with Virginia and Pennsylvania, and through them with the other Colonies, to obtain a meeting of the general Congress, and to communicate, as the opinion of this committee, that the twentieth day of September next will be the most convenient time for a meeting, which time, to prevent delay, they are directed to propose."

On the 5th day of September, 1774, assembled the Continental Congress, toward which the gaze of all the Colonies was directed.

On the 2nd of October a resolution was passed by Congress that an address to the crown should be prepared. Richard Henry Lee, John Adams, Thomas Johnson, and Patrick Henry, were appointed to prepare the address.

In the memoirs of Richard Henry Lee, by his grandson, published in 1825, he mentions in a note referring to this committee Thomas Johnson in the following manner:—

“The author cannot pass the name of this gentleman without a tribute to his memory, which every virtuous American must delight to bestow. He was one of the ablest men in the old Congress. There did not live in those times which “tried men’s souls” a purer patriot or a more efficient citizen. He was Governor of Maryland during the darkest period of the Revolution. Under his administration, Maryland was distinguished for her devotion to the common cause. On one occasion when General Washington was retreating through the Jerseys, he raised a large body of Maryland militia, and marched at their head to his camp, by whom he was received with the most marked respect. He was under the Federal government a judge of the United States Court. He was frequently in flattering terms invited by General Washington to accept the appointment of Secretary of State. No Roman citizen ever loved his country more. His private virtues entitle him to veneration and love. Thomas Johnson was indeed an honor to the cause of liberty.”

John Adams, afterward President of the United States, in his works edited by his grandson, Charles Francis Adams, thus speaks of him: “Johnson, of

Maryland, has a clear and cool head, an extensive knowledge of trade as well as of law. He is a deliberating man, but not a shining orator; his passion and imagination do not appear enough for an orator; his reason and penetration appear, but not his rhetoric." He reports Johnson as saying in one of his speeches in 1775: "We ought not to lay down a rule in a passion. I see less and less prospect of a reconciliation every day, but I would not render it impossible. . . . Thirteen Colonies connected with Great Britain, in sixteen months, have been brought to an armed opposition to the claims of Great Britain. The line we have pursued has been the line we ought to have pursued; if what we have done had been done two years ago, four Colonies would not have been for it." Again Mr. Adams says: "Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, was the most frequent speaker from his State, and while he remained with us, was inclined to Mr. Dickerson for some time, but ere long he and all his State came cordially into our system. In the fall of 1776, his State appointed him General of Militia, and he marched to the relief of General Washington in the Jerseys. He never returned to Congress." The most important act of Mr. Johnson while in Congress was his motion that *George Washington, of Virginia, be appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army*. An act, which was in itself the first movement toward so glorious an event, might justly be regarded as the most important of his life. John C. Hamilton, in his life of Alexander Hamilton, thus notices the fact:

"On the fifteenth of June, 1775, Colonel Washington was unanimously elected, and the seventeenth, the day on which the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, was commissioned as Commander-in-Chief."

The enviable distinction of having nominated him to

this place belongs to Thomas Johnson, of Maryland, who soon after signalized his patriotism by hastening from civil life with a body of Maryland troops to join the army during its retreat through New Jersey, and who, as a just tribute to his virtues and talents, was elected the first Governor of that State.

✓ As this circumstance is not only one of great public interest, but had an important bearing on the political destinies of the country, and more especially as it has been erroneously supposed that this honor was claimed by John Adams, a distinguished member of that Congress, it becomes important to give the evidence on which this statement rests. It is found in the following extract of a letter from that gentleman to Colonel Pickering, dated August 6th, 1822. After giving an account of his going to Philadelphia in 1775, in company with Cushing, Samuel Adams, and Paine, "four poor pilgrims," Mr. Adams says: "They were met at Frankfort by Dr. Rush, Mr. Mifflin, Mr. Bayard, and others, who desired a conference, and particularly cautioned not to lisp the word 'Independence.' They added, you must not come forward with any bold measures; you must not pretend to take the lead; you know Virginia is the most populous State in the Union; they are very proud of their ancient dominion, as they call it; they think they have the right to lead, and the Southern States and Middle States are too much disposed to yield it to them. This was plain dealing, Mr. Pickering; and I must confess that there appeared so much wisdom and good sense in it, that it made a deep impression on my mind, and it had an equal effect on all my colleagues. This conversation, and the principles and facts and motives suggested in it, have given a color, complexion, and character to the whole policy of the United States from that day to this. Without

it, Mr. Washington would never have commanded our armies, nor Mr. Jefferson have been the author of the Declaration of Independence, nor Mr. Richard Henry Lee the mover of it, nor Mr. Chase the mover of foreign relations.

“If I have ever had cause to repent of any part of this policy, that repentance ever has been and ever will be unavailing. I had forgot to say, nor Mr. Johnson ever have been the nominator of Washington for General.”

It is worthy of note, that George Washington and Thomas Johnson, two great men born in the same year, in adjoining States, were united by the firmest bonds of a friendship, strengthened by devotion to the same cause. It is alike worthy of remark that this chosen friend of our Chief is scarcely known by more than name to the people for whose honor and glory he strove. The words of McMahan in reference to the silence of most historians upon the life of Dulany, might be quoted with nearly the same degree of justice in regard to Governor Johnson. No man did more for the advancement of Liberty's cause, yet amongst the recorded names of American heroes, how seldom do we find his name. Few men of Maryland's struggling days did so much toward furnishing material for the history of Maryland—yet how has history forgotten him!!

The Maryland Congress was again convened by a call of its deputies on the 21st of November, 1774. The proceedings of the Congress up to that time were unanimously approved.

At the December session a committee charged with the important duty of corresponding with the other Colonies was appointed.

This was known as the “Provincial Committee of Correspondence.”

Thomas Johnson was one of the committee, being then a deputy in Congress.

On the 14th of October, 1774, the first tea-burning in Maryland took place. The tea was brought on the brig Peggy Stewart. Mr. Stewart, a part owner in the cargo, was forced to set fire with his own hands to the vessel. This act was witnessed by Maryland patriots who wore no disguise—who feared only injustice, who hated tyranny!

The daily development of events breathed alone hostility toward England. In July, 1775, a Provisional Government was established in Maryland. In the Provisional Convention was vested the supreme power. The chief executive authority of the Province was vested in a Committee of Safety elected by the Convention. Thomas Johnson was a member of the Executive Committee.

A reconciliation was still hoped for, though the cry “to arms” had already been raised against the powers of Great Britain.

Chancellor Hanson of Maryland, in his introductory remarks to the Journals of the Convention, says: “Such an administration, the immediate offspring of necessity, might have been reasonably expected to be subversive of that liberty which it was intended to secure. But in the course of more than two years, during which it existed, it was cheerfully submitted to by all, except the advocates of British usurpation; although many occasions occurred in which an intemperate zeal transported men beyond the just bounds of moderation, *not a single person* fell a victim to the oppression of this irregular government. The truth is, that during the whole memorable interval between the fall of the old and the institution of the new form of government, there appeared to exist amongst us such a fund of public virtue as has scarcely a parallel in the annals of the world.” In the executive branch of this

government, Thomas Johnson was, down to January, 1776, a chief actor in its administration. The whole atmosphere of Maryland was pervaded by a rational liberty which respected difference of opinion as a right belonging to every colonist. And no one was more fully impressed with the sacredness of this right than Thomas Johnson.

Thomas Johnson, August 18th, 1775, at Annapolis, wrote to Horatio Gates a letter from which are taken the following extracts :

“I shall be very unhappy that petitioning the King, to which measure I was a friend, should give you or any one else attached to the cause of America and liberty the least uneasiness. You and I, and America in general, may almost universally wish in the first place to establish our liberties; our second wish is, a reunion with Great Britain; so may we preserve the empire entire, and the constitutional liberty, founded in whiggish principles handed down to us by our ancestors. In order to strengthen ourselves to accomplish these great ends, we ought, in my opinion, to conduct ourselves so as to unite America and divide Britain; this, as it appears to me, may most likely be effected by doing rather more than less in the peaceable line, than would be required if our petition is rejected with contempt, which I think most likely. Will not our friends in England be still more exasperated against the Court? And will not our very moderate men on this side of the water be compelled to own the necessity of opposing force to force? The rejection of the New York petition was very serviceable to America. If our petition should be granted, the troops will be recalled, the obnoxious acts repealed, and we restored to the footing of 1763. If the petition should not be granted, but so far attended to as to lay the ground-work of a

negotiation, Britain must, I think, be ruined by the delay; if she subdues us at all, it must be by a violent and sudden exertion of her force; and if we can keep up a strong party in England, headed by such characters as Lord Chatham and the others in the present opposition, Bute, Mansfield and North, and a corrupt majority cannot draw the British force fully into action against us. Our friends will certainly continue such as long as they see we do not desire to break from a reasonable and beneficial connection with the mother country; but if, unhappily for the whole Empire, they should once be convinced by our conduct that we design to break from that connection, I am apprehensive they will thenceforth become our most dangerous enemies—the greatest and first law of self-preservation will justify, nay compel it. The cunning Scotchman and Lord North fully feel the force of this reasoning; hence their industry to make it believed in England that we have a scheme of Independence, a general term they equivocally use, to signify to the friends of liberty a breaking off of all connection, and to tories that we dispute the supremacy of Parliament. In the Declaratory Act is the power of binding us by its acts, in all cases whatever—the latter we do most certainly dispute, and I trust shall successfully fight against with the approbation of every honest Englishman. Lord North's proposition, and consequent resolution of Parliament, were insidiously devised to wear the face of peace, and embarrass us in the choice of evils—either to accept and be slaves, or reject and increase the number and power of our enemies. I flatter myself that your petition will present to him only a choice of means injurious to his villainous schemes.

“Our Convention met the very day of my getting home. The meeting was very full; we sat close many

days, by six o'clock in the morning, and by candlelight in the evening. Our people were very prompt to do everything desired; they have appropriated £100,000 for the defence of this Province, a great part of it to be laid out in the military line immediately, paid contingently, and the rest for establishing manufactories of salt, saltpetre, and gunpowder.

“We have an association ascertaining the necessity and justifiableness of repelling force by force, to be universally signed; and strict resolutions with regard to our militia, which is to be as comprehensive here as perhaps in any country in the world, when called into action. We are to be subject to the Congressional rules and regulations for the army. A Committee of Safety, composed of sixteen, is, in the recess of the Convention, to have the supreme direction. We yet retain the forces of our Government, but there is no real force or efficacy in it; if the intelligence we have from England looks to war, I dare say this Province will not hesitate to discharge all officers, and go boldly into it at once. . . .

“The spirit has run through our young men so much, that if the business proceeds, notwithstanding the scarcity of men in this and the other Southern Provinces, I believe we must furnish you with a battalion or two; if, as I hope, those who are gone acquire reputation, many of our youth will be on fire. The difficulty now is to regulate and direct the spirit of the people at large; and I verily believe, that instead of their being discouraged by a check on our military achievements, a sore rub would inflame them nearly to madness and desperation.”

On the 10th day of May, 1776, the Continental Congress to the Colonies generally, recommended an abolishment of the oaths of allegiance to the Crown, the total suppression of authority under the English Gov-

ernment, and the establishment of permanent constitutions.

The Maryland Convention, with its ancient pride and jealousy of rights, regarded this recommendation as an attempt at interference with the internal regulations of the Colonies.

A remonstrance, in reply, was put forth by the Maryland Convention on the 21st of May. The exclusive right of the people of Maryland to regulate its internal government was asserted.

With a sense of political independence, which seems native to Maryland soil, the Convention of that Colony declared the independence of the Province on the 6th day of July, 1776.

The final action of the Continental Congress had not then been learned. The Declaration of Independence had been fully ratified two days before.

“We have thought (says the Declaration) it just and necessary to empower our deputies in Congress to join with a majority of the United Colonies in declaring them free and independent States, in framing such further confederation between them, in making foreign alliances, and in adopting such other measures as shall be judged necessary for the preservation of their liberties: provided the sole and exclusive right of regulating the internal polity and government of this Colony be reserved to the people thereof. . . . No ambitious views, no desire of independence, induced the people of Maryland to form a union with the other Colonies. To procure an exemption from parliamentary taxation, and to continue to the Legislatures of these Colonies the sole and exclusive right of regulating their internal polity, was our original and only motive.”

In this declaration the independence of the State is proclaimed: with a final crash fell the dominion of

England, and with it the power of the Proprietary Government.

A proposition of the Convention of June the 27th, 1776, for militia for the flying camp, to be furnished by the Province, was approved.

Thomas Johnson was elected Brigadier-General to command the said militia. This, however, was not to be, for on the 4th of July, 1776, Thomas Johnson was elected by the Convention as a deputy from the Province to the Continental Congress.

The following resolution was then passed :

“Considering that the said Thomas Johnson, Esq., cannot discharge the duty of Brigadier-General of the forces to be raised in this Province, in consequence of the resolves of Congress of the 7th day of June last, to which command the Convention, from a confidence in his capacity and abilities to fill the same with advantage to the public cause and honor to himself, had appointed him, and also execute the trust reposed in him as a deputy in Congress for this Province; and being of opinion that it is of very great importance to the welfare of this Province that it should not be deprived of the advice and assistance of the said Thomas Johnson in the public councils of the United Colonies, and that his place can be supplied with less inconvenience in the military than in the civil department; therefore *Resolved*, That a Brigadier-General be elected by ballot in the room of the said Thomas Johnson, Esq.” John Dent was elected in his place.

The Convention next called a new Convention for the establishment of a permanent government in the State. The old Convention became a portion of the Provisional Government. The Committee of Safety remained in existence.

Thomas Johnson was a member of the new Conven-

tion which assembled at Annapolis on the 14th day of August, 1776. The appointing of a committee to prepare a form of government and a Bill of Rights, was the first act of the new Convention. Of this Committee Thomas Johnson was a member. On the 10th of September their report was made. Copies of the same in the form of circulars were printed and distributed throughout the State.

After having learned the opinion of the people with regard to the form of government and Bill of Rights, the Convention re-assembled, when the form and bill were adopted with but little alteration, and with only a partial change remained the same until 1838. The great American statesman, Alexander Hamilton, and the Scotch philosopher, Dugald Stuart, both pronounced it the wisest of all the constitutions established by the States after their separation from the Crown of England. According to the provisions of the new Constitution, the two Houses of the Legislature selected on the 13th of February the first Governor of the State. Thomas Johnson was chosen to fill that high and dignified office. On Friday, the 21st of March, 1777, he was proclaimed with great honor the first Governor of the State of Maryland. The inauguration took place in the State House, at Annapolis, in the presence of many distinguished personages.

In his history of Maryland, McSherry thus refers to this important event: "The announcement was hailed by three volleys from the soldiery drawn up in front of the State House, and a salute of thirteen rounds was fired from the batteries in honor of the new confederacy. A sumptuous entertainment was then partaken, and the festivities of the day were closed with a splendid ball; a renewal of the ancient and pleasant amusement, for which Annapolis, the Athens of the Colonies, had

been so widely celebrated in the days of the Proprietaries, but which had been solemnly discontinued in the dark hours of the opening struggle."

The Congress was once more in session in the city of Philadelphia. Fearing for the safety of that city, the great Commanding General, gathering all the militia that could be obtained, fixed his camp near Middlebrook. In the shadow of the approaching peril he wrote to Governor Johnson the following letter, dated at Morristown, April 11th, 1777:

SIR:—The latest accounts received respecting the enemy, rendered probable by a variety of circumstances, inform us that they are very busily engaged in fitting up their transports at Amboy for the accommodation of troops, that they have completed their bridge, and are determined to make their first push at Philadelphia. The campaign is therefore opening, and our present situation weaker than when you left us, forces me to entreat your utmost attention to the raising and equipping of the Continental troops allotted to be raised in your State. I have waited in painful expectation of reinforcements, such as would probably have insured a happy issue to any attack I might have determined upon, and such as I had a right to expect, had the officers faithfully discharged their duty; but that time is past, and I must content myself with improving on the future chances of war. Even this cannot be done unless the officers can be persuaded to abandon their comfortable quarters and take the field. Let me, therefore, in the most earnest terms beg that they may be forwarded to the army without loss of time. I have also to ask of you to transmit to me a list of the field-officers of your battalions, and their rank, with the number of their respective battalions. I have the honor to be, etc.

Admiral Howe appearing on the 21st of August, 1777, in the Chesapeake with several hundred sail, Governor Johnson issued a proclamation.

The militia were called to arms, and two companies, at least, out of every battalion were ordered to march at once to the head of the Chesapeake—"To defend

our liberties requires our exertions. Our wives, our children, and our country implore our assistance. Motives amply sufficient to arm every one who can be called a man!"—So spoke the proclamation, and when its trumpet voice was heard resounding with the vehemence borrowed of war, an answering call came from every mountain, forest and stream of that loyal State that never swerves from duty!

On the 17th of March, 1778, the Legislature once more met at Annapolis. An appeal had been made to the State by Congress for an increase of the army. The quota demanded of Maryland was *two thousand nine hundred and two men*. Maryland had at this time a double foe to face. The State was distracted by internal troubles, caused by a resistance to its authority. The power placed in the hands of the Governor at this time was almost limitless. "These extensive powers (says McSherry) were placed, without hesitation, in the hands of Thomas Johnson, who had been re-elected Governor by the Legislature in the preceeding Fall, and whose sterling patriotism and public virtue merited the confidence which was reposed in him. It was not abused. Indeed the exigencies of the revolution frequently called forth exhibitions of integrity and self-devotedness worthy of the old Roman patriots and sages."

Three years had passed since the inauguration of Johnson as Governor. He was twice re-elected without opposition. The Constitution now restricted him from longer being eligible. Thomas Sim Lee was elected his successor on the 8th of November, 1779.

The two Houses of the Legislature, in testimony of the regard in which the administration of Governor Johnson was conducted, transmitted to him an address. In this eulogy his "prudence, assiduity, firmness, and integrity," are revealed in rare words of praise.

The present Constitution of the United States of America was decided upon in Convention at Philadelphia the 17th of September, 1787. Copies of it were transmitted to the several Legislatures of the States. A Convention of Delegates chosen by the people of each State would decide upon the Constitution thus submitted to them, according to the resolves of the Federal Convention.

In a letter from Annapolis dated December 11, 1787, addressed to General Washington, Governor Johnson said: "The scale of power which I always suggested would be the most difficult to settle between the great and small States as such, was in my opinion very properly adjusted. I believe there is no American of observation, reflection, and candor, but will acknowledge man unhappily needs more government than he imagines. I flatter myself that the plan recommended will be adopted in twelve of the thirteen States, without conditions *sine qua non*. But let the event be as it may, I shall think myself, with Americans in general, greatly indebted to the Convention, and possibly we may confess it when it may be too late to avail ourselves of their moderation and wisdom."

At Annapolis, Monday, the 21st of April, 1778, assembled the Maryland Convention. To this Convention, as he had been so often before, Thomas Johnson was sent as a delegate. The important weight of his judgment and influence is clearly manifested in the following letter from General Washington to that brave and honorable gentleman:

MOUNT VERNON, 20th April, 1788.

DEAR SIR:—As well from report as from ideas expressed to me in your letter of December last, I am led to conclude that you are disposed, circumstanced as our public affairs are at present, to ratify the Constitution, which has been submitted to

the people by the Federal Convention, and under this impression, I take the liberty of expressing a single sentiment on the occasion. It is that an adjournment of your Convention, if attempted, to a later period than the decision of the question in this State, will be tantamount to the rejection of the Constitution. I have good reason for this opinion, and I am told it is the blow which the leading characters of the opposition in the next State have meditated, if it shall be found that a direct attack is not likely to succeed in yours. If this be true it cannot be too much deprecated and guarded against. The postponement in New Hampshire, although it had no reference to the Convention in this State, but proceeded altogether from the local circumstances of its own, is ascribed by the opposition here to complaisance toward Virginia, and great use is made of it. An event similar to this in Maryland would have the worst tendency imaginable; for indecision there would certainly have considerable influence on South Carolina, the only other State which is to precede Virginia, and submits the question almost wholly to the determination of the latter. The pride of the State is already touched upon this string, and will be raised much higher if there is fresh cause.

The sentiments of Kentucky are not yet known here. Independent of these, the parties in this State, from the known or presumed opinions of the members, are pretty equally balanced. The one in favour of the Constitution preponderates at present; but a little matter cast into the opposite scale may make it the heaviest.

If in suggesting these hints I have exceeded the proper limit, I shall yet hope to be excused. I have but one public wish remaining. It is, that in peace and retirement I may see this country rescued from the danger that is pending, and rise in respectability, maugre the intrigues of its public and private enemies. I am, with very great esteem and regard, etc."

Eight days after the date of this letter the Constitution was ratified by Maryland by a vote of sixty-three to eleven, and the certificate was signed by the members of the Convention on the 28th of April, 1788.

The force of Governor Johnson's influence is thus shown in dealing with a State so slow to yield as Maryland.

As Governor Johnson had nominated Washington to be Commander-in-Chief of all the Continental armies, he was amongst the first who named him as the first President of the United States. In a letter to George Washington on the subject, dated October the 10th, 1788, he says: "We cannot, Sir, do without you, and I and thousands more can explain to anybody but yourself why we cannot do without you."

As Washington had not relied in vain upon Johnson in the fiery days of war, now that peace was come he sought his aid as of yore.

In 1789 he tendered him the office of United States District Judge. The following is the President's letter on the subject:

NEW YORK, September 28th, 1789.

DEAR SIR:—In assenting to the opinion that due administration of justice is the strongest cement of good government, you will also agree with me that the first organization of the judicial department is essential to the happiness of our country, and to the stability of our political system. Hence the selection of the fittest characters to expound the laws and dispense justice, has been an invariable object of my concern. Consulting your domestic inclinations, and the state of your health, I yielded on a recent occasion, persuaded by your friends that you would not be prevailed on to leave your State to mingle in the administration of public affairs. But I found it impossible in selecting a character to preside in the District Court to refuse the public wish and the conviction of my own mind, the necessity of nominating you to that office, and I cannot but flatter myself that the same reasons which have led you to *former sacrifices* in the public service will now operate to induce your acceptance of an appointment so highly interesting to your country.

As soon as the acts which are necessary accompaniments of the appointment can be got ready, you will receive official notice of the latter. This letter is only to be considered as an early communication of my sentiments on this occasion, and as a testimony of the sincere esteem and regard with which I am, dear sir, your most obedient servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Notwithstanding the urgency of this letter, Governor Johnson declined the judgeship tendered to him.

Under the Constitution of Maryland, which Governor Johnson aided in framing, and under which he was the first Governor, the judicial department of the government was composed of a Court of Appeals, a Court of Chancery, and a General Court. The General Court, like the Provincial Court which it superseded, had original jurisdiction in both civil and criminal cases of a certain grade over the whole State. In Mr. Tyler's Memoir of Chief Justice Taney, the Chief Justice, in the first chapter, which he wrote himself, says of this Court: "The Court consisted of three judges, always selected from the eminent men of the Bar; the jurors from each county were taken from the most respectable and intelligent class of society; and, generally speaking, the jury who tried the cause probably never heard of it before they were empaneled, and had no knowledge whatever of the parties, except what they gathered from the testimony. There was every security, therefore, for an impartial trial. The extent of the jurisdiction, and the importance of the cases tried in it, brought together, at its sessions, all that were eminent or distinguished at the Bar on either of the shores for which it was sitting.

"The first session of the General Court, after I went to Annapolis, made a strong impression upon me. The three judges, wearing scarlet cloaks, sat in chairs placed on an elevated platform; and all the distinguished lawyers of Maryland were assembled at the Bar."

On the 20th of April, 1790, Thomas Johnson was appointed by the Governor of Maryland, with the advice of the Senate, Chief Judge of this Court. Although, in October of the following year, he resigned the judgeship, before him had been argued many im-

portant cases by such famous lawyers as William Pinkney, Samuel Chase, and Martin Luther.

Notwithstanding his urgent desire to retire from public life, he yielded to the importunities of Washington, and accepted the position of Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. Having at one time declined the place on account of circuit duty, Washington wrote as follows in reply to the objection: "Upon considering the arrangements of the judges with respect to the ensuing circuit, and the probability of future relief from these disagreeable tours, I thought it best to direct your commission to be made out and transmitted to you, which has accordingly been done; and I have no doubt that the public will be benefitted, and the wishes of your friends gratified by your acceptance. With sentiments of very great regard, etc."

Judge Johnson's predecessor in office was John Rutledge, of South Carolina, a zealous patriot. His health finally failing, Mr. Johnson tendered his resignation by letter to the President on the 16th of January, 1793. In reply, Washington wrote:

PHILADELPHIA, February 1, 1793.

DEAR SIR:—Whilst I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 16th January, I cannot but express the regret with which I received the resignation of your office, and sincerely lament the causes that produced it. It is unnecessary for me to say how much I should have been pleased had your health permitted you to continue in office; for besides the difficulty of providing a character to fill the distinguished and important station of Judge, in whom are combined the necessary professional, local, and other requisites, the resignation of persons holding that high office conveys to the public mind a want of stability in that department, where, perhaps, it is more essential than in any other. With sentiments of pure esteem and regard, and sincere wishes for your health and happiness, I am, sir, your most obedient servant, etc.

In the year 1795, Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, resigned the office of Secretary of State. At once Washington tendered to the Honorable Thomas Johnson the position made vacant. The following letter on the subject is from the pen of Washington:

PRIVATE.

PHILADELPHIA, 24 August, 1795.

MY DEAR SIR:—The office of Secretary of State is vacant, occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Randolph. Will you accept it? You know my wishes of old to bring you into the administration. Where then is the necessity of repeating them? No time more than the present ever required the aid of your abilities, nor of the old and proved talents of the country. To have yours would be pleasing to me, and I verily believe would be agreeable also to the community at large. It is with you to decide. If in the affirmative, return to me the inclosed letter, and I will communicate further on this subject the moment you inform me thereof. If it is in the negative, be so good as to forward the letter by the post agreeably to its address; and at any rate, write to me the result of your determination as soon as you can after the receipt of this letter, as I remain here to get this and some other matters arranged before I go to Virginia for my family. With sincere esteem and regard, I am, etc.

This honor Mr. Johnson declined—an honor which it is said had once before been tendered him by the greatest of our Presidents.

In declining the office, Governor Johnson, in a letter dated 29th of August, 1795, says: "I feel real concern that my circumstances will not permit me to fill the important office you propose to me. I am far from being out of humor with the world on my own account; it has done me more than justice in estimating my abilities, and more justice than common in conjecturing my motives. I feel nothing of fear either in hazarding again the little reputation I may have acquired, for I am not conscious of having sought or despised ap-

plause; but, without affectation, I do not think I could do credit to the office of Secretary. I cannot persuade myself that I possess the necessary qualifications for it, and I am sure I am too old to expect improvement. My strength declines, and so, too, probably, will my mental powers soon. My views in this world have been some time bounded to my children. They yet, for a little while, may have me to lean on. Being constantly with them adds to their happiness, and makes my chief comfort."

One of the projects of Washington's statesmanship was the connection of the waters of the Potomac and the Ohio rivers. Johnson, too, favored the plan. From Mount Vernon Washington wrote to Thomas Jefferson, then in the Congress of the United States, respecting the practicability of an easy and short communication between the waters of the Ohio and Potomac, of the advantages of that communication and the preference it has over all others, and of the policy there would be in this State (Virginia) and Maryland to adopt and render it facile. He speaks of Thomas Johnson as "a warm promoter of the scheme on the North side of the Potomac;" and adds, "I wish, if it should fall in your way, that you would discourse with Mr. Thomas Johnson, formerly Governor of Maryland, on the subject."

The date of this letter was March 29th, 1784. Through their great efforts the Potomac Company was incorporated in 1784 by Maryland and Virginia, as a means of connecting the waters of the Potomac and the Ohio.

George Washington Parke Custis, in his "Recollections and Private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington," thus writes: "The canoe or pirogue, in which General Washington and a party of friends made

the first survey of the Potomac to ascertain the practicability of a navigation above tide-water, was hollowed out of a large poplar tree under the direction of General Johnson, of Frederick county, Maryland. This humble bark was placed upon a wagon, hauled into the stream, and there received its honored freight. The General was accompanied in the interesting and important reconnaissance by General (the late Governor) Johnson, of Maryland, one of the first Commissioners of the city of Washington, and several other gentlemen. At night-fall, it was usual for the party to land and seek quarters of some of the planters or farmers who lived near the banks of the river, in all the pride and comfort of old-fashioned kindness and hospitality."

In July, 1785, General Washington, accompanied by the Directors of the Potomac Company, made a tour of inspection, following closely the course of the Potomac from Georgetown to the beautiful region of Harper's Ferry. The Directors proceeded a portion of the way by land. Having made a thorough survey they returned to the head of the Great Falls above Georgetown.

Washington in his Diary, says: "August 5th.—After breakfast, and after directing Mr. Rumsey, when he had marked the way and set the laborers at work, to meet us at Harper's Ferry, myself and the directors set out for the same place by way of Fredericktown in Maryland; dined at a Dutchman's two miles above the mouth of Monococy, and reached Fredericktown about 5 o'clock. Drank tea, supped and lodged at Governor Johnson's. The next day Governor Johnson and the party started to examine the Shenandoah Falls."

On the 11th of December, 1787, Governor Johnson in a letter, said: "The present circumstances with respect to the future seat of Congress, in my opinion, call for

vigorous exertions to perfect the navigation of the Potomac speedily. Surely five or six hundred miles of inland navigation, added to the central situation and other advantages, would decide in favor of Potomac for the permanent seat of government."

Thus was begun the construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, in conjunction with the location, permanently, of the seat of government overlooking the waters of the Potomac.

Washington, who unselfishly looked ever forward to the advancement of his country's interests, chose from among the many the strongest and the best as his workers. When the permanent seat of the Federal Government was to be laid out he appointed Thomas Johnson, David Stewart and Daniel Carroll as what were termed "The Commissioners of the Federal District." In the execution of their duties the Commissioners addressed a letter to Major L'Enfant, the Engineer, dated February the 9th, 1791, from which the following extract is taken:

"We have agreed that the Federal District shall be called *The Territory of Columbia*, and the Federal city, *The City of Washington*. The title of the map, therefore, will be 'A Map of the City of Washington in the Territory of Columbia.' We have also agreed the streets be named alphabetically one way, and numerically the other; the former divided into North and South letters, the latter into East and West numbers, from the Capitol."

It will thus be seen that Johnson aided in bestowing upon the Capital of our Nation the name of its wisest chief.

When Washington died in 1799, Governor Johnson delivered at Frederick city, in Maryland, a eulogy on his life and character. As companion heroes on the

field of battle, the battle-field of life, and on the page of history, George Washington of Virginia and Thomas Johnson of Maryland stand side by side.

After the tumult of public life was over, Governor Johnson lived in felicitous peace at his country-seat. This estate, known as Rose Hill, was situated at the summit of Frederick town, in Maryland. His home was such as is often pictured, yet seldom realized, as a resting-place for a great man after the turmoil and vexations of a busy life. The family motto of "*Trust and Strive*," seemed ever in his memory.

The following letter, written during the war of 1812 to his daughter, the late Mrs. Hugh W. Evans, of Baltimore, has been kindly furnished to the author, as well as other letters in this sketch, by Mrs. E. Wethered, the daughter of Mrs. Evans, and is evidence of the deep domestic affection of Governor Johnson :

FREDERICK, September 2nd, 1813.

Your letter, my dear child, of 25th August, reached me yesterday. It afforded me great satisfaction, as it ascertained me of your being amongst your friends in Baltimore, where I expect they and yourself will be in safety at least for a while; for I do not suppose the enemy will undertake anything of great hazard or difficulty in the course of this month, lest a Northeast storm should defeat their project and perhaps their future hopes.

The notice taken of me lately in the newspapers adds nothing to my self-complacency; indeed, I wish, rather, that I had not been mentioned at all. I acquit myself altogether of laying any trap to catch praise; well knowing that well deserved excites envy, and if excessive, is like coarse, bad painting, it heightens small defects into deformity. Though a very old man my mind is not so gone as to be flattered by praise. I love the good opinion of the world when it follows my own, but I must be older before it leads. It is the fault of the present day that we are all *geese* or *swans*, according to our party—however, enough on this subject. I love and much appreciate family pride, to the extent as an additional guard against doing anything improper.

I hope to leave to every descendant of mine the inheritance of not blushing for their blood having passed through my veins. So far, and so far only, be proud of your family, which happily affords you a like incentive in other branches of it. . . . Your sisters give me great satisfaction. Their teacher has found the way to excite emulation for scholars, perhaps to the degree of envy, amongst some of her scholars. It has not, I believe, risen to that degree with my girls, and I hope it will not. Their application is equal to any thing I could wish. They each have a fair prospect of gaining all that could be reasonably expected. I reckon it among my comforts, of which I thank God I yet enjoy a great share.

There needs no great cunning to go through the world with self-approbation and credit. Indeed, cunning will sometimes prevent a regard for truth and sincerity, which surpass in value all the cunning of the most dextrous politician and are open to the practice of every honest mind.

May heaven bless you. My good wishes to all enquiring friends. Your very affectionate father,

THOS. JOHNSON.

Mrs. Ann G. Ross, residing in Frederick city, Maryland, a grand-daughter of Governor Johnson, gives to the writer of this sketch the following account of her grandfather's lineage :

"Thomas Johnson the elder, was from a place called Porte Head, Yarmouth, England. He was a barrister, in good practice, and had a brother who held a position of consequence in the Department of Foreign Affairs, in the reign of Queen Anne. Thomas Johnson eloped with a chancery ward, which made it necessary for him to come to America, which he did with his wife, under the protection of Capt. Roger Baker, his wife's father, who commanded the vessel. This seems strange, but we infer that although marrying the chancery ward was a penal offense, still the alliance met with her father's approbation. This was probably about 1660. They died and were buried at St. Leonard's Creek, Calvert

county, leaving one son 12 years of age, Thomas Johnson, who grew up and married Dorcas Sedgewick, of Calvert county. They had twelve children, the fifth of whom was afterward Governor Johnson, and was born November 4th, 1732, and married Ann Jennings, daughter of Thomas Jennings, of Annapolis.

"We have a few of Gen. Washington's letters to grandpa, but he purposely destroyed all confidential letters before his death."

Thomas Johnson was born in Calvert county, Maryland, November 4th, 1732. He had three brothers: Joshua, born in 1742; Baker, born 1747; and Roger, born in 1749; all in the county of Calvert.

The two last-named studied law in the office of their brother, Thomas, in Annapolis. Settling afterward in Frederick city, Maryland, they practiced their profession. Joshua having gone early in life to London, there entered commercial life. He was, after that, for many years, the Consular Agent from America. He was noted, particularly amongst his countrymen abroad, for the most generous hospitality. His daughter became the wife of John Quincy Adams, who was afterward the President of the United States.

General Bradley T. Johnson, late of the Confederate army, is a descendant of this family. Governor Johnson belonged to a wealthy family; he was thus enabled to equip, and maintain at his own expense, the military forces which he led to the relief of General Washington in New Jersey.

On the 26th of October, 1819, Governor Johnson died at his residence, Rose Hill. He was in the eighty-seventh year of his age. The grave of this patriot (so wise, so pure, so honored, so beloved!) is in the cemetery at Frederick City.

This resting-place of the dead overlooks the rich and

beautiful valley lying between the Linganore Hills and the Catoctin Mountains. Here in the shadow of high trees, where nature's sweetest tones fill the air, the old hero sleeps long and well.

Requiescat in Pace.





FAIR MARYLAND.

YOUR loyalty and valor,
A heritage for kings,
Mother land, fair Maryland,
A poet loves and sings!

The grandest truths are simple,
And in their grandest guise
Are only simple lessons
Of wisdom to the wise!

Soldiers of dear Maryland,
In nature's bravest mould,
You wear the fame of princes,
Nor bought with prince's gold!

Vain pomp and gilded titles
May win to-day's renown,
Yet noble thoughts and actions
In weighing bear them down.

Who scoff at lofty manners,
The proof of gentle caste,
Are pigmies in the shadows
Of giants of the Past!

Wives, mothers, and fair daughters,
Good, beautiful, and true,
The earth hath yielded laurels
And roses unto you!

God send you grace and wisdom,
From His most regal Throne,
Whose "love is love forever!"
Whose peace is Peace alone!



CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON.

“ His stately mien as well implied,
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a baron’s crest he wore.”

IN his “Chronicles of Baltimore,” Scharf says: “On the 13th of January, 1695, Charles Carroll surveyed one thousand acres of land lying in Baltimore county, on the north side of Patapsco river, in the woods upon Jones’ Falls, and on the west side of the said Falls, which was called ‘Ely O’Carroll.’”

The origin of the name given to this tract of land is of peculiar interest, being closely linked with the earliest history of Erin. Helia, or Ely O’Carroll, was the name given to an extensive tract of country in Ireland, comprising King’s county, portions of Queen’s county and Tipperary.

O’Hart, in his book of “Irish Pedigrees,” says: “The Territory of ‘Ely’ got its name from Eile, one of its princes in the fifth century; and from being possessed by the O’Carroll’s, was called ‘Ely O’Carroll;’ which comprised the present barony of Lower Ormond, in the county Tipperary, with the Barony of Clonlisk, and part of Ballybrit, in the King’s county, extending to Slieve Bloom Mountains, on the borders of

the Queen's county." The O'Carroll's descended from Kian, the third son of Olioll Olum, King of Munster. According to Sir William Beatham, Ulster king-at-arms, the grants of land made to Charles Carroll were in name and extent the same as those lost by his father in Ireland, namely, twenty thousand acres in each tract, Ely O'Carroll, Doughoreagan and Carrollston. The history of this powerful Irish clan is given very fully by Sir William Beatham, in his "Irish Antiquarian Researches."

About the year 1688, Charles O'Carroll is said to have come to this country from Ireland. His coming was through the influence of Lord Powis, of the Court of James II, King of England. Mr. Charles O'Carroll had been Secretary to Lord Powis, and through his influence superseded Colonel Henry Darnall, as Register of the Land Office under the Proprietary Government. Although a Roman Catholic, he seems also to have maintained his influence with the rulers of the Province, appointed by William and Mary.

Much that is of an interesting nature relating to the ancient clan of O'Carroll, is given in O'Hart's "Irish Pedigrees," before referred to. The original name of the family was *Cearbheoil*, which was that borne by one of its chiefs, and whose posterity afterward changed it to O'Carroll, the *O* being finally dropped. The first one of the family who assumed the name of O'Carroll, was Monach, the son of the above-named chief.

The following order for a land-grant, appears among the early records of the Proprietary:

"In behalf of his lordship, Lord Proprietary of this province, you are hereby required to reserve for his lordship's use, the quantity of fifteen thousand acres of land, if the same can be found together in one entire tract, otherwise no less than ten thousand acres, lately sur-

veyed for *Charles Carroll, Esq.*, in Prince George's county, the same to be laid between such metes and bounds as may be most profitable to his lordship."—
Lib. B. B., folio 81.

And the following, transmitted from the past, wears a good deal of interest also upon its face :

[L. S.]

C. BALTIMORE.

"Instructions, power and authority to be observed and pursued by Charles Carroll, my agent and receiver-general in Maryland, given by me this, the 12th day of September, 1712.

"You are also hereby ordered and empowered, yearly to pay, in tobacco, the several allowances heretofore made by me, to the several persons and officers hereinafter mentioned, viz :

Major Nicholas Sewall, 12,000 pounds of tobacco.

Major Nicholas Sewall, 3,000 pounds of tobacco.

Henry Sewell, 3,000 pounds of tobacco, for assistance to his father, in shipping at Patuxent.

To my officer at Patuxent, 6,000 pounds of tobacco.

To my officer at Potomack, 6,000 pounds of tobacco.

To my officer at Annapolis, 3,000 pounds of tobacco.

To my officer at Oxford, 3,000 pounds of tobacco.

Mr. Anthony Neale, 3,000 pounds of tobacco, a gift or token of respect.

Mr. Robert Brooke, 8,000 pounds of tobacco, for him and his brethren, being eight in number.

Mr. James Haddock, 1,000 pounds of tobacco.

Mr. George Mason, 1,000 pounds of tobacco.

To yourself, 12,000 pounds of tobacco, for your advice and trouble about my law concerns.

Mr. Cecil Butler, 4,000 pounds of tobacco.

Mr. James Carroll, 10,000 pounds of tobacco, for keeping my rent-rolls in order.

"I hereby grant a hundred acres of land to William

Richardson, in Anne Arundel county, in lieu of a certificate of a former grant, which his father alleges to have received of Heathcott, but which never appeared.

“I also empower you, the same as I empowered my late agent, Col. Henry Darnell, upon the Crown Secretary and Chancellors, taking for their own use the fees properly belonging to my land office, order and direct that an addition should be made to the price of warrants so as to make up for the difference taken by the said Secretary and Chancellor, and to take and receive to, and for his and your own proper use and behoof.

“You are to grant Cecil Butler a warrant for five hundred acres of land; you are also to grant him a lease for the plantation of St. John’s, near the city of St. Mary’s.

“You are to grant Henry Wharton one hundred and forty-six acres of land. You are to grant Henry Sewell two or three hundred acres of escheat land. You are to grant Gerard Styne five hundred acres of escheat land, in consequence of a piece of five hundred sold by Charles Calvert to his father, which was in my Manor, but for which I have given Capt. Richard Smith a compensation. I do hereby also confirm a grant passed by Col. Henry Darnell, to yourself, of two hundred acres of land near the city of St. Mary’s.”

In the same order is noticed the petition of Robert Goldsborough, and his wife Elizabeth, for an additional grant of lands. The order terminates thus: “When the land that Sir John Oldcastle formerly held, shall be adjudged mine, I order Col. William Digges may have a patent for the same as a gift of

C. BALTIMORE.”

The business talent and capacity of this first Charles Carroll, is made evident, and was handed down as a precious inheritance for two generations at least. His

son, Charles Carroll, was born in the year 1702, succeeding to the rich estates of his father, which he retained by his energy and wise management. He married Elizabeth Brooke, and was residing at Annapolis, when Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, their son and only child, was born. This event occurred on the 20th day of September, 1737. With the customary zealousness of a Catholic, Mr. Charles Carroll sent his son, the subject of this sketch, to the College of Saint Omer, in Flanders. The boy, then eight years of age, remained for about six years under the immediate instruction of the Jesuit Fathers of that Institution. He was afterward placed with the French Jesuits at Rheims, for the purpose of continuing his classical studies. Here, however, he did not remain long; he entered the College of *Louis le Grand*, at Paris, in the following year. Two years were spent at this Institution; the young man then proceeding to Bruges, remained there awhile, engaged in the study of the civil law. He afterward returned to Paris, where he remained until the year 1757. The influence of wealth upon the common order of men was as great in the past as in the present. By those people who were blind alike to virtues and talents, Mr. Carroll was sought and flattered, and courted as a young man of wealth and fashion. The French "society" morals belonged ——— to the French-school of morality, ——— and Paris, with its thousand fascinations, was a dangerous eddy to be caught in. Seen through the hallowing radiance of distant time, the virtues of those whom we have elevated to the ideal-standard of heroes, seem, in their sublimity, to have been proof against the common assaults of the "flesh and the devil."

That our heroes succumbed occasionally, however, to the powers of evil, is beyond a doubt. According to his own statements, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton,

yielded to the seductive teachings of the times, and imbibed, though not to an ineradicable degree, the poisonous doctrines of Voltaire, in opposition to his earlier training. In this respect Mr. Carroll merely adopted the skeptic tone of the circle in which he moved. It must, however, be remembered that a deeply implanted faith does not easily perish. His faith was only sullied and dimmed by the corrupting dust of infidelity.

Many years before his death he sought to make amends, by every means in his power, for the sins of his youth and ignorance, while in the frivolous city of Paris. In 1757 he went again to London, where he remained, devoting his time to the study of the civil law, at the Temple. In the year 1764 Mr. Carroll returned to his native land.

The heavy taxation demanded by England of her struggling colonies, now caused a universal murmur from every quarter of the land. In the common trouble the tie between the Colonies was strengthened; religious differences seemed for the time almost forgotten, as side by side they ranked themselves against the mother-land. The feeling that had been long growing was fully developed and matured by the Stamp Act of 1765. From Ridgely's Annals of Annapolis, the following extract is made:

"On the 27th of August, in this year, a considerable number of people, '*Asserters of British American privileges,*' met at Annapolis, to show their detestation of and abhorrence to some late tremendous attacks on liberty, and their dislike to a certain late arrived officer—a *native of this province!*

"They curiously dressed up the figure of a man, which they placed in a one-horse cart, malefactor like, with some sheets of paper in his hands, before his face! In that manner they paraded through the streets of the

town till noon, the bell at the same time tolling a solemn knell, when they proceeded to the hill, and after giving it the Mosaic Law at the whipping-post, placed it in the pillory, from whence they took it and hung it on a gibbet, there erected for that purpose, and set fire to a tar-barrel underneath, and burnt it till it fell into the barrel. By the many significant nods of the head, while in the cart, it may be said to have gone off very penitently."

This stern resistance was carried on in so defiant a manner, that newly arrived vessels, fully freighted with valuable goods, were forced to return to England with their cargoes untouched. The Stamp Act was repealed and quiet was restored for the time.

In the year 1768 Charles Carroll was married to Miss Mary Darnell, whose family name graces the earliest pages of Colonial history. She was the daughter of Henry Darnell. Mr. Carroll is said to have loved, before this, a Miss Cooke, of Maryland, to whom he would doubtless have married had she lived; she died, however, in 1766, and he married in 1768, which might lead us to suppose that he was as susceptible as he was attractive. He is described as a man of medium height, of pale and intellectual countenance, penetrating grey eyes and delicate features. His manner was dignified and courtly.

On the 9th of May, in the year 1769, a meeting was called at Annapolis for the purpose of forming *non-importation associations*. The call was duly responded to by representatives, in large numbers, from all of the counties. The resolutions were passed and carried into operation, and for a while the rules were strictly adhered to, but gradually, owing to the want of general co-operation, the work was rendered ineffectual, and finally abandoned.

At this time the State of Maryland was thrown into agitation by two leading questions, which were debated with all the warmth of eloquence that could be brought to bear in their behalf. These questions were: "The Proclamation Act," and the "Vestry Question." The colonists had, for a considerable time, complained of the exorbitant fees of some of the Colonial offices, the abuses in their collection, and the uncertainty of commutation. Before this time the Assembly had usually regulated the fees by temporary acts, thus retaining a power over the office-holders whose appointments were held under the Proprietary.

These acts were allowed to expire about this time, consequently Governor Eden issued a proclamation declaring that the fees should be regulated according to the expired acts. This caused an indignant outburst from the people, whose representatives were numbered among the men distinguished for intellectual attainments. Daniel Dulany, the eminent lawyer, Mr. Hammond, and other men of note advocated the Act as strenuously as it was opposed by Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Samuel Chase and William Paca. The fiercest resistance was made against the reduction of fees by those most interested as office-holders—amongst them were Daniel Dulany, Secretary of the Province; Walter Dulany, Commissary General, and the Land Officers, Calvert and Steuart. Their opponents, however, proved as strong in eloquence, and more effective in other respects. The people were sustained almost universally by the lawyers of the State, whilst the Governor was supported by the officers, the Episcopal clergy and those who adhered to them or their cause. Yet as the imposers of unjust taxes are not apt to be enshrined in the affections of the people, it is not surprising that many who had hitherto been staunch up-

holders of "the established church" should take this opportunity to right their wrongs if possible.

Injustice it was that aroused the ire of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. Rights infringed and compacts broken, warned the faithful young sentinel of further danger; and but for the tyrannous conduct of the British government, Charles Carroll might have proved himself as faithful and valuable a royalist as he was afterward a dangerous rebel. The sword had not yet been resorted to; yet the pen, that mighty arbiter in behalf of the weak against the strong, the protector of the oppressed and avenger of wrong, did its work. As mighty needs require mighty remedies, strong souls are raised up in the hour of a Nation's trouble to battle in its defence. The questions of the hour were discussed in public print, through the means of pamphlets and in the columns of the Maryland Gazette, which was a leading journal in its day, and served as a battle or dueling ground, as the case might be, where learning and wit were the formidable weapons brought into use.

As it was not hatred to England, but to some of its laws, that induced the people of America to resistance, as is the case when we oppose the wrongs of those whom we love, their opposition was fiercer and stronger than would have been evinced toward a foreign foe. Full many a Colonist who opposed bitterly the taxation laws could have, if questioned, answered from his heart in the words of dear Sir Walter's hero:

"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone."

Under the signature of the "*First Citizen*," Mr. Carroll contested in the public prints with Daniel Dulany, who took the name of "*Antilon*." The First Citizen, however, proved himself the more efficient of the two combatants, though Dulany's was acknowledged to be the master-mind of Maryland. On every side rose new foes who cast upon him the name of "Jesuit," "Papist," and whatever other epithet might arouse the indignation of the people. They failed, however, in their designs, and although he was taunted with the reminder that as a disfranchised man he was unable to "cast his puny vote," his resolve was unshaken.

From this time, 1770, to the year 1774, there was a continual agitation of the tax question; during which time Mr. Carroll's talents were brought into constant use in behalf of his country. On the 14th of October, 1774, the brig Peggy Stewart arrived at Annapolis. In its cargo were a few packages of tea consigned to Thomas Williams and company, the duty having been paid by the owner of the vessel, Mr. Anthony Stewart. The indignation of the people was loudly expressed, nor was it soothed by the humble apologies of the delinquents. By the advice of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Stewart was forced to set fire to his vessel, and in the presence of a multitude of people, the vessel was burned to the water's edge. The actors in this and other dramas of the kind were the leading citizens of Maryland; *undisguised and with the full light of day shining upon their faces*, they resisted oppressors and oppression! In their resistance they were even more determined than the people of Charleston, South Carolina, who stored the tea in "damp cellars, where it was quietly permitted to rot."*

On the 8th of December, 1774, the Convention re-

*Alexander H. Stephens' History of United States.

assembled for the purpose of preparation for "an armed resistance to the power of England." Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, having triumphed by the might of right, sat as an honorable member in the Convention. At this meeting full provision was made for the exercise of authority by the newly-formed government which had risen silently, yet surely, as a tower of strength by the side of the royal government. In the shadow of these two heads the people moved onward to death and glory! On to the grave! Soldiers for song and story, loving and brave! Let it not be forgotten that at this convention a resolution was adopted to give to Massachusetts all the aid in their power should England attempt to force that State into submission.

Among the distinguished men chosen upon this occasion to act in behalf of the people was Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, whose title of Carrollton from the family estates in Frederick county, was adopted in contradistinction to Charles Carroll, barrister. The last-named gentlemen was also a native of Annapolis, and said by some to be remotely related to the Carrolls of Carrollton in the "old land." He was a gentleman of learning, refinement and honorable position, yet not so well off in the matter of lands and goods as the subject of this sketch.

On the 12th day of December the Convention adjourned to meet again at the city of Annapolis, on the 24th of April, 1775. The Revolution, however, broke into war before the Convention met.

On the 28th of June, 1776, the delegates, in behalf of the Province, met for the purpose of declaring their intention of proclaiming the Colonies free and independent, "*reserving to the State complete internal sovereignty.*"

Previous to this Mr. Carroll had been sent as a dele-

gate to Canada, together with Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and the Reverend John Carroll. Their mission was for the purpose of persuading the Canadians, if possible, to join the Americans against England. From this fruitless mission he had just returned, when the great subject of our national independence was being discussed. Proceeding immediately to Annapolis he argued, with forcible eloquence, the cause for which his soul was armed. Greatly owing to his efforts were the first steps taken in this important decision on the 28th of June.

On the 4th of July, 1776, Independence was declared at the State House, in Philadelphia. Mr. Carroll was appointed as delegate to Congress from Maryland, and took his seat on the 18th of July, 1776. On the following day the Article was engrossed, and on the 2nd of August the members were called upon to sign their names.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, assisted in forming the Constitution of Maryland in 1776. Mr. Carroll, having retained his seat in the Maryland Convention, was chosen as Senator to the First Senate of Maryland, under the Constitution in 1776, and in 1777 reappointed delegate to Congress. In 1778 he resigned the office, but was re-elected in 1781. During his public career his various talents were frequently brought into play, and served well the country for whose good he strove so nobly.

Joined to a judgment, clear, calm and generous, his profound study and extensive learning served him in good part. He was remarkable for elegance of manner—an advantage procured for him through his travels as well as familiarity with the best society at home and abroad. In writing, as in speaking, his style was full, without being diffuse; always logical, marked by ex-

trema dignity and sparkling throughout with the ornamental beauties of literature.

About the year 1784 he took an active part in a conference "upon the subject of opening and improving the navigation of the river Potomac, and concerting a plan for opening a proper road between the waters of the Potomac and the most convenient Western waters." Thus early was introduced the subject of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, in which General Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette were deeply interested.

In 1788 he was elected to the Senate of the United States, where he served faithfully until 1791. During this time he took an active part in the support of the Federal party at New York, with Jay and other noted men of the period.

In 1791, he was sent again to the Senate of Maryland, where he remained until 1801.

In the year 1797, he was chosen as one of the Commissioners to settle the disputed boundary line between the States of Maryland and Virginia. In 1801, the Democratic party having gained the ascendancy, he retired from public life, being then in the sixty-fourth year of his age. A life of excitement and care was exchanged for one of domestic peace. In this sweet tranquility, he was blest by the pure love of his children who surrounded him. He was the fortunate possessor of great wealth, and in the full possession of his faculties. Easy and affable in manner, and in conversation judicious and elevated, he was usually regarded as the leader in whatever circle he found himself; few were his superiors, and he won the respect of all classes of citizens. While he had struggled manfully in behalf of the young Republic, his old political antagonist had been wrestling against fate on the opposing side. Daniel Dulany, however, had, by the misfortunes of his party,

been forced into the quieter walks of life early in the day, and when he departed, the glory of a brilliant star faded from view. As a power among the intellects of Maryland, his name is honored, and his memory cherished. An ancient lady, whose face brightened at the mention of his name, recalled to mind, with reverential tone, the great old man "who walked across the hills of Maryland, his long camlet cloak fluttering in the breeze, his silvery hair hanging about his shoulders, and the high oaken staff held as a support in his withered hands." Though occupied principally with his family, his social cares and joys, after the year 1801, Mr. Carroll was still frequently called upon to take part in the affairs of general public interest. In the year 1828, he, the only signer of the Declaration of Independence living, laid the first stone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. With spade in hand, he broke the earth for the great iron rails that were in the coming time to bear from Maryland, to all portions of the Union, the triumphs of enterprise: *success, wealth, fame!* The inauguration of the railroad took place on the 4th of July. Its commencement was at the western limit of the city of Baltimore.

The North American Review of 1829 contains the following with regard to this giant work of civilization:

"The general direction of the route of the railway, as thus described, is, from Baltimore to the 'Point of Rocks,' a little south of west; thence to Hancock, approaching northwest. From Hancock to Cumberland, the general direction is very little south of west, though there is a great circuit in consequence of the direction of the river. Beyond Cumberland, by way of the Cheat, to the western base of the Laurel Ridge, the course, though winding, is included between southwest and west. Thence to the Ohio, the direction is nearly west.

Should the route by Casselman's river and the Youghagany be adopted, the general direction from Cumberland to the mouth of Casselman's river, and thence by the Youghagany to Pittsburg, would be northwest.

"From this necessarily brief description of the three regions through which the railroad is to pass, our readers will have perceived, however, that in its whole extent, its practicableness is beyond doubt. In the western division, extending from the base of the Laurel Hill to the Ohio, there is, on any of the routes, so little serious difficulty to be apprehended, that the ground, on the contrary, is in a high degree favorable. The character of the Allegany, and the other ridges forming with it the height of land between the eastern and western waters, is certainly very different. But of the two principal routes across it, one is by no means impracticable; the other is expected to afford much greater advantages. Of the eastern division, the examinations are already so accurate as to evince the perfect facility of its construction. We shall here add some particulars of this last section of the route, embraced between Cumberland and Baltimore, as it has received a more minute examination than the others, and as an actual commencement has been made on a part of it, the twenty-four miles between Baltimore and the fork of the Patapsco above Ellicott's Mills."

And from the same interesting pages we read:

"The contractors have commenced work on the section between Baltimore and Ellicott's Mills, and are rapidly advancing. A part is already finished for the reception of the rails, and there is every reason to expect that the graduation and masonry of the whole of it, together with some farther portions, will be completed by the first of June next. The contracts, notwithstanding the shortness of the notice, were readily taken, at

fair prices; and the improvements already introduced in the performance of the work, such as temporary railways for the removal of the earth, with others, will not only reduce the cost to the contractors, but will be beneficially felt in future contracts. Meanwhile, surveys are in progress, in order to a final location of the road. These have already been made on the principal points, as far up the valley of the Potomac as Cumberland.

“The localities, through which the above surveys have been conducted, are found, so far as the surveys are complete, highly favorable to the structure of the road. The natural surface in the immediate vicinity of the route, is generally firm, and well adapted to its support. Quicksands never occur; the hills are never so abrupt as to require tunneling; and though the course of the road, in order to preserve a level, is necessarily serpentine, the distance on the most favorable routes is far less augmented than might be supposed. Cliffs and precipices sometimes present themselves; but none of such extent or difficulty as not to be overcome at an expense comparatively moderate. The necessary timber is found in most parts beyond the immediate vicinity of Baltimore; but locust, though it abounds in some places, is not generally near at hand. The valley of the Potomac, frequently bounded indeed by rugged precipices, passable only by means of artificial roadways, cut into the cliffs, or supported by walls reared from the bed of the river, is for the most part, nevertheless, easy of passage. The rocky *debris* at the base of the river hills not only afford a foundation, but supply the materials for constructing the bed of the road at a cheap rate, as also for the numerous small bridges and culverts that will be required. Good building stone is found almost universally. Stone rails can be delivered on the route at the moderate price of eight cents the running foot; locust

sleepers for the same purpose, at twenty-five cents each."

In January, 1829, the stock of the company was four millions of dollars, of which the State of Maryland and the Corporation of Baltimore held each half a million. Philip E. Thomas, Esq., of Baltimore, was the President of the road. Their board of Engineers consisted of Colonel Long, J. Knight, Esq., and Captain McNeill. Dr. Howard, of the United States' Engineers, was engaged in the *reconnaissance* and preliminary surveys on which the first report of the Engineers is founded; and the Engineer Department liberally gave the assistance of a number of the officers of the army. The Superintendent was Casper Weaver, Esq.

And thus was introduced to our State this *Alpha* and *Omega* of Maryland inland trade and commerce, whose capital stock in 1875 is \$16,815,362; Assets, \$78,975,-807.95; whose President is John W. Garrett. July the 4th, 1828, was a gala day in the city of Baltimore. The venerable Charles Carroll, accompanied by other men of distinction, appeared in the line of procession that moved through the principal streets toward the important point. All the trades were represented distinctly; gardeners, Baltimore county farmers, etc. The ship-carpenters were represented by "a frigate of the first-class, fifteen feet long and of proportionable dimensions in every other respect. The stern was beautifully ornamented with carved work, representing the American Eagle in wreaths of oak leaves." The Carrollton March was played by the band upon the field, after which the public gathering was addressed by Mr. Morris. On the summit of a hill forming one of a line, a handsome canopy was erected, for the reception of Mr. Carroll, the Railroad Directors, the Mayor of Baltimore, and other civil authorities, as well as many invited guests. Along

the range of hills extended a line of cavalry, commanded by Captain Kennedy. Mr. Carroll came upon the ground in an open barouche, drawn by four horses, attended by postilions, dressed in blue and white, and wearing turban hats.

The descriptions in the newspapers of the day are very interesting. Those who opposed the railroad system were as loud in their outcry as those who desired its success.

On the same day chosen for inaugurating the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, ground was broken for the Ohio and Chesapeake Canal, July the 4th, 1828. The President of the United States, who was present, after performing his portion of the ceremony, handed the spade to General Mercer. The day was cloudless, and considered by those who looked on the bright side of the picture, as an auspicious sign, fifty-two years after the Declaration of Independence.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, had two daughters and one son. Miss Catharine Carroll became the wife of Robert Goodloe Harper, the distinguished Virginia soldier-lawyer, who was a patriot and a philanthropist. The eldest daughter married an English gentleman named Richard Caton. The only son, Mr. Charles Carroll, first loved and "courted" Miss Nelly Custis, who preferred the name of Lewis to that of Carroll. After this the young heir discovered his destined wife in the city of Philadelphia. The young lady in question was Miss Harriet Chew, the sister of the wife of Colonel John Eager Howard. The family of Miss Chew were Episcopalians, and insisted that the marriage should be performed according to the ritual of the Church of England, by the venerable Bishop White. Mr. Carroll was finally induced to accede to the wishes of the family. The preparations completed, the cere-

mony was to take place in a few moments, when Mrs. Caton arrived, accompanied by Archbishop Carroll, of Baltimore. After a few moments conversation with his sister, Mr. Carroll changed the order of approaching events by deciding in favor of the faith of his fathers, and Bishop Carroll performed the marriage ceremony according to the Roman ritual, after which Bishop White performed the service of the Church of England.

The daughters of Mr. Richard Caton, four noted beauties, made what are termed brilliant matches. Mary Anne married Robert Patterson, the brother-in-law of Jerome Bonaparte. This lady afterward becoming a widow, visited England for her health, and soon became the wife of the Marquis of Wellesly, the brother of the Duke of Wellington, and at that time the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Her portrait was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence. So noted was she for her beauty and accomplishments that the late Bishop England in "toasting" the last survivor of the Declaration of Independence, offered the following tribute: "Charles Carroll, of Carrollton—in the land from which his father fled in fear, his daughter's daughter reigns a queen."

Louisa Catharine Caton married Sir Harvey Felton, Aid-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington; upon his death she married the eldest son, the Marquis of Carmarthen, who afterward succeeded to his father's title Elizabeth J. Caton married Baron Stafford, the descendant of that Stafford who was beheaded in the reign of Charles II, of England, for his supposed favor to the "Popish plot."

Emily Caton became the wife of John McTavish, a Scotch gentleman living at that time in Canada.

On Wednesday, the 14th of November, 1832, in the 96th year of his age, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton,

passed away from the earth. He died at the house of his daughter in Pratt street, Baltimore, in that portion of the city now known as Old Town.

The following poetical tribute to "The Last of the Signers," by Lippard, is worthy of being read and remembered:

"One by one, the pillars have crumbled from the roof of the temple, and now the last—a trembling column—glows in the sunlight, as it is about to fall.

"But for the pillar that crumbles, there is no hope that it shall ever tower aloft in its pride again, while for this old man, about to sink into the night of the grave, there is a glorious hope. His memory will live. His soul will live, not only in the presence of its God, but on the tongues, and in the hearts of millions. The band in which he counts one, can never be forgotten.

"The last! As the venerable man stands before us, the declining day imparts a warm flush to his face, and surrounds his brow with a halo of light. His lips move without a sound: he is recalling the scenes of the Declaration—he is murmuring the names of his brothers in the good work.

"All gone but him! Upon the woods—dyed with the rainbow of the closing year—upon the stream, darkened by masses of shadow—upon the home peeping out from among the leaves, falls mellowing the last light of the declining day.

"He will never see the sun rise again! He feels that the silver cord is slowly, gently loosening; he knows the golden bowl is crumbling at the fountain's brink. But death comes on him as a sleep, as a pleasant dream, as a kiss from beloved lips!

"He feels that the land of his birth has become a mighty people, and thanks God that he was permitted to behold its blossoms of hope ripen into full life.

“In the recess near the window, you behold an altar of prayer; above it, glowing in the fading light, the image of Jesus seems smiling, even in agony, around that death-chamber.

“The old man turns aside from the window. Tottering on, he kneels beside the altar, his long dark robe drooping over the floor. He reaches forth his white hands—he raises his eyes to the face of the Crucified.

“There, in the sanctity of an old man’s last prayer, we will leave him. There, where amid the deepening shadows, glows the image of the Saviour; there, where the light falls over the mild face, the wavy hair and tranquil eyes of the aged patriarch.

“The smile of the Saviour was upon that perilous day, the 4th of July, 1776; and now that its promise has brightened into fruition, He seems to—He does smile on it again—even as His sculptured image meets the dying gaze of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, **THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS.**”

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, a Catholic by reason of faith as well as inheritance, had learned well the first great lesson of the mother church: “That obedience is better than sacrifice.” In the maturer years of his life, he practiced most rigidly the penance of abstinence on those days set apart by the church as fasting days. He was so faithful in assisting at the divine office, that it was his great pleasure to serve the priest during the offering of the holy Mass. In the monthly visits of the missionary priest, Mr. Carroll was the first person on his knees in the confessional. He was a monthly communicant for many years before his death; and so earnest was his desire to repair any wrong impressions caused in earlier days, that he selected the High Mass at eleven o’clock on Easter Sunday to receive communion, and this was his coming back to those neglected

duties over which his heart had not ceased to mourn, and for which he was bound, as Catholics ever are, to make reparation. In the chapel adjoining his residence at the Manor, he spent many precious hours. This was the first place he sought in the morning, where a half hour was spent in prayer and meditation. The mornings were usually passed until one o'clock, P. M., in the cultivation of literature. He wrote Latin with facility, and no day was allowed to pass without the perusal of the works of some of the ancient authors; yet as age deepened upon him his reading was confined principally to books of a religious character, and their effect, and his sentiments, were constantly revealed in the purity and holiness that prevailed in his conversation.

His body reposes in the Church at Doughoragan Manor. On the Gospel side of the altar is a monument, erected by order of the late Colonel Charles Carroll, which was executed by the American artist, Bartholomew, in Rome, 1853. According to the father of Mr. John Lee Carroll, the house at Doughoragan Manor was built about the year 1717. The men employed in its erection were brought from England for that purpose, and returned home after the completion of the building.

It is a handsome old-style residence, with a chapel attached, which is connected by a private entrance with the house. The grounds are well kept and extensive, and many an ancient tree, shadowing the sward, bears evidence of "the days that are no more." To use the words of Bishop Pinkney, of Maryland:

"No living man had seen it in the bud,
And none could tell the day it first took root;
While on its brave old trunk a hundred names
Were deep engraven. The hands that wrote them
Are stiff and cold; but still the names remain,
As fresh as when they were at first engraved,
And will remain for ages."

The land on which stand the buildings of Saint Charles College, in Howard county, Maryland, was presented by Mr. Carroll, January the 21st, 1830. His wishes in regard to the purposes of the establishment have been fulfilled thus far. It is a preparatory seminary, under the direction of the order of Saint Sulpice, for the education of youth destined for the priesthood. The college farm was a portion of land originally known as "Mary's Lot," which had been added by Mr. Carroll to Doughoragan Manor by purchase. The transfer could, therefore, be made without injury or injustice to his heirs. The corner-stone of the building was blessed by Archbishop Whitfield; it was then laid by Mr. Carroll, July the 11th, 1831.

Mr. Carroll was the inheritor of vast tracts of land throughout his native State. Of Carrollton Manor, the following is written of the grant which was obtained from "Charles, Lord Baltimore, a grant of 10,000 acres of land in Frederick county, with liberty to select the best land they could find; they first fixed on a spot beyond Frederick town, but finding the land better on this side of Frederick, changed to the spot which the present Mr. Carroll now possesses on the Monocacy river." It is said that the first view ever obtained of these beautiful lands, by the ancestor of Mr. Carroll, was enjoyed from the summit of the Sugar Loaf Mountain, a spur of the Blue Ridge. And now, adding to his already full wreath, is presented this golden leaf from the Reminiscences of Macready:

"We received attentions from many families, among the rest from that of Dr Potter, my physician, a very skillful, intelligent and agreeable man, who accompanied me in a visit which I paid, on his own particular invitation, to Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, a man most interesting from his varied and extensive acquirements,

and, especially, as being the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was a rare instance of extreme old age (being then in his ninetieth year), retaining all the vivacity and grace of youth with the polish of one educated in the school of Chesterfield. In my life's experience, I have never met with a more finished gentleman. At his advanced age he kept up his acquaintance with the classics. He spoke of England with respect, and of his own country, its institutions, its prospects, and its dangers, with perfect freedom, anticipating its eventual greatness, if not marred by faction and the vice of intemperance in the use of ardent spirits, detaining me, not unwillingly, more than two hours in most attractive conversation. When, at last, I was obliged to take my leave, he rose, and, to my entreaty that he would not attempt to follow me down stairs, he replied in the liveliest manner, "Oh, I shall never see you again, and so I will see the last of you!" He shook hands with me at the street door, and I bade a reluctant adieu to one of the noblest samples of manhood I had ever seen, or am ever likely to look upon."—*Macready's Reminiscences, Vol. I, p. 322; London, 1875.*

The following extract is from one of the newspapers of the day, (1875):

"In the year 1826, after all save one of the band of patriots whose signatures are borne on the Declaration of Independence had descended to the tomb, and the venerable Carroll alone remained among the living, the government of the city of New York deputed a committee to wait on the illustrious survivor and obtain from him, for deposit in the public hall of the city, a copy of the Declaration of 1776, graced and authenticated anew with his sign manual. The aged patriot yielded to the request, and affixed with his own hand to the copy of that instrument the grateful, solemn and pious supplemental declaration which follows:

“ Grateful to Almighty God for the blessings which, through Jesus Christ our Lord, He has conferred on my beloved country in her emancipation, and on myself in permitting me, under circumstances of mercy, to live to the age of eighty-nine years, and to survive the fiftieth year of American independence, and certify by my present signature my approbation of the Declaration of Independence adopted by Congress on the 4th of July, 1776, which I originally subscribed on the 2nd day of August of the same year, and of which I am now the last surviving signer, I do hereby recommend to the present and future generations the principles of that important document as the best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to them, and pray that the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to remotest posterity, and extended to the whole family of man.

CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton.”

“ *August 2, 1826.*”





EVENING HYMN.

THE evening stillness sweetly steals
O'er earth and air;
The Vesper chimes, in solemn peals,
The hour of prayer;
While with rapt hearts and bended knee,
We chant our evening hymn to thee,
Virgin Bless'd, to thee!

The birds with music sweet, no more
The forest fill;
The melody of day is o'er.
All, all is still;
Save that in holy harmony,
We chant our evening hymn to thee,
Virgin Bless'd, to thee!

Virgin Mother, linger near,
Our prayers approve,
And upward to our Father bear
Our words of love,
While robed in faith our souls agree
To chant our evening hymn to thee,
Virgin Bless'd, to thee!

GEORGE HAY RINGGOLD,
United States Army.



THE MOST REVEREND JOHN CARROLL,
FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.



AMONG the dauntless soldiers of Maryland was one who wore an invisible armor. This was John Carroll, the hero of a thousand victories. Marking his triumphal way, imperishable monuments have arisen to immortalize his fame. His fame is linked with the name of the Great Captain whose work he did most faithfully. The name of his Captain is the watch-word of Eternity. It is emblazoned upon the ramparts of Time, unchanging as the rock-bound "inviolet hills." It will resound through the far realms of the Everlasting, when the ages are no more.

John Carroll was the third son of Daniel Carroll, of Ireland, who in his youth had emigrated to the Colony of Maryland. Belonging to a Roman Catholic family of the "mother-land," he had forfeited his rights as a property-holder because of his faith. Daniel Carroll established himself as a merchant at Upper Marlborough, on the Patuxent river, in Maryland. He married Miss Eleanor Darnall, the daughter of Mr. Darnall, a gentleman of wealth, who was, like Mr. Carroll, also a Roman Catholic. Miss Darnall, who had been educated in France, was not alone cultured and refined in manner and intellect to the exclusion of

her heart; she was noted for those virtues that ennoble and purify the life of woman, and render home beautiful in its peace. She was the mother of John Carroll, who was born at Upper Marlborough, in Maryland, on the 8th day of January, 1735. This day noted in American history for the gaining of a victory by the force of arms deserves to be doubly celebrated as the birth-day of the great and good Bishop, whose triumphs were achieved through the power of christianity. He was the instrument selected by the Divine Will to accomplish a high and holy mission. Urged onward by a sublime inspiration only comprehended by those upon whom Heaven bestows its best gifts, he fulfilled most perfectly the commands of his Royal Guide.

At the age of twelve he was placed at a grammar school established at Bohemia. This place, situated upon what was known as a *manor* in the early days of *Terre Maria*, claims an important notice in our history. The founder of this manor was that remarkable man, Augustine Herman, whose story is so strangely interwoven with that of the Lord Proprietary of Maryland.

After a time John Carroll was sent to the College of Saint Omer, in French Flanders. This institution was under the direction of the Jesuits. It was also the place of learning selected for the early training of his relative Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who was for a time his schoolmate. At the termination of six years John Carroll finished the usual college course; he was then placed at a college at Liege, which was also under the direction of the Jesuits. While at this institution he formed the resolution of pursuing a course of theology preparatory to entering the order known as the Society of Jesus. This order, founded by Saint Ignatius, of Loyola, is honored for its noble works of charity as well as for the profound learning of many of its mem-

bers. Having fulfilled the term of a novice, John Carroll was ordained as a priest in 1769, and in 1771 he was professed.

Before renouncing the world he settled the estate, which he had inherited from his father, upon his brother, Daniel Carroll, Esq., and his two younger sisters.

Father John Carroll was now sent to Saint Omer's college, where he held the place of professor in that institution. Returning in a short time to Liege, he directed the students of the higher classics. He was thus employed when the order for the suppression of the Society of Jesus was executed, in 1773. When the Jesuits were driven from their domains in France, the colleges of Saint Omer and Liege were closed. The young Jesuit, Father John Carroll, on the 11th of September, 1773, wrote the following letter from Bruges, which is extracted, with much of the material for this sketch, from Mr. Brent's life of Bishop Carroll:

"I this day received a few lines from Daniel, of July 15th, in which he complains with much reason of my long silence. My mind is at present too full of other things to make any apology. After spending part of the autumn of 1772 at Naples, and its environs, we returned to pass the winter at Rome, where I stayed till near the end of March; from thence came to Florence, Geneva, Tunis, Lyons, Paris, and so to Liege and Bruges. I was willing to accept of the vacant post of Prefect of the Sodality here, after consigning Mr. Stourton into his Father's hands about two months ago, that I might enjoy some retirement, and consider well in the presence of God the disposition I found myself in of going to join my relatives in Maryland, and in case that disposition continued, to get out next Spring; but now all room for deliberation seems over. The

enemies of the Society, and above all the unrelenting perseverance of the Spanish and Portuguese Ministries, with the passiveness of the Court of Vienna, have at length obtained their ends, and our so long persecuted, and I must add, holy Society, is no more. God's holy will be done, and may His name be blessed for ever and ever! This fatal stroke was struck on the 21st of July, but was kept secret at Rome till the 16th of August, and was only made known to us on the 5th of September. I am not, and perhaps never shall be, recovered from the shock of this dreadful intelligence. The greatest blessing which, in my estimation, I could receive from God, would be immediate death; but if He deny me this, may His holy and adorable designs on me be wholly fulfilled. Is it possible that Divine Providence should permit to such an end, a body wholly devoted, and I will still aver, with the most disinterested charity, in procuring every comfort and advantage to their neighbors, whether by preaching, teaching, catechizing, missions, visiting hospitals, prisons, and every other function of spiritual and corporal mercy? Such I have beheld it in every part of my travels, the first of all ecclesiastical bodies in the esteem and confidence of the faithful, and certainly the most laborious. What will become of our flourishing congregations with you, and those cultivated by the German Fathers? These reflections crowd so fast upon me that I almost lose my senses; but I will endeavor to suppress them for a few moments. You see that I am now my own master, and left to my own direction. In returning to Maryland I shall have the comfort of not only being with you, but of being farther out of the reach of scandal and defamation, and removed from the scenes of distress of many of my dearest friends, whom God knows, I shall not be able to relieve. I shall, therefore,

most certainly sail for Maryland early next Spring, if I possibly can."

When the suppression of the Jesuit order was finally effected, he retired to England. For a while he acted as Secretary to those members of the Society born in the British dominions, who addressed a petition of remonstrance to the government of France regarding the seizure of their property. At this period Father Carroll was induced by Lord Stourton, a Roman Catholic nobleman, to make the tour of the continent of Europe in the capacity of preceptor to his son, the Honorable Mr. Stourton. During this tour he wrote for his pupil a brief history of England. To the termination of this tour he alludes in the letter presented above.

Upon his arrival in England he was invited by Lord Arundel to reside in his family, asking that his friend would act as chaplain to his household. This invitation he graciously accepted, and was thus enabled to bestow the comfort of religious assurances upon the catholic family of Wardour House. Wardour Castle, whose ruins are near by, is conspicuous in history as having been defended against assault during five days, by a garrison of twenty-five men under the command of the Lady Blanche Arundel. The attack was made during a brief absence of her husband; the fair lady was finally compelled to surrender on honorable terms. Upon the return of her husband, Lord Thomas Arundel, he caused a mine to be sprung under the castle, which was thereby reduced to a state of ruin in 1643. The more modern building, known as Wardour House, is a handsome mansion situated in the midst of a grove. Among numerous pictures and relics of the days of old, there is said to be a fine portrait of the Lady Blanche Arundel. Near the altar of the beautiful chapel is a monument erected in memory of Thomas, second Lord Arundel, and his heroic wife.

Father John Carroll remained much longer than had been his expectation in England. He had vainly hoped to behold the re-establishment of the Jesuit order in the catholic States of Europe. Being disappointed in this hope, he embarked in one of the last vessels that sailed from England for America. Arriving in his native land just before the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, he landed at Richland, in Virginia, the estate of William Brent, Esq., who had married the second sister of Father Carroll.

He spent two days in the society of his sisters in Virginia, both of whom were married to gentlemen of the same surname, William and Robert Brent. His widowed mother resided with her two younger daughters in Montgomery county, Md. Toward them he hastened with love and respect. Duty, to whose call he was ever attentive, left him little time for the endearing associations of home. Gathering together the Catholics of Montgomery, he formed them into congregations, expending much labor and care in their instruction. During this time he also extended his devoted zeal to the ministration of the Catholics in the neighborhood of his sisters' home at Aquia Creek, Stafford county, in the State of Virginia. Although desiring to extend the faith practically in all places, his heart went out naturally to those of his own blood first; these were the descendants of those men and women who had suffered persecution, renounced worldly honors, and titles, and goods, in behalf of religion. There was at this time no Catholic church built in Virginia. Mass was celebrated at the house of Mr. Brent; those of this faith who had banded themselves together as a congregation, would, upon the coming of a priest from Maryland, receive the sacrament, and listen to instructions from the servant of the Church.

He built the chapel of Saint John's, in Montgomery county, Maryland, a portion of which still stands as an evidence of his early labors. The rear of the building is the only portion standing from early days. Yet, notwithstanding the modern additions and repairs, the names and associations clustering about this sacred edifice render it dear to the Maryland heart. Ranked around the walls of this ancient chapel, like sentinels, lie those "who have gone before in the sign of peace." Among other graves is that of Bishop Carroll's mother. Upon the old tombstone is the following inscription: "Eleanor Carroll, relict of Daniel Carroll, died 3d of February, 1796, aged 92." His father is also said to be buried in the same place, with others of the Carroll family.

Although the works of Father John Carroll had made his name as a shining light amongst his fellow-men, yet in his great wisdom his heart remained always humble. He was not, however, destined to continue in the more secluded walks of Life. In the year 1789, a general meeting of the Roman Catholic clergy of the United States was held in Baltimore city, at which it was decided to petition the Roman Pontiff to appoint a Bishop to the See in Baltimore. The Reverend John Carroll was unanimously named as the candidate to the high office. The following letters, published in Mr. Brent's "Life of Bishop Carroll," relate to the selection and election of a Bishop to the Baltimore See:

In 1789 Father John Carroll writes to his friend, the Reverend Charles Plowden:

"I received, only about the middle of last month, Cardinal Antonelli's letter, dated in July last, by which he informs me that his holiness has granted our request for an ordinary bishop, the See to be fixed by ourselves, and the choice to be made by the officiating clergymen.

The matter will be gone on immediately, and God, I trust, will direct to a good choice. This confidence is my comfort; otherwise I should be full of apprehensions of the choice falling where it would be fatal indeed."

Very fully was his desire realized, yet not perhaps according to his expectations. In the spring of the same year he wrote as follows:

"Communicating freely with you, as I do, you would not forgive me, were I to omit informing you that a grant had been made to all our officiating clergy to choose one of their body as bishop; and it is left to our determination whether he shall be an ordinary, taking his title from some town of our appointment, or a *titular* bishop, by which, I understand, a bishop constituted over a country, without the designation of any particular see. Our brethren chose to have an ordinary bishop, and named Baltimore to be the bishop's title, this being the principal town of Maryland, and that State being the oldest and still the most numerous residence of our religion in America. So far all was right. We then proceeded to the election, the event of which was such as deprives me of all expectation of rest or pleasure henceforward, and fills me with terror, with respect to eternity. I am so stunned with the issue of this business, that I truly hate the hearing or mention of it, and therefore will say only, that since my brethren, whom in this case I consider as the interpreters of the Divine Will, say I must obey, I will even do it, if, by obeying, I shall sacrifice henceforth every moment of peace and satisfaction. I most earnestly commend myself to your prayers and those of my other friends."

In 1790 Father Carroll went to England to be consecrated as "Bishop of Baltimore." In reply to an invitation from his friend, Thomas Weld, Esq., of England, to be consecrated at his residence, he writes: "I cannot

sufficiently acknowledge the most obliging and honorable testimony of Mr. Weld's regard; you will be pleased to express, with all that warmth which you can communicate to your expressions, my deep sense of his generous politeness.

“My inclination certainly leads me to accept of an offer not only so flattering, but which will afford me an opportunity of seeing some of those friends whom I shall ever honor and love. But I cannot yet determine what I shall do. I still flatter myself that Divine Providence will provide some worthier subject to be its instrument in founding a church in America.”

Divine Providence did select its most worthy subject to found the Church in America, and in the summer of that year Father Carroll sailed for the shores of the old world. He was consecrated on Sunday, the 15th day of August, the Feast of the Assumption of the Mother of God, in the Chapel of Lulworth Castle. The act of consecration was performed during the ceremony of High Mass, by the Right Reverend Charles Walmsley, Bishop of Rama, Senior Vicar Apostolic of the Catholic Church in the Kingdom of Great Britain. An eloquent address was delivered by Father Charles Plowden, of the Society of Jesus. Mr. Brent says, in writing of Mr. Weld on this occasion: “The munificence of that gentleman omitted no circumstance which could possibly add dignity to so venerable a ceremony. The two prelates were attended by their respective assistant priest and acolytes, according to the rubric of the Roman pontifical. The richness of their vestments, the music of the choir, the multitude of the wax-lights, and the ornaments of the altar, concurred to increase the splendor of the solemnity, which made a lasting impression upon every beholder.”

Lulworth is a castle on the coast of Dorsetshire, and

is supposed to be built on the site of a castle mentioned by historians as standing in 1146. It is built principally from material taken from the ruins of Bindon Abbey. The foundation was laid in 1588, and the building was completed in 1641, at which time it was purchased by the family of Weld. The east front is faced with Chilmark stone, and the landing-place was named the Cloisters, because it was paved with the stones from the cloisters of Bindon Abbey. The chapel is a short distance from the castle, and was erected by Mr. Weld, who was afterward created a Cardinal. It is built in the form of a circle, "increased by four sections of a circle so as to form a cross;" it is dedicated to the Virgin Mother of God. The account given by that recorder of beautiful antiquities, John Timbs, is full of interest regarding the castle and its owners.

On the 13th of September, 1790, Bishop Carroll wrote from London to a friend, in reply to an invitation to revisit the home of Mr. Weld:

"I am sorry, very sorry indeed, to inform you that I cannot, without the greatest inconvenience, revisit Lulworth, and present once more my respectful thanks to the worthy master and mistress of the castle. I have balanced long in my mind, the opposite considerations of further sojournment in England, and immediate return to America; and I think, after all deliberation, that my duty calls me to return immediately to my diocese, and give the example of residence in it; for, in general, bishops are so ready to admit pretexts for exempting themselves from that obligation, that I think myself bound to give them no encouragement by my example, even on a plausible pretense. . . . I cannot resolve on this without great pain of mind. . . . Long shall I retain the impression made on me at Lulworth Castle by the good-

ness, the charity, the loveliness of every branch of that most respectable family; and I am sure my heart will be full of the gratefullest emotions when I shall sail abreast of the castle. They will accompany me to America, and will be soothed, though revived afresh, whenever I shall have the comfort of a letter from you."

In October of 1790, he sailed from Gravesend, arriving at Baltimore on the 7th of December. Bishop Madison, of Virginia, who had accompanied him on the voyage to England, for the purpose of being consecrated bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Old Dominion, returned with him to America. They long continued in friendly intercourse after this companionship upon the rough waves of the Atlantic.

Bishop Carroll thus writes to a friend in England, after arriving in America:

"At my arrival, as my friends in Baltimore got notice of the ship being in the bay, I was met by a large body of Catholics and others at the landing and conducted to our house. On the following Sunday you may believe the concourse of all sorts of people to our church was very great, though the day proved unfavorable. Five of my brethren were with me. They, with the trustees or wardens of the church, received me, vested in my pontificals, at the door, and walked into the church processionally; after the *Asperges*, and whilst the *Te Deum* was singing, I was conducted to the foot of the altar, and, after it was finished, to the pontifical seat or throne, where I received the obeisance of the clergy and some of the laity, in behalf of the rest, they approaching to kiss the episcopal ring." "After remaining a few days in Baltimore," continues Mr. Brent, "he hastened to the residence of his mother, to testify toward her those sentiments of love and veneration which characterized so strongly his intercourse with her."

Through the instrumentality of Bishop Carroll, whilst in England, arrangements were entered into with the Reverend Mr. Nagot, a director of the Ecclesiastic Seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris, for establishing a similar institution in this country. The political troubles of France having arrived at a most unhappy state about this period, the Sulpicians were forced to withdraw from that country, which, through the assistance of the United States Minister, Gouverneur Morris, Esq., they accomplished in peace. They were allowed to transfer a portion of their funds and property to America. Purchasing a house and several acres of land near the city of Baltimore, the Sulpicians in 1791, under the immediate direction of Monsieur Nagot, their former director, established a seminary, which was elevated to the dignity of a university by an Act of the Maryland Legislature, in January, 1805.

Bishop Carroll, taking an extended view of intellectual culture as well as that pertaining to the soul, gave every aid in his power toward the advancement of education throughout the country. Through his zeal, which is well worthy of imitation, he opened many a passage to the wonderful fountains of knowledge.

In writing to the editors of the *Columbian Magazine*, he said: "I purchase and read your magazine, when convenient, because I wish well to every undertaking for the advancement of useful knowledge amongst my countrymen. But I am sorry to find that some of your correspondents endeavor to render your work the vehicle of disingenuity, and to taint it with the poison of religious rancor. They care not, it seems, how much they misrepresent facts and doctrines, provided they can bring disrepute on the party, which they have devoted to contempt. . . . One of them sends you a fabricated history of Cardinal Tusslough, who

never existed, and which you inserted in a former magazine; this history he enriched with inflammatory comments; but he had neither justice nor candour enough to undeceive your readers by informing them that the whole was a malicious fable. I must waive ceremony so far, as to remind you, that you come in yourself for a share of this blame. For having published so false a relation, it became you to correct your mistake, after you found that it was contradicted in the foreign prints, which suggested the first lines of invention to your improving correspondent.

Thanks to the genuine spirit of Christianity, the United States have banished intolerance from their systems of government, and many of them have done the justice to every denomination of Christians, which ought to be done to them in all, of placing them on the same footing of citizenship, and conferring an equal right of participation in national privileges. Freedom and independence, acquired by the united efforts, and cemented with the mingled blood of Protestant and Catholic fellow-citizens, should be equally enjoyed by all. The Jersey State was the first which, in forming her new constitution, gave the unjust example of reserving to Protestants alone the prerogatives of government and legislation. At that very time the American army swarmed with Roman Catholic soldiers, and the world would have held them justified had they withdrawn themselves from the defence of a State which treated them with so much cruelty and injustice, and which they then actually covered from the depredations of the British army."

Among his writings the journal kept by the Reverend Mr. Carroll, while traveling with the Hon. Mr. Stourton, is of a most interesting nature, referring particularly to Alsace and Lorraine, whose beautiful names have become doubly historic.

A correspondence of some length was carried on between the Bishop of Baltimore, who was also the recognized bishop of the thirteen original States, and a writer who signed himself "*Liberal*," in the public prints. This correspondence opened by an attack on the part of "*Liberal*" upon the church and its most distinguished representative in America.

These letters served only to gain a greater degree of admiration and respect for John, Bishop of Baltimore, rather than, as his enemies seemed to hope, humiliation and reproach. Not long after this, he sent to the President of the United States an eloquent appeal in behalf of his fellow-countrymen of the Roman faith. To this paper were attached the names of John Carroll, in behalf of the clergy, and those of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Daniel Carroll, Thomas Fitzsimmons and Dominick Lynch, on the part of the laity.

In the address to the President, the following occurs: "In war you shield them from the ravages of armed hostility; in peace you establish public tranquility by the justice and moderation, not less than by the vigor, of your government. By example, as well as by vigilance, you extend the influence of laws on the manners of our fellow-citizens. You encourage respect for religion, and inculcate, by words and actions, that principle on which the welfare of nations so much depends, that a superintending Providence governs the events of the world, and watches over the conduct of men." The reply to this address was dictated by that magnanimity of soul that gave Washington his fame. Having received from a tribe of Indians in the north, a petition, asking that clergymen be sent to their aid, Archbishop Carroll sent to Europe for two French priests to act as missionaries, who responded with holy zeal to the call. On the 22nd of February, 1800, Archbishop Carroll, in

response to an invitation from the Congress, delivered an address upon the character and life of General Washington, the departed hero. The discourse was given in Saint Peter's Church, in Baltimore city.

The following extracts, taken therefrom, must suffice as an example :

“When the death of men distinguished by superior talents, high endowments, and eminent services to their country, demands the expression of public mourning and grief, their loss is accompanied, generally, with this mitigation, that however grievous and painful, it is not irreparable ; and that the void caused by their mortality will, perhaps, be filled up by others, uniting equal abilities with the same zeal and watchfulness for the general welfare. Hope then wipes off the tears with which sorrow bedews the grave of departed worth. But on the present occasion, no such consolation can be administered ; for he, whose expectations are most sanguine, dares not promise again to his country the union of so many splendid and useful virtues as adorned that illustrious man, whose memory excites our grateful and tender sensibility, and to whose tomb the homage of his country is to be solemnly offered on this day. Whether we consult our own experience, by bringing into comparison with Washington any of our contemporaries, most eminent for their talents, virtues and services, or whether we search through the pages of history, to discover in them a character of equal fame, justice and truth will acknowledge that he stands supereminent and unrivaled in the annals of mankind, and that no one before him, acting in such a variety of new and arduous situations, bore with him to the grave a reputation as clear from lawless ambition, and as undefiled by injustice or oppression : a reputation neither depressed by indolence, nor weakened by irresolution, nor shadowed

by those imperfections, which seemed to be the essential appendages of human nature, till Providence exhibited in Washington this extraordinary phenomenon. What language can be equal to the excellence of such a character? Pardon, O, departed spirit of the first of heroes! if, with the cold accents of an exhausted imagination, I likewise dare attempt to celebrate thy name, whilst so many sons of genius, ardent in youthful vigor, delineate in glowing colors the vivid features of thy mind, and the glorious deeds of thy virtuous life. With unequal steps, I venture on the same career, not seeking to add lustre to the fame of Washington, or perpetuate his memory to future times; for he is already enshrined in the records of immortality; but humbly hoping that a recital of his services will open to our countrymen the road to true honor, and kindle in their breasts the warmth of generous emulation and real patriotism. Modest as he was eminent in valor and wisdom, he contemplated with mingled emotions of self-diffidence and generous resolution, the important stake placed in his hands; the subjection or independence, the vassalage or freedom of an immense territory, destined to be the habitation of countless millions. When, therefore, in obedience to the voice of his country, he placed himself at the head of her army, the expressions of his dependence on Providence should never be forgotten. Claiming no personal merit, apprehensive of injuring the public interest through some misconduct; yet trusting to the justice of his cause, and conscious of the purity of his motives, he called upon his fellow-citizens to remember that he depended for success, not on his own military skill, but on the God of battles, to whom he made his solemn appeal.

“Tender of the blood of his fellow-soldiers, and

never exposing their lives without cause or prospect of advantage, humanity was as dear to him as victory, as his enemies that fell into his power always experienced.

“When a decree of retaliation became necessary to restrain their licentious excesses, with what delicacy, without the least abatement of fortitude, did he save the life of the victim, devoted to atone for the cruelty that had been committed on an American officer! Not, however, till he had compelled the opposing general to restrain and disavow outrages, that aggravate so much the necessary evils of war. . . . The last act of his supreme magistracy was to inculcate, in most impressive language, on his countrymen, or rather on his dearest children, this, his deliberate and solemn advice, to bear incessantly in their minds that nations and individuals are under the moral government of an infinitely wise and just Providence, that the foundations of their happiness are morality and religion, and their union amongst themselves their rock of safety; that to venerate their Constitution and its laws is to insure their liberty.”

Archbishop Carroll laid the corner-stone of the Cathedral at Baltimore on the 7th day of July, 1806. In the month of June, 1876, the Cathedral being completed and its debt removed, it was consecrated by Archbishop James Roosevelt Bayley, of Baltimore.

The architect of the building was B. H. Latrobe, Esq., of Baltimore, a gentleman of culture and talents of a rare order.

Archbishop Carroll, it will be remembered, was one of the delegates chosen to visit the people of Canada during the Revolutionary period. Among the movers for the good of the public, his name was always prominent. It is found on the records of the old Board of Visitors to Saint John's College, at Annapolis, with those of other distinguished men of the times.

Archbishop Carroll was a true patriot. Closely linked with a love of God was his love of country. The purest patriotism is blended with religion; its fire purges the motive from the taint of earthly ambition that seeks an utterly selfish glory.

He was a friend to the poor in word and deed, giving them, to the fullest extent of his means, his surest help.

He was, as are ever the truly great, unostentatious. The following passage from one of the contemporary papers thus refers to the Archbishop immediately after his death:

“The character of Archbishop Carroll seemed indeed to be filled up with wonderful care. He viewed the manners of different nations, saw the courts of kings and the meetings of philosophers, and added the liberality of a true philosopher and the accomplishments of a gentleman to the apostolic dignity of his calling. Temptation drew forth the purity of his virtue, and like Shadrach, he walked erect in the flames. He early marked the rise of the baneful meteor of French Philosophy; but he gathered his spiritual children under his wings, and protected them in security. He was permitted to witness a great revival of religion, and, in the abundant prosperity of his particular church, to reap the harvest of his toil and labor of his life.”

He died on Sunday, the 3d of December, 1815, at his residence in Baltimore. He was in the eightieth year of his age, with clear and calm intellectual faculties. In response to his expressed desire, he was placed upon the floor, that he might die in a more humble posture, and thus render his last inevitable sacrifice as acceptable as possible in the eyes of his Creator. A circumstance which has often been told of, evinced his rare perception and peacefulness at the approach of death:

A discussion having arisen as to the proper ceremonies, and the religious observances attending the decease of an Archbishop, the book containing the necessary forms was discovered to be in the chamber of the dying prelate. Some one quietly entered the room for the purpose of removing the book. Without turning his head, the Archbishop spoke, saying that he knew what was needed, and directed attention to the shelf where the volume rested. *He guarded jealously all Church honors, whose glory reverts to God.* Before departing, he requested to have read to him the beautiful psalm of David, "Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy!" To him who had only offered sacrifice to God, we must believe that "according to the multitude" of "tender mercies," much love was shown in Heaven.

A full and very interesting account of the life and labors of Archbishop Carroll is given by Richard H. Clarke, in the volume entitled "The Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States of America."





WHEN SOFT STARS.

WHEN soft stars are peeping
Through the pure azure sky,
And southern gales sweeping
Their warm breathings by.
Like sweet music pealing
Far o'er the blue sea,
There comes o'er me stealing
Sweet memories of thee.

The bright rose, when faded,
Flings forth o'er its tomb
Its velvet leaves laded
With silent perfume;
Thus round me will hover,
In grief, or in glee,
Till life's dream be over,
Sweet memories of thee.

As a sweet lute, that lingers
In silence alone,
Unswept by light fingers,
Scarce murmurs a tone,
My young heart resembled
That lute, light and free,
'Till o'er its chords trembled
Those memories of thee.

AMELIA B. WELBY.



CHARLES WILSON PEALE,

ARTIST.



HE Reverend Charles Peale, of Edith Weston, in the county of Rutland, England, was an Episcopal clergyman. He died at Stamford, Lincolnshire, in the year 1724. His son, Charles Peale, had been educated for the English ministry, but preferred coming to America. He settled in Maryland and married Margaret Triggs; and after the birth of their first child, they removed from Queen Anne to Chestertown, in Kent county, in the same State. Here he became the master of the county school, receiving day and boarding scholars. Surveying was taught by Mr. Peale, as well as the classics. Following the bent of his father, he occasionally occupied the pulpit. Among existing relics of the past is a letter-book of Charles Peale; the incidents noted on its pages date from 1745 to 1747. In a bold, manly hand, he addresses his "sister and only relation:" "On St. George's day, the 23d of April last, I had a most charming boy born to me, whom my friends, particularly Mr. Sterling, would, for the honor of our English patron, oblige me to call St. George; and my thanks be to God, Charles grows apace, but is just such another dirty, wading sloven, as I can remember myself to have been at his age and older." We may judge from this that the baby

artist whose pictures were as yet unpainted, did not sit with clasped hands gazing on the cloudless sky, but preferred, like other little boys and girls of more ordinary cast, to dabble in the gutter or shape mud-pies. This sister, to whom Mr. Peale addresses himself, was held very near to his heart. She married the Reverend Joseph Digby, and in another letter he congratulates her upon "her spouse being made rector of St. Mary's, Stamford, in Lincolnshire."

Mr. Charles Peale died in Chestertown, Maryland, in the year 1750. He left a widow and five children; the eldest, Charles Wilson, whose birth is thus recorded in Saint Paul's Parish, Queen Anne county: "Charles Wilson, eldest son of Charles Peale, and heir intail to the Manor of Wotten, in Oxfordshire, estate of Charles Wilson, Doctor of Medicine." The other children were as follows: Margaret Jane, St. George, Elizabeth Digby, and James. Not long after the death of her husband, Mrs. Peale moved to Annapolis, and Charles Wilson, who was then in his ninth year, was placed at school. Yet, before he had reached his thirteenth year, the "heir intail to the Manor of Wotten" was apprenticed to a saddler. While following his calling his genius gradually developed; he gained a fair knowledge of mechanics, a habit of industry and early rising, which he retained through the days of his life. Under the assistance of Mr. James Tilghman, of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, he established himself as a saddler, and in this capacity developed so decidedly his taste for the fine arts, that he won the admiration of influential friends. A late writer says: "He was instructed in painting by Hesselius, a German painter, to whom he gave a saddle for the privilege of seeing him paint." Funds were placed at his disposal that he might go at once to England and study with Benjamin West. The money was to be repaid

upon his return, with the native gold of his genius. The gentlemen who gave their generous trust were the staunch men of the period, Mr. J. B. Boardly (who had been educated by Mr. Charles Peale), Barrister Carroll, Governor Sharpe, Daniel Dulany, Robert Lloyd, Benjamin Tasker, Thomas Ringgold, Benjamin Calvert, Thomas Sprigg, Daniel, of St. Thomas, and Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. He sailed away from his native shores in 1768 and returned in June, 1770.

After laboring for several years he was enabled "to pay off all his debts but those of gratitude." He had promised to paint pictures for his benefactors, and his promise was fulfilled. At the beginning of the Revolution against the mother-land, Mr. Peale took his family to Charlestown, at the head of the Chesapeake bay. In the winter of 1776 he visited Philadelphia, and in the month of May following, he removed his family thither from Charlestown, and made his home in the Quaker city. This decision was doubtless owing to praise and encouragement received, after the painting of several portraits, while on a visit to Philadelphia. In 1772 he painted a portrait of George Washington in the uniform of a Virginia colonel. This picture was at Arlington, the home of General Robert E. Lee, for many years, until the war between the North and the South. In Tuckerman's "Book of Artists" is the following, in regard to this picture: "The earliest portraits of Washington are more interesting, perhaps, as memorials, than as works of art; and we can easily imagine that associations endeared them to his old comrades. The dress—blue coat, scarlet facings and underclothes—of the first portrait by Peale, and the youthful face, make it suggestive of the early experience of the future commander, when, exchanging the surveyor's implements for the colonel's commission, he bivouacked in the wilderness of Ohio, the leader of a

motley band of hunters, provincials and savages, to confront wily Frenchmen, cut forest roads, and encounter all the perils of Indian ambush, inclement skies, undisciplined followers, famine and woodland skirmish.

“It recalls his calm authority and providential escape amid the dismay of Braddock’s defeat, and his pleasant sensation at the first whistling of bullets in the weary march to Fort Necessity. To Charles Wilson Peale we owe this precious relic of the chieftain’s youth.”

With the first encroachments upon our liberties by England, the staunch patriotism of Peale was revealed. His earliest contributions to the cause was the designing and painting of emblematical insignias to be used in public displays at Newburyport in New England. Upon the mustering of the militia in Philadelphia, he was created lieutenant of one of the companies. By his energy he soon filled the ranks. This stranger from Maryland was then placed at its head as commander, and he led his company into the battles of Trenton and Princeton. He was brave and self-sacrificing, thinking only of his country’s need, however stern the demands made upon him. He was selected as one of fifty who were chosen to remove the public stores from the city of Philadelphia, to prevent their capture by the enemy. He was one of six persons deputed to secure those who were suspected of disloyalty, or else to obtain their parole. He was also one of three whose duty was to take possession of or sell confiscated estates. During his life in camp he did not cease to be an artist, but was faithful to his love through all changes. He snatched from the surrounding beauties of natural scenery subjects for landscapes, perfected in after days; and from the faces gathered about him he secured portraits which are now numbered amongst our most valuable possessions.

At his death he left a collection of original portraits and historical scenes numbering two hundred and sixty-nine.

At Annapolis, in the Chamber of the House of Delegates, is a full length portrait of General Washington holding in his hand the articles of capitulation at Yorktown. Before him passes the Continental army in review. General Washington is attended by his Aids-de-camp, General La Fayette and Colonel Tilghman.

The portraits of the Governors of Maryland, which were painted and exchanged for the portrait of Lord Baltimore, were Johnson, Paca, Smallwood, Howard, Stone and Sprigg.

The famous picture of Washington, before referred to, was finished at Princeton, although its beginning is of much earlier date. Congress having adjourned without making an appropriation for its purchase, it remained in the possession of the artist. At the request of General La Fayette, the artist executed a copy of this painting designed for the King of France. It was finished and sent to Paris in 1779, but owing to the trouble in which the royal family was at the time involved, it was sold, and purchased by the Count de Menou. Don Juan Marrailes, the Minister of France, ordered several copies to be made about the same time. Some considerable opposition to General Washington as a military chief having been evinced in various quarters, the following query under the head of "Political and Military," appeared in the Maryland Journal of July the 6th, 1779:

"Whether, therefore, when Mons. Gerard and Don Juan de Marrailes, sent over to their respective courts the pictures of his Excellency, General Washington, at full length, by Mr. Peale, there would have been any

impropriety in sending over, at the same time, at least a couple of little heads of Gates and Arnold, by M. de Simitierre?" These vain thrusts did not, however, deprive the army of its head.

Mr. Tuckerman says: "There is a tradition in the Peale family, honorably represented through several generations, by public spirit and artistic gifts, that intelligence of one of the most important triumphs of the American arms was received by Washington in a despatch he opened while sitting to Wilson Peale for a miniature intended for his wife, who was present;" and then, "of the fourteen portraits by Peale, that exhibiting Washington as a Virginia colonel in the colonial force of Great Britain, is the only entire portrait before the Revolution extant. One was painted for the college of New Jersey, at Princeton, in 1780, to occupy a frame in which a portrait of George III had been destroyed by a cannon-ball during a battle at that place on the 3d of January, 1778. Peale's last portrait of Washington, executed in 1783, he retained until his death."

The only cabinet portraits of Washington, painted by Peale, that are known to exist, are two in the city of Washington; one in the possession of Admiral Kilty, of the United States Navy. This picture was painted for the father of Admiral Kilty, while George Washington was President of the United States. It is painted in oil colors, a three quarter face, the dress that of a citizen, whose elegance and simplicity of taste belong to the ideal gentleman. The other cabinet painting is in the possession of Mr. Henry Randall, of Washington city.

Mr. Peale having been elected to the Assembly of the city of Philadelphia, was one of the main movers for the passage of the Act for gradual abolition of slavery.

The world of politics was not, however, suited to the taste of Mr. Peale, and he desired to withdraw into greater retirement for the purpose of pursuing his natural profession. No opportunity had in any case been lost, however, where a miniature or sketch could be secured of an eminent individual. Thus Mr. Peale laid the first foundation of a national gallery. Upon the meeting of the Congress at Philadelphia, new subjects were offered to his genius, and he has left on canvas able representations of those whose names occupy prominent places in history. In this country, in Canada and in the West Indies, many homes are adorned with the paintings of Charles Wilson Peale. Many of his paintings were also sent to Europe. For the space of fifteen years, he was without a rival in this country, for Trumbull and Stuart were but little known when Peale was at the topmost height of his success. A Museum of Natural History was also established by Mr. Peale. This was the first scientific institution in the United States; as an educator of the people, and a general distributor of valuable knowledge, it was a national benefaction. After a brief illness, the death of Charles Wilson Peale occurred on the 22nd of February, 1827. He was in the eighty-sixth year of his age when he passed into rest from a life of incessant labor. His friend Trumbull, the artist, said of him "that he possessed a high claim to the esteem and remembrance of his countrymen, not only owing to his talents, but because he was a mild, benevolent and good man." The ardor and impulse of youth seemed never to desert him entirely, for he threw into whatever work he undertook, the whole interest and force of his spirit. That great man, Thackeray, has written: "The muse of painting is a lady whose social station is not altogether recognized with us as yet. The polite world permits a gentle-

man to amuse himself with her, but to take her for better or for worse! Forsake all other chances, and cleave unto her! To assume her name! Many a respectable person would be as much shocked at the notion as if his son had married an opera-dancer."

And yet, Charles Wilson Peale was married three times: his first wife being Miss Rachel Brewer, of Annapolis, Maryland; then followed Miss Elizabeth De Peyster, of New York, and Miss Hannah Moore, of Pennsylvania. Four daughters and seven sons survived him. The accompanying account of the portrait of Lord Baltimore, is from the pen of Mr. Titian Ramsay Peale, a son of the artist whose life is given in the preceding pages:

HISTORY OF THE PORTRAIT OF CECILIUS CALVERT, SECOND LORD BALTIMORE.

In the "Annals of Annapolis," published in 1841, by David Ridgely, he says: "Anne Arundel county, probably so-called on 6th of April, 1850, from the maiden name of Lady Baltimore, then late deceased, Lady Anne Arundel, the daughter of Lord Arundel of Wardour, whom Cecilius, Lord Baltimore, had married.

"In 1683, it was constituted a town, port, and place of trade, under the name of the town land at Proctors.

"In 1694, it was constituted a town, port, and place of trade, under the name of Anne Arundel town."

In 1702, Queen Anne ascended the throne.

In 1703, the town of Anne Arundel, being incorporated as a city, received the name of Ann-apolis, in honor of the Queen. The Queen had Sir Godfrey Kneller, the court painter of that day, paint her portrait, and sent it, with the portrait of Cecilius, Second Lord Baltimore, and founder of the Province of Maryland, a gift to the city of Annapolis, in recognition of the compliment of naming the city after her.

In 1704, a portrait of Queen Anne, and one of Lord Baltimore, full length, are mentioned as decorating the Assembly room at Annapolis.

The Queen's portrait disappeared about the time of the Revolution, when there was little respect for royalty or for royal gifts, and nothing has ever been heard of it; it was probably destroyed.

Lord Baltimore's portrait was left undisturbed until the State House needed renovating in 1823, when the massive oak frame had become so defective, from the ravages of worms, that it swayed at one corner, and the dust and lamp-smoke of one hundred and twenty years had so discolored the picture, that it was no longer an attractive object, and it was put out of sight.

Charles Wilson Peale was born in Maryland in 1741, and lived in Annapolis from the time he was nine years old until quite middle life. This portrait of Lord Baltimore, by Vandyke, was his admiration as long as he lived there—returning in after years for renewed pleasure in seeing it—was surprised and indignant to find this fine picture, with its deeply interesting historical associations, thrust in a dark lumber-room, where, among old joists and broken beams, it would soon have been destroyed. He chided them for this slight to the Founder of their State. Their answer was, they had rather have their present Governor than any old founder; and his answer, that he would give all the Governors they ever had for it. They—the Aldermen—at once caught at what they considered an offer,—made a list of the Governors since the Revolution. Judge Brewer wished and urged him to take the picture to save it.

Mr. Peale went to Baltimore. His Autobiography says: "Before leaving Baltimore he wrote to his friend, Mr. Nicholas Brewer, wishing him to take upon himself the trouble to inquire if the corporation of the

city would take six portraits of the Governors elected into that office since the Revolution, for a whole length portrait of Lord Baltimore, which is in the ball-room (the place it was known as hanging), and perhaps not much regarded. The commencing a collection of portraits, which probably will be continued, by adding the portraits of the living Governors in succession, will in a future day become very interesting, and he would find a pleasure to be the author of the beginning of such a work. . . . After his return to Philadelphia he received a letter from his friend Mr. Brewer, with the order of the honorable Board of the Corporation accepting his offer, and also giving orders for the picture to be sent as directed " From Baltimore he writes to Dr. Casine, Washington, June 12, 1824:

"By direction of the Honorable the Corporation of Annapolis, I have to paint a portrait of my friend, the former Governor of Maryland, Col. Stone. Gen. Smith informs me that you married a daughter of Governor Stone—hence I am led to hope that you possess the likeness which I am very desirous to hand down to posterity in a collection of portraits of the Governors of Maryland elected since the Revolution. I have now finished four of them, *i. e.*, Johnson, Poca, Smallwood, and Col. Howard. In the order I had from the corporation, was the name of Henry, but unfortunately no portrait was made of him, which his son now greatly regrets. If you possess the portrait in question, and will permit me to make a copy of it, I shall be very thankful." June 15, he writes to his son Rembrandt: "Yesterday I received a letter from Dr. Casine, of Washington; he says he has a portrait painted by you of Governor Stone, which he is so obliging as to lend me, and would send to Baltimore if I required it. But my determination is to go to Washington by to-mor-

row's stage, and shall have this advantage if I choose to use it; that is, taking the portrait of Gov. Sprigg, who resides a short distance from Washington. I shall write to Mr. Jno. Lee, in which case I may take the stage from Washington to Fredericktown, and make a copy, if such portrait can be had."

The Autobiography says: "Having finished and varnished the portraits, he prepared to go to Annapolis in the steamboat. . . . After dining, he told Mr. Brewer that he had brought the six portraits which he had finished for the corporation, and if it would be agreeable to him, to let them be put into his spare parlor, in order to show to the members of the corporation by invitation, in the morning; this favor was readily granted. Before breakfast, he unpacked and placed them in regular order, then went to Mr. Boyle's, who is Mayor of the city, to acquaint him that he had finished his engagement, if the corporation would be satisfied with the two portraits he had painted instead of Gov. Lee and Gov. Henry, of whom no portraits had been made. Mr. Boyle came to see the pictures; said he would give notice to the corporation to meet in the evening, to whom I drew up a short address, June 28, 1824. Went to Mr. Nicholas Brewer, Jr., to dine and spend the afternoon; returning in the evening, Mr. Boyle told him the corporation had accepted his paintings."

In a letter dated Philadelphia, January 16, 1824, Mr. Peale says: "I have taken the mastic varnish from the Baltimore portrait. I expected to get much lampblack by washing, as it must have been much smoked by the candles in the ball-room. Simply washing with cold water brings away very little of it, and whether I ought to use other means is rather doubtful. Rembrandt has a pamphlet directing the French method of cleaning

pictures ; when I have perused it, I shall proceed with the work."

To his eldest son, Raphaele, he writes from Philadelphia, February, 1824: "I have finished the cleaning; and repairing Lord Baltimore; it now only wants varnishing. It is a highly finished picture. Rembrandt and some others think it was painted by Sir Godfry Kneller; be it whom it may, it is certainly a well-finished picture, and I am satisfied with my bargain."

"This letter tells of the first questioning of the artist of this fine old picture. The impression was received from the well-known fact, that Sir Godfry Kneller painted Queen Anne's portrait, as it is in all the lists of crowned heads he painted, and being sent with hers by the Queen, the conclusion was drawn one hundred and twenty years after it came to the country that the same artist painted both.

"Sir Godfry Kneller was born in 1648; was twenty-seven when Lord Baltimore died in 1675, aged seventy—he could only have known and represented him as a man of nearly seventy. Queen Anne was born in 1664; was eleven years old when Lord Baltimore died—too young for her to have his portrait painted—while the Queen could not have had the royal crown picture surmounting the arms, as in 1691 the King, by an arbitrary act, deprived Charles, Third Lord Baltimore, of his political rights as Proprietor, which were not restored until 1715, the year after Queen Anne's death.

"Mr. Peale could never be satisfied that the portrait was not a Vandyke; he had been told so as a boy and never heard it questioned; yet he did not combat the opinion of younger men, which is to be regretted, as it gave the impression to those who saw it at that time it was a Kneller. If he had taken time from his busy

life to compare dates and events, he would have found his early memory correct. Mr. Peale had known the picture seventy years, when he became the possessor of it in 1824, fifty years ago, (in 1874).

“The picture is one of embarkation. As soon as the grant was obtained—20th June, 1632—Cecil Calvert commenced his preparation for the establishment of a colony. The charter made the Proprietor absolute Lord of the Province, with the royalties of a Count Palatine. The royal grant was given on condition that two Indian arrows of those parts should be delivered at Windsor Castle every year, on Tuesday in Easter week, and also the fifth of all the gold and silver which might be found in the Province. The quiver on the ground at the right of the picture, is filled with Indian arrows ready for the tribute, while the spare arrow and the bow lying across it, show the means of keeping it full. The quiver is covered with fish skin, the war-club near it is made of the beak of the saw-fish—products of Chesapeake bay—and the Baltimore colours draped over them from the base of a drum, shows that all is under the Baltimore rule. At the left of the picture an Indian is dimly seen, a native of the Province. Lord Baltimore stands in the centre of the picture, in a position of commanding dignity, pointing with his baton to ‘the good ship, the Ark, of three hundred tons and upward, which was attended by his Lordship’s Pinnace, called the Dove, of about fifty tons,’ in which, with his colonists, he was about to embark for his new possession. On the lower drapery of the sofa, before which he stands, are the Baltimore arms, which have the supporters of the Province on either side, a ploughman, and a fisherman, surmounted by the royal crown of England—the privilege alone of a Count Palatinate—showing he rules with royal authority.

“After making preparation, deeming that the interest of the enterprise demanded his remaining in England, he confided his colony to his next younger brother, Leonard, as Governor, then in his twenty-sixth year, who embarked from Cowes, Isle of Wight, 22nd of November, 1633. The picture must have been painted between the 20th of June, 1632, when the patent was issued to Cecilius, then twenty-eight, and 22nd of November, 1633, when the colonists sailed.

“Sir Antony Van Dyke was at court painting the portrait of King Charles I. At that time Lord Baltimore was preparing to embark for the Province the King had given him, naming it after his Queen, showing him to be a favorite at court, circumstances that would most likely lead to the painting of his portrait by Vandyke, the artist at court. The event pictured fixes the date as not later than 1633, which would make it two hundred and forty-one years old in 1874.

“In part third of Smith’s Catalogue Raisonæ of the works of Dutch, Flemish and French Painters; London, 1831 or 38, (two editions); on page 182, under the head of Vandyke, is ‘portrait of Anne, daughter of Lord Arundel, and wife of Cecil Calvert,’ Lord Baltimore. Anne Arundel, Lord Baltimore’s wife, died in 1649, aged thirty-four. As Vandyke died 1641, her portrait was probably painted when Lord Baltimore’s was, in 1633, and his lost sight of, no doubt, having been out of the country one hundred and thirty-four years when this list was made in London, in 1838. The original must have been sent, as there is no mention of Cecil Calvert’s, Lord Baltimore, portrait in any of the lists, though there is of his wife; and Lord Baltimore’s is mentioned as being in Annapolis in 1704.

“Few old pictures can be so well authenticated as this, having changed hands but three times, from the

Queen to Annapolis, from Annapolis to Charles Wilson Peale, by Act of Council (which of course is on record), in payment for pictures painted for them (portraits of several of their Governors), in whose family it has been ever since; his last surviving child and youngest son, Titian Ramsay Peale, being the possessor.

"In 1868, Mr. Franklin Peale had the picture backed with new canvas, superintending with great care, and assisting himself. The picture is in excellent preservation."

The picture referred to has been sent to Boston (December, 1874), and placed with the *Mont Pensier* collection, with a view to its sale. Among the numerous relics in which the Centennial movement seems to have awakened an interest, is one in possession of the Lotus Club, of New York city. It is a double-faced medallion, framed in pure gold, adorned with the miniatures of General George Washington and his wife, Martha. The paintings are executed upon ivory, according to the style of that period. The artist, Charles Wilson Peale, painted the miniature-portrait of George Washington, during the siege of Boston, and afterward presented the picture to General Washington. During the first presidential term of Washington, the portrait of Mrs. Martha Washington was painted; the two pictures were then enclosed in the same case, with a piece of the hair of Washington and his wife, and presented by the first President of the United States to his sister, Mrs. Betty Lewis. Upon the death of Mrs. Lewis, her daughter, Mrs. Carter, became the possessor of this valuable relic. From Mrs. Carter, the miniatures passed into the hands of Mr. John H. Patterson, the son of Mrs. Eleanor Carter Patterson, the grandson of Mrs. Carter, and the great grandson of Mrs. Betty Lewis. This Mrs. Betty Lewis was the mother of Lawrence Lewis, who married Miss Nelly Custis.

Mr. Ridgely, in "The Annals of Annapolis," in a description of the Senate Chamber of the State House, tells of a portrait of the elder Pitt: "In this picture Lord Chatham is represented at full length, in the attitude and costume of a Roman orator, with decorations of emblematical figures, expressive of his noble principles. It was painted by Charles Wilson Peale (who was a native of Annapolis), while in England, and presented by him, in the year 1794, to his native State."

Thus is the subject of this picture described by Colonel Henry Lee, in his "Memoirs," writing of this bold defender of American rights; he says: "Towering in genius, superb in eloquence, decisive in council, bold in action, loving England first and England always, adored by the mass of the people, and dreaded by the enemies of English liberty, he unceasingly cherished the good old cause, for which Hampden fought and Sidney bled."

It is not to be supposed that the love, the patriotism, the sacrifices, and continued labors of Peale, were appreciated according to value in his "day and generation."

Thackeray says of the glorious gift of the artist, "Art is truth: and truth is religion; and its study and practice, a daily work of pious duty." And, again, he says, this man who understood the nature of the world, the heart of nature, and the individual heart of man or woman, "The world enters into the artist's studio, and scornfully bids him a price for his genius, *or makes dull pretence to admire it*. What know you of his art?"



'TIS ABSENCE PROVES.

'TIS absence proves with touchstone rare,
If firm or frail the heart ;
Pure gold a shining trace leaves there,
No base ore can impart.

Tried thus, and true, hope gently folds
Her network round the soul,
And each frail web a fond wish holds
To draw it to its goal.

Thus have I sought within my breast,
If falseness there could be,
But every fibre stands impressed
With constancy to thee.

Like lark at morn, on upward wings,
My spirit strives to soar,
And with a loving fancy springs
Back to its own once more.

Clear as yon star, when we're apart,
Let faith's pure flame then burn,
Best proof how one devoted heart,
At least, for thee doth yearn.

As mountain stream the valley seeks,
As rivers seek the sea,
As back the wood its echo speaks,
So bounds my heart to thee.

GEORGE HAY RINGGOLD.



MARGARET JANE RAMSAY.



AMONG the many women of the Revolution who sacrificed comfort and safety to the aid and furtherance of their country's cause was Mrs. Ramsay, the wife of Captain Nathaniel Ramsay, afterward a Colonel, and well known in American history for brave deeds. Mrs. Ramsay was the daughter of Mr. Charles Peale, and the sister of Charles Wilson Peale, the artist. God, the impartial giver of blessings, who bestows as generously on women as on men the noble gifts of intellect, showered special blessings on Margaret Jane Peale, who is thus written of by her father in a letter to his sister: "My dearest Jenny, who is my delight, is grown a fine girl, but at this time has unfortunately got an intermitting fever, but hope God Almighty will bless her with the recovery of her health." This "fine girl," thus noted in an old letter-book, lived to do good, and win its reward in later days. She was celebrated for her beauty as well as for the more lasting treasures of mind and heart. Her fondness for literature induced the cultivation of her intellectual faculties to a full degree, thus winning the homage of intelligent and accomplished admirers. When quite young she married a merchant of Annapolis, who, dying in a few years, left a youthful widow. She then became the wife of Mr. Nathaniel Ramsay, a lawyer, and the brother of the well-known historian.

He settled at Charlestown, in Maryland, at the head of Chesapeake Bay, and there commenced the practice of his profession. Yet, in the simple language of truth: "he would rather heal a breach than widen it, and in that way lost many a fee." He never made subservient to a love of gain his honor, that true shield of manhood. When the British arrived at Boston, in Massachusetts, there was a call for troops throughout the Colonies. Maryland responded quickly; and when Smallwood was appointed Colonel, Nathaniel Ramsay received a captaincy in the same regiment. His heart was in his work, therefore it was well done. The regiment soon filled, and marched toward New York. The British, having abandoned Boston, had taken possession of Staten Island and Long Island. Ridgely's "Annals of Annapolis" furnishes the following from a Philadelphia letter of August the 31st, 1776:

"Smallwood's battalion of Marylanders were distinguished in the field by the most intrepid courage, the most regular use of the musket, and judicious movements of the body. When our party was overpowered and broken by superior numbers surrounding them on all sides, three companies of the Maryland battalion broke the enemy's lines and fought their way through. The Maryland battalion lost two hundred men and twelve officers—severe fate. It is said our whole loss is five or six hundred." In the same year, Colonel Ramsay wrote in reply to a complimentary communication from Baltimore: "That battalion, sir, esteem it but their duty to march to the assistance of any part of the Province when attacked, or in danger of it; but they march with greater alacrity to your assistance, from the pleasing memory of former connections, and a sense of the value and importance of Baltimore town to the Province in general."

Only the quieter portion of this story belongs to Margaret Ramsay. It is given to but few women to perform notable deeds in the time of war; yet were but one half of their sacrifices, made in the name of love and honor, recorded, the bright "historic roll" of armies would fade into insignificance before the victories of woman. Upon the departure from home of her husband, Mrs. Ramsay gave up house-keeping and went to her brother with the intention of remaining with him until the termination of the war. When the battle of Long Island was fought, however, the reports, so conflicting, and laden with destruction and death, filled her heart with anxiety. She expressed her determination to go to the scene of action, saying she would rather be with the army, whatever might be her suffering, than at a distance enduring the torments of suspense, for if she were near the army she might, in case of misfortune, aid those most dear to her. Mrs. Ramsay was provided with a chaise in which she carried a small military chest complete in all its belongings. She moved with that portion of the army under her husband's command, following at a safe and convenient distance. While stationary she usually lived at some farm-house in the neighborhood. Her home, for the time, was the constant meeting-place for the officers of the regiment, who, when off duty sought relaxation from camp-life in the society of this cultured woman. Sitting together, they re-fought their battles over their *coffee*, sang songs, or related anecdotes of military life, and doubtless Mrs. Ramsay was sometimes made the recipient of confidence regarding other passages at arms with that annoying enemy of mankind, who infests "the court, the camp, the grove." When traveling from place to place, sometimes to avoid danger, at others to obtain provisions, etc., for her husband or

friends, she was usually accompanied by a servant. Thus in the States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, she won many friends. It may be imagined that Mrs. Ramsay was the heroine of numerous adventures, following in the rear of the army, and almost in the shadow of the foeman's lines.

When General Washington took up his winter quarters at Valley Forge, the soldiers built huts of logs filled in with earth. Captain Ramsay, now promoted to a Colonel, had quite a cosy log hut situated on rising ground and facing toward the south. Here the Maryland officers, not unfrequently accompanied by the officers of other corps, would spend most agreeable hours.

We are all familiar with the pathetic story of that camp-life, where our brave fore-fathers, bare-footed, freezing, and hungry, sat staring into the face of death; where with a stern resistance, only born of a rightful cause, they strove, and endured, and died, to win us our liberty!

A portion of the Maryland Line being ordered to Wilmington, New Jersey, Colonel Ramsay, accompanied by his wife, removed to the residence of Mr. Lee, a friend of theirs, who treated them with great hospitality.

Upon the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, they proceeded toward New York. Now took place the famous battle of Monmouth, and in this engagement Colonel Ramsay was complimented by General Washington, who called out to him that he "was one of the officers he should rely upon to check the enemy that day."

In this battle he was wounded and taken prisoner; that night the British marched toward Amboy, and Colonel Ramsay was conveyed to Princeton, where he remained at the house of Mrs. Sargent until his wounds

were healed. He went then to New York ; he had been on parole, but was sent, after this, with the other prisoners of the Maryland Line, to Long Island. Mrs. Ramsay accompanied her husband, and they were supplied with money whenever a safe conveyance could be found by her brother, Charles Wilson Peale. Striving to forget as much as possible their captivity, the officers of the Maryland Line, bound by the ties of brotherhood, associated constantly together.

After the declaration of peace Colonel Ramsay, with his wife, removed to the city of Baltimore, where they occupied a house on Calvert street. While in Baltimore he held an important position in public affairs ; finally he sold his house in that city and removed, with his wife, to Annapolis. Here, also, Colonel Ramsay took a prominent part amongst the distinguished men of that period.

The home of Colonel Ramsay was the resort of the elegant and the noted people of the day. His wife and himself were as hostess and host unsurpassed among the hospitable citizens of Annapolis.

By judicious speculation and wise management, Colonel Ramsay amassed a handsome fortune. He purchased a large farm, extending for a considerable distance along the mouth of the Susquehanna river, and here they lived in happiness and comfort for several years. Finally, the health of Mrs. Ramsay failed ; she lingered awhile and then died. She was mourned as a cheerful companion, and a sincere friend, by those who knew of her faithful life and strong heart. To those who were afflicted with illness, sorrow or want, she extended her helpful, willing hands, always ready to bestow and never asking earthly reward.

This is but the dim outlining of a woman's life, with few recorded incidents ; yet, it is another link in that

long bright chain that binds the present to the great
past, whose sweetest stories —

Like pearls from out the hearts of shells,
Like bird-notes from the bosky wood,
Like words of trust from far-off friends,
We hold as good.



THE AMERICAN SWORD.

SWORD of our gallant fathers, defenders of the brave,
Of Washington upon the field, and Perry on the wave!
Well might Columbia's foemen beneath thy death-strokes reel,
For each hand was firm that drew thee, and each heart as true
as steel;

There's not a tarnish on thy sheen, a rust upon thy blade;
Though the noble hands that drew thee are in dust and ashes laid,
Thou'rt still the scourge of tyrants, the safeguard of the free,
And may God desert our banner, when we surrender thee!

Sword of a thousand victories! thy splendors led the way,
When our warriors trod the battle-field in terrible array;
Thou wert seen amid the carnage, like an angel in thy wrath;
The vanquished, and the vanquisher, bestrewed thy gory path;
The life-blood of the haughty foe made red the slippery sod,
Where thy crimson blade descended like the lightning glance
of God!

They poured their ranks like autumn leaves, their life-blood as
the sea,
But they battled for a tyrant—we battled to be free!

Sword of a thousand heroes, how holy is thy blade,
So often drawn by Valor's arm, by gentle Pity's stayed!
The warrior breathes his vows by thee, and seals it with a kiss,
He never gives a holier pledge, he asks no more than this;
And when he girds thee to his side with battle in his face,
He feels within his single arm, the strength of all his race;
He shrines thee in his noble breast, with all things bright and free,
And may God desert his standard, when he surrenders thee!

Sword of our Country's battles! forever mayest thou prove,
Amid Columbia's freemen, the thunderbolt of Jove;
When like a youthful victress, with her holy flag unfurled,
She sits amid the nations, the empress of the world.
Behold the heaven-born goddess, in her glory and increase,
Extending in her lovely hands the olive branch of peace,
Thy glittering steel is girded on, the safeguard of the free,
And may God desert her standard, when she surrenders thee.

AMELIA B. WELBY.



GENERAL MORDECAI GIST.

MORDECAI GIST was born in Baltimore county, in the year 1743. His parents were Captain Thomas Gist, and Susan Cockey, both descended from respectable English families, who settled in Maryland. Mordecai Gist received a thorough education at the private seminary of an Episcopal clergyman, who had the direction of the parish in which the Gist family resided. The name of Gist occurs frequently in the history of the war of the French and the Indians with the English. One of the name was a colonel in the American army. He was Nathaniel Gist, the father of Mrs. Blair, whose husband, the Honorable Francis P. Blair, was a venerable representative of Maryland. Colonel Nathaniel Gist was the first cousin of Mordecai Gist. This Nathaniel came of an energetic race—energetic of mind and body. Richard Gist, the grandfather of Nathaniel, was one of the surveyors employed to lay out the original Baltimore town. The son of Richard was Christopher, who acted as guide to General Washington on the route to Fort Du Quesne. He afterward saved the life of Washington while crossing the Monongahela river upon a raft. The ice, driving in thick blocks against the raft, gave but little hope of safety to a man thrown suddenly into the chill waters of the river. General Washington, losing his balance, was precipitated from the raft into

the stream, and he would, undoubtedly, have been drowned, but for the timely aid given by Gist. He was a powerful man. He seized Washington, and pulled him on to the floating raft, thus saving, perhaps, the life of a nation through the life of its chief. Merely by so little a thing as the casting of a die is a seemingly insignificant event productive of great results. Thus was preserved the General to the yet unmarshaled armies of the Western World. He was to be the representative of a free people! Thus was the President of a vast Republic rescued from perishing by the sturdy hand of his guidesman.

Christopher Gist, and his two sons, Thomas and Nathaniel, fought under Washington in Braddock's army, and were present on the field of defeat. Thomas was made a prisoner by the Indians, and carried into Canada, where he remained for many years. The wife of brave Christopher Gist was Miss Violetta Howard, the sister of the patriot, John Eager Howard. The name of Violetta Howard was transmitted, for honorable keeping, to Miss Gist, afterward the wife of Francis P. Blair, Esq., and the mother of Montgomery Blair, of Montgomery county, Maryland. Although these actors and their acts belong to a separate time and story from those of Mordecai Gist, they point directly to the strong-hearted race from whence he sprang. An evidence of his inheritance in that particular was given at the breaking out of the war of American Independence. Heading a band of valiant youths, the flower of Maryland chivalry, he led them forth to battle. Chivalry, the true defence of honor, the honor of man, the safeguard of woman, makes lustrous the fairest pages of Maryland history! In January, of the year 1775, they were ready for the field, clad in their splendid uniform of buff and scarlet.

In June, of that year, Admiral Lord Howe, with a fleet of one hundred and fifty sail, and a force of thirty thousand men, arrived at Long Island from Halifax. Nearly all the inhabitants of New York were in favor of British supremacy. Therefore, upon landing, the British were received with acclamations and demonstrations of joy, by the people of Long Island, New York and New Jersey. Many of them proved their allegiance, by taking oaths to the English Government. On the 10th day of July, six companies, under the command of Smallwood, from Annapolis, joined by three companies from Baltimore, embarked for Elk river, and from there they marched to New York. This force was incorporated into Stirling's Brigade. The four independent companies that had remained in Maryland, joined the command of Colonel Smallwood, on the 20th day of August. These four companies were composed of men from the counties of Talbot, Kent, Queen Anne and Saint Mary's. The respect and love inspired by the Maryland men, 1,444 in number, aroused their comrades to renewed vigor. The most important posts could be trusted to the keeping of the Maryland men—the most dangerous points were guarded by their vigilance.

From dawn until sunset of seven days the British forces were landing on Long Island. They began to land on the 21st day of August, and on the 20th the Maryland and Delaware troops commenced their march for the field.

The desire of Colonel Smallwood and Lieutenant-Colonel Ware to accompany their command was intense. They were at the time, however, acting as members of a court-martial, sitting in New York, and General Washington would not permit them to depart. The command, therefore, devolved upon Major Gist, and with him as a leader they marched forth to meet the enemy.

In this contest, known as the battle of Brooklyn Heights, Gist won undying fame as a soldier.

When the battle was nearly lost to the Americans, while Smallwood was on the road to join his band of heroes, Lord Stirling, within one mile of the American lines, determined on a last struggle against the powerful foe. It seemed to those who watched their movements in the distance, that they advanced for the purpose of surrendering. Yet, what was their agony of heart when they beheld this little band with fixed bayonets charge undauntedly the gigantic force of Cornwallis. General Washington is said to have wrung his hands despairingly, as he exclaimed: "Good God! what brave fellows I must this day lose!" This is but a little string of sentences, a chain of words handed down from one historian to another; yet it is the exclamation of a brave chief in behalf of his beloved compatriots. It is an inheritance of love to Maryland.

Five times they charged upon the enemy; five times they were driven back, yet each time with renewed energy they charged again, until at the sixth charge the strong ranks of the Britons gave way in confusion. At this point the English received reinforcements, and the Americans no longer able to resist the overwhelming attacks, were compelled to yield. Some surrendered themselves under Lord Stirling, as prisoners of war. Three companies, with the determination of desperate men, cut their way through the ranks of the enemy, and retreated in regular order, until gaining a marsh they separated and made good their escape. In swimming the creek several were drowned.

The Marylanders, acting as a wall of defence, always in the front ranks, were swept away as the leaves of the forest before the storm. And yet we see them in all the days of battle and disaster, of privation and sorrow

brave and true to their trust. Although our cheeks flush, and our eyes grow dim with tears in reading the record, with what a throb of pride our hearts go out to the memory of their deeds. The very earth that was crimsoned with their blood becomes sacred in thought, as these victors are made worthy in our esteem of the purple and gold that kings wear. God bless them!

In the battle of White Plains many of the field officers were absent, owing to a distressing malady prevailing at the time among the American soldiers. On the sick list is found the name of Major Gist, who was, at the time, in New Jersey. He had, however, the satisfaction of learning of the victories gained by his men in their hard-fought battle.

The author of "The Annals of Annapolis" says: "it is well known that the Maryland troops discharged their duty both in the camp and on the battle-field, and exhibited examples of intrepidity and military perfection, seldom equaled by the oldest troops."

In the battles fought on Southern ground Gist won his fairest laurels. On the 9th of January, in the year 1779, the rank of brigadier-general was conferred upon him, and the command of the second brigade of the Maryland Line was given him. On the red field of Camden, in 1780, backed by three Maryland regiments and one of Delaware, immemorial fame was gained by their almost supernatural resistance. While many other regiments fled, panic-stricken, from the field, they still struggled, presenting a glittering array of bayonets which were to be met and overcome before life was surrendered. And this the foe found, that at every point of the Citadel of Liberty, sentineled by Maryland, a defiant resistance met him, scarcely yielding with mortal life; for, Phoenix-like, she seemed to rise from the ashes of immolation again and again, rushing with renewed vigor to the charge.

The Continentals were finally forced to fly from the field, beaten off, but not defeated. In recording this sorrowful event, William Gilmore Simms, the poet-historian of South Carolina, says: "Never did men behave better than the Continentals; but they were now compelled to fly. The only chance that remained to avoid a surrender on the field, and escape from the sabres of the dragoons, in whom the British were very strong, was to break away for the morass in their rear, into which they could not be pursued by cavalry. This was done, and by this measure, alone, did any part of this devoted corps find safety."

In this contest Delaware lost heavily. Fighting side by side with Maryland, their love for each other grew and strengthened, and that love belongs to the future as to the past.

The brave Baron De Kalb, the patriot stranger, who strove to plant the standard of Freedom on the shores of the Western World, fell on that disastrous day, covered with honorable wounds. Dying, he bestowed his blessing as a last gift upon the men whom in life he had so much loved. To his successor in the command, General Smallwood, he expressed his soldiery pride and affection for the regiments by which he had been immediately surrounded on the field. His last words were, "God bless the Maryland Line." The time is very far past, yet his benediction has been echoed and re-echoed again and again from loyal lips to loyal hearts.

Let us for the sake of his glorious sacrifice keep always in proud remembrance the name and the deeds of that dauntless German hero! He is no longer visible to us; yet well might we be pardoned for thinking that though freed from earthly restraints, De Kalb still retains his old command, that with uplifted sword

he guards, while leading forever onward the valiant soldiers of Maryland.

In the retreat that day, Gist narrowly escaped death. A British dragoon, dashing onward in hot pursuit of the retiring army, galloped, with uplifted sword, toward the American General. Wheeling his horse suddenly, Gist rushed toward his assailant—at that instant a sergeant of Gist's brigade, leveling his musket at the Briton, fired and killed him instantly. As he tumbled from the saddle the sergeant sprang into his place and rode swiftly away.

After this defeat, General Smallwood and Gist moved to Charlotte, North Carolina, for the purpose of rallying the scattered forces.

In fulfillment of General Washington's commands the seven regiments of the Old Line, Maryland troops, were formed into one regiment, to be called the First Maryland. This regiment was placed under the command of Colonel Otho H. Williams. General Gist at the head of a band of supernumerary officers returned to Maryland. He was to recruit and form new regiments as rapidly as possible, to rebuild the broken ranks shattered by death and disaster. He was also deputed by General Greene to make known the wants of the army to the Government authorities, of which he writes as follows: "You will please to make all your applications in writing, that it may appear hereafter for our justification, that we left nothing unessayed to promote the public service."

General Gist returned in good time to aid in the final expulsion of the British from the Southern country.

Gist's brigade was composed of the cavalry of the Legion and that of the Third and Fourth Virginia regiments, which were "under Colonel Baylor; the

infantry of the Legion, the dismounted dragoons of the third regiment, the Delawares, and one hundred men from the line under Major Beal. The whole of the infantry was placed under command of Colonel Laurens." With this force Gist protected the country lying south and west of the main army. The ravages of the British in the interior were beginning to be desperately felt, and were carried on by armed vessels as well as by their land forces. General Gist in command of the Light Corps took position near the banks of the Stono river. It was in this neighborhood, on the north side of the Combahee, that Colonel Laurens, so noted for his bravery, was posted. With a small body of men he sallied forth to attack the enemy. Falling into an ambuscade he refused to surrender or retreat. His little band was fired upon by the British, and at the first fire the brave commander fell mortally wounded.

When Charleston was surrendered by the British to the brave men whose rightful possession it was, Gist in the proud beauty of his manhood, rode into the city by the side of Moultrie, that flower of Carolina's chivalry.

Not very long after this time, *Peace* was proclaimed, and the army disbanded for the while, sent happiness into the homes of our land. When the day of parting drew near, the gallant General Knox proposed the establishment of a society among the officers of the American Army, which would bind them by ties of brotherhood as well as those of patriotism. The first meeting for the organization of the society took place at the head-quarters of Baron Steuben. Thus was established the beginning of the Society of the Cincinnati. The first meeting of the Maryland branch took place at the city of Annapolis, on the 21st day of November, 1783. General Gist was selected for Vice-

President of the Society of which he remained a member for the period of seven years and ten months. Each member contributed one month's salary to establish a pension fund for indigent soldiers of the Revolution. This fund is still in existence, and the pensions therefrom, though small, have done some good work. This department of the Order resembles in some respects that of "The Poor Knights" in England, about which there is a certain degree of pathos which lingers always around the good and the beautiful. The membership was to be hereditary, descending to the eldest male-heir in line. Much dissatisfaction was expressed on every side, at what the people regarded as a revival of Old World doctrine. General Washington, who desired peace in more than words, proposed to the Cincinnati the withdrawal of entailments in that Society.

The American Republicans of that day did not acknowledge hereditary rights in practice. The Republicans of the present time do not recognize hereditary rights in theory. The advice of the Commander-in-Chief was not taken upon this occasion, and the hereditary features were retained as they exist at the present day. Among the many distinguished members of that body was General La Fayette. During the time of his visit to Baltimore, in 1824, he was entertained by the Maryland members of the Cincinnati, at a supper given in his honor. The entertainment took place at the residence of Mr. Buchanan, who gave his house for the purpose. Most of the decorations and preparations for this feast were made by a venerable and patriotic lady of Maryland, Miss Sallie Merryman.

General Gist is said to have possessed a frank and genial manner, adorned by that polish which perfects a native grace. He was six feet in height, finely proportioned, and well developed. His face was handsome;

his eyes were brilliant. His whole countenance reflected the power of his majestic soul. General Gist married a Mrs. Carman, of Baltimore county, in his native State. She died shortly after her marriage. His second wife was Miss Sterrett, of Baltimore city. This lady died in giving birth to a son.

General Gist then proved his loyalty to the fairer portion of creation, by marrying Mrs. Cattell, of South Carolina. She also bore him a son. One of his boys was named Independent, the other, States.

A picture of Mrs. Gist, the daughter of Mr. James Sterrett, of Baltimore, was lately on exhibition at the Art Gallery in "the City of Monuments."

This lady, the mother of Independent Gist, was a noted beauty in her day. The portrait alluded to was painted by Charles Wilson Peale, of Maryland, whose faithful pictures of the past serve as strengthening links in the chain of reminiscences, that might, otherwise, have remained broken forever.

Upon the declaration and establishment of peace, General Gist retired to his plantation near Charleston, in South Carolina. Here he led the life of a country gentleman. He died in the city of Charleston, August the 2nd, in the year 1792.





MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

O! TALK not to me of fair Italy's sky,
Of the soft perfumed gales that through Araby sigh ;
I know there is not on this wide-spreading earth
A land bright and free, as this land of my birth ;
We have our mild zephyrs and bright sunny beams,
Our fruits and our flowers, fair valleys and streams ;
Thy rocks and thy mountains are lofty and grand,
And brave are thy children, my own native land !

If cowards and tyrants e'er seek to enchain,
And bring to the dust our proud spirits again,
Thy sons, still united, will rally for thee,
And die, as they've lived, the exalted and free !
Oh ! had I the strength of my heart in my hand,
I'd fight for thy freedom, my own native land ;
Amid thy oppressors undaunted I'd fly,
And fling forth our banner in triumph on high.

AMELIA B. WELBY.





OTHO HOLLAND WILLIAMS.

"I hold not first, though peerless else on earth,
That knightly valor, born of gentle blood,
And war's long tutelage, which hath made their name
Blaze like a baleful planet o'er these lands"—JOHN HAY.



HE greatest soldiers are most frequently the offspring of progenitors whose minds and principles are of a noble cast. From the good, good must come in some shape. Green, the biographer, writes of our soldier-hero: "In character, he was warm-hearted and expansive; but upon moral questions, firm to a degree, which savored somewhat of sternness. As a soldier, he was rigid in discipline, requiring from his subordinate the prompt obedience which he always paid to his superiors." Otho Holland Williams was descended of Welch ancestry of gentle blood. His father was Joseph Williams, his mother, Prudence Holland. They had eight children, namely: Mercy, born July 28th, 1746; Otho Holland, March 1st, 1749; Elie, February 1st, 1750; Cassandra, December 27th, 1753; Priscilla, December 27th, 1755; Theresa, May 26th, 1758; Cynthia, June 2nd, 1762.

The subject of this sketch was born in the hospitable county of Prince George's, Maryland. The year following his birth his father, Mr. Joseph Williams, removed

with his family to Frederick county, near the mouth of Conococheague creek. Their new home was made in the valley bearing the same name as the creek, near to the bounds of Washington county. At the age of thirteen, Otho was left fatherless, and through the instrumentality of Mr. Ross, the husband of Mercy Williams, he was appointed to a position in the clerk's office of Frederick county. He was retained in this office for several years, and it was finally given into his full charge. He afterward occupied a similar position in the city of Baltimore. After the death of Mr. Ross, his widow married Colonel Stull, of Maryland, who proved as faithful in his friendship to the young Otho as his predecessor had done. At the age of eighteen he is thus described by General Samuel Smith: "He was about six feet high, elegantly formed; his whole appearance and conduct much beyond his years; his manner such as made friends of all who knew him." He was doubtless in the words of the immortal "Will:" "With all good grace to grace a gentleman."

From Baltimore we follow him to Frederick town once more, where he entered into commercial trade. Its golden chains, however, did not prove sufficiently strong to hamper the spirit that sprang quickly in answer to the call "to arms!" A rifle company was formed in Frederick town, under the command of Captain Thomas Price; in this company Otho H. Williams was first lieutenant, while the place of second lieutenant was held by John Ross Key, the father of the nation's poet.

What may not be hoped for, from a young man who thus expresses the sentiments of his heart: "We should not hope to be wealthy, or fear to be poor; we never shall want; and whoever considers the true source of his happiness, will find it in a great degree arising from a delicate concern for those dependent upon him, and

the approbation of his friends." He showed at this early age the ambition of the truly great, which led him to accomplish, by the best means in his power, the work allotted to him by the Supreme Task-Master. Hence, may be understood by all save the envious, his words here inscribed: "It would give me pain if the world should believe any person with the same advantages may do more than I may. Fortune does a great deal in all military adventures, and therefore I am not to say whether this reproach will come upon me or not. But you may rely upon it, my good friend, discretion and fortitude shall govern my conduct; and in the *interim*, I commit myself to that Power whose eye is over all His works, and by whose goodness I have been preserved in numerous perils." This bold reliance upon the right, in all things, taught him to scorn the mean subserviency of spirit which recognizes or admits of abuses in high places; this independence he expressed at the beginning of his career, as at its more successful points. On the march from Frederick to Boston, or in the aid extended to the north, nothing of especial note is recorded in relation to this young soldier.

In 1776, at the age of twenty-seven, he was promoted to the rank of major in a regiment of riflemen, composed of Maryland and Virginia troops. He was one of those valiant men who made so stern a resistance to the Hessians at Fort Washington, on the Hudson river. He was one of the 2,600 Americans who were made captive on that day. Just previous to the surrender, which was compelled through the continued assaults of the powerful foe, Otho Williams was dangerously wounded. During fifteen months, he was held a prisoner. Although deprived of his full liberty, he was, for a time, allowed the privilege of his parole on Long Island. The friendly relations existing between Williams

and Major Ackland, of the British army, and the anecdote connected therewith, are, of course, familiar to many readers. It will bear repetition, however, in the pleasant telling of the Reverend Osmond Tiffany: "On one occasion, after Williams had been dining with Lady Ackland, his good friend, the Major, and he, sallied forth for a ball, and, although the company was much struck with the elegant figures and demeanor of the two friends, and although the Briton made all efforts to introduce the captive, the gentlemen of the party could not forget the enemy, to welcome the stranger, and the ladies treated him with extreme coldness. Ackland, finding that all his efforts were in vain, took Williams by the arm, and led him from the room, saying: "Come, this company is too exclusive for us." Major Ackland, upon his return to England after the termination of the Revolution, was killed in a duel, resulting from a dispute regarding the bravery of Americans, in which Major Ackland took the part of the patriots. Williams was accused, during his captivity, of holding a secret correspondence with General Washington; and, without trial or defence, he was seized and thrown into the jail at New York. The narrow and comfortless cell was shared with the well-known Ethen Allen. The sufferings of these war-prisoners were, perhaps, attributable to the low revenge of their jailors—the fate, alas! of full many a captive who has risked his freedom for his cause!

Bad food, bad air, and deprivations of every sort, made sad havoc on the robust constitution of Williams, from the effects of which he never wholly recovered. Upon the surrender of General Burgoyne, General Gates succeeded in obtaining the exchange of Williams, for his friend, Major Ackland, of the British army. Before the Battle of Monmouth, he was appointed to the Sixth

Regiment of the Maryland Line. He was promoted while in prison.

Upon receiving the appointment of colonel, he wrote the following letter, addressed to Governor Johnson, of Maryland, and which is extracted from Scharf's Chronicles of Baltimore:

"FREDERICKTOWN, March 6th, 1778.

SIR:—The very honorable appointment which the Assembly of the State of Maryland hath been pleased to make me, adds an obligation to my natural duty and inclination to serve my country with my best abilities. I have not been able to obtain a state of the regiment which I expect the honor to command, but, from the best information, learn there is not above one hundred effective men with Lieutenant-Colonel Ford, and those very indifferently clothed. The laws for recruiting and equipping men in this State (of themselves deficient), I find very badly executed, and I could wish it in my power to afford some assistance, which I cannot possibly do until I am instructed where to get cash, and how to subsist the recruits till they are equipped and fit for duty. It would give me great pleasure to be advised on this subject. I heartily desire to join the army as soon as possible, but certainly it had better be reinforced by a regiment without a colonel, than by a colonel without a regiment.

"I am your Excellency's most obedient, humble servant,

OTHO H. WILLIAMS."

"HIS EXCELLENCY, THOMAS JOHNSON, Esq., Governor of Maryland."

In this battle, the Maryland Line added anew to its glory, by its deeds of heroism, in telling of which one of its soldiers, of the sixth regiment, said: "We had the pleasure of driving the enemy off the field at Monmouth." The Americans, following up their advantage, continued to drive the British before them. Before the close of the day the enemy took up a strong position on the ground where they had met with their first reverse from the Maryland troops. Whilst the Americans

slept upon their arms, dreaming of the morrow's battle, Sir Henry Clinton and his red-coat army

"Folded their tents like the Arabs,"

and with their recorded stealthiness, deserted the field, shielded by the darkness of the night. From "Camp New Brunswick," July 6th, 1778, General Williams wrote the following letter:

"On the 4th inst., the anniversary of American Independence was celebrated in the following manner: At three o'clock in the afternoon a cannon was discharged as a signal for the troops to get under arms; half an hour afterward, the second fire was a signal for the troops to begin their march, and at four, the third signal was given for the troops to draw up in two lines, on the west side of the Raritan, which they did in beautiful order. A flag was then hoisted for the *feu de joie* to begin. Thirteen pieces of artillery were then discharged, and a running fire of small arms went through the lines, beginning at the right of the front line, catching the left, and ending at the right of the second line. The field-pieces, in the intervals of brigades, were discharged in the running fire, thus affording a harmonious and uniform display of music and fire, which was thrice well executed. After the *feu de joie*, the general officers, and officers commanding brigades, dined with his Excellency. Yesterday, a number of field-officers shared the same fate, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the old warrior in very fine spirits."

Although General Williams had few opportunities in the northern country of proving his prowess on the battle-field, he was noted throughout the army as a disciplinarian. In reporting an officer to General Greene for disobedience of orders, he once wrote:

"When orders are received with contempt, and re-

jected with insolence, examples are requisite to re-establish subordination, *the basis of discipline.*"

The South was to hold the field wherefrom his brightest laurels should be culled, and thither he marched with those brave men who seemed to bear on the point of sabre and bayonet the jeweled touch-stone of victory. Persecution, wrong, hatred, fled before the glittering wall of steel that flashed beneath the southern sun.

Brave soldiers of a noble cause,
Staunch winners in a loyal fight,
We yield thee now, our hearts' applause,
Our homage to the Right in Might!

Ah, olden heroes! passed away
Beyond those heights where ever stands
The Goddess who through night and day
Holds clustering laurels in her hands,

For those whose brows are pure and strong,
And fitted to the victor's crown,
Whose valor makes the poets' song,
Whose deeds are rung by fair renown.

With silver trumpet forth she flies,
The Herald to the ranks of Fame,
And as the battling soldier dies
She flings abroad the hero's name.

Brave soldiers of a noble cause,
Staunch winners in a royal fight,
We yield thee now, our hearts' applause,
Our homage to the Might in Right!

The cruelty and depredations of the British in the South are well-known to all intelligent readers. The rule of Sir Henry Clinton, who had gone thither from the North, was heavily felt; and when from the blood-red train of war Tarleton and his minions burst forth,

the hearts of the South were stricken with terror. The name of Tarleton is even now uttered by Southerners with a degree of scorn little lessened by time, that is said to work such marvels. The paths that he followed, the headquarters he occupied, each and all are pointed to and told of with their romantic traditions.

General Williams, writing to his brother, leaves the following note of that mournful period: "There are a few virtuous good men in this State, and in Georgia; but a great majority of the people are composed of the most unprincipled, abandoned, vicious vagrants that ever inhabited the earth. The daily deliberate murders committed by pretended Whigs, and reputed Tories (men who are actually neither one thing nor another in principle), are too numerous and too shocking to relate. The licentiousness of various classes and denominations of villains desolate this country, impoverish all who attempt to live by other means, and destroy the strength and resources of the country, which ought to be collected and united against a common enemy. You may rely on it, my dear brother, that the enemy have had such footing and influence in this country that their success in putting the inhabitants together by the ears, has exceeded even their own expectations. The distraction that prevails surpasses anything I ever before witnessed, and equals any idea which your imagination can conceive of a desperate and inveterate civil war."

The words of Mr. Tiffinay, from whose interesting pamphlet is gathered much of the material of this sketch, describe well the enduring love and bravery of the southern women: "They would, with the courage of Joan of Arc, have grasped the sword, and perished at the stake. They would not give their hand in the light dance to a Briton; they gave their heart with their hand to the meanest of their countrymen. They threw

the gold bracelet into the scale to lighten the iron fetter. They feared not the contagion of the prison ships, nor the damp of the dungeon. They instilled into their drooping relatives new hopes, and urged them once more to draw the sword and throw away the scabbard."

At this time of need the French soldier, La Fayette, and other foreigners, had come to the assistance of the struggling colonists; their names gaining new praises as they went on their way, uttered with enthusiasm by the patriots. Braced by hope they renewed the contest with an ardor that had of late commenced to lose force, for misfortune seemed to hang lowering above them.

Sickness and hunger added to their sufferings in the fatiguing march; yet with unshaken resolve they endured to the death. On the battle-field of Camden Williams, with his brave followers, swept through the thickest of the fight. When he besought the Sixth Maryland to stand firm, the valiant Ford replied: "They have done all that can be expected of them, we are outnumbered and outflanked. See, the enemy charge with bayonets!"

The tried soldier, John Eager Howard, served in this battle, as lieutenant under Williams.

Here fell the dauntless DeKalb, pierced to death by the bullets of the enemy; this was on the 16th of August, 1780.

In Johnson's "Life of Greene," the author says, in allusion to Williams' narrative of Gates' defeat: "It is an invaluable historical fragment, and would, perhaps, never have appeared in print had it not been inserted here. I publish it as a tribute of respect to the memory of a man too little known to the American people."

The wants of the army at this time increasing, General Greene, on his way to the south, writes from Annapolis: "General Gist is at this place, and says, 'it is idle

to expect service from the southern army unless they receive supplies from the northward, to put them in a condition to act, and that it is equally idle to expect anything south of this, especially clothing; nor will there be anything of consequence to be had in this State.'”

The next battle of importance after Camden, was that of King's Mountain, where, through rugged way and fastness, Victory led on for the Americans, and planted upon its topmost peak her standard. In this engagement with the enemy Williams, of Maryland, had no part; yet one of that name, belonging to South Carolina, won much fame by his heroism.

General Nathaniel Greene, when he succeeded General Gates in the south, perceived, with keen appreciativeness, the merits of Otho Holland Williams, whom he made deputy adjutant general. From that time forth he went conquering on his way, adding each day new honors to his unsullied name.

One week had elapsed before the glad news of the victorious termination of the battle of the Cowpens was received by that portion of the army encamped upon the banks of the Pedee. To the brave mountaineer, Morgan, Otho Williams wrote: “We have had a *feu de joie*, drank all your healths, swore you were the finest fellows on earth, and love you, if possible, more than ever. The General has, I think, made his compliments in very handsome terms. Inclosed is a copy of his orders. It was written immediately after we received the news, and during the operation of some cherry-bounce.”

When we contrast with the immense armies of to-day the little bodies of cavalry or infantry that marched over rocky ways, and through marshy forests to gain liberty for us, the picture would seem ludicrous were it not so full of sorrow. Truly were they “the finest fellows on

earth," who hungry, bare-footed, and nearly naked, strove against winter's wind and rain; gaining new honors for themselves and a free-hold to their successors in the land. All of that portion of the story is unutterably sad. The ludicrous only belongs to the descendants of those patriots, who, boasting of their ancestry, depend upon strangers for the record of those deeds which should be familiar to them from their earliest childhood. Satisfied with having been told that their "blood is good," and that their fore-fathers did something which entitled them to distinction, they are unable to tell of the nature of the deeds of which they boast.

There is also another class of people who insist that, as Republicans, they have no right to be proud of ancestors of great name or noble lineage; and so they scorn the graciousness of remembering that alone of which they have any reason to be proud. If, with the same degree of determination with which they refuse to follow upward their greatness, they would abstain also from imitating the follies and the vices of their progenitors, we might look to see a grander Republic, free of stain or reproach.

After the defeat of the unfortunate Gates, Williams was in command of the rear-guard of the army in its retreat through North Carolina. His reputation as a disciplinarian was, if possible, more firmly established, after this perfectly conducted march. General Greene, in writing to him at this time, says: "You have the flower of the army; do not expose the men too much, lest our situation should grow more critical." Forging the swollen rivers and narrow streams, they left the enemy behind to gaze across the muddy waters as hopelessly, almost, as the army of Pharaoh is said to have looked after the children of Israel in their passage through the Red Sea.

On the first of March, 1781, the Battle of Guilford Court House took place. The Americans fared badly, and were forced to retreat. On the 25th of April, another battle took place at Camden. From the camp before this place, Williams writes to his brother two days following the action: "The army lost a glorious opportunity of gaining a complete victory, taking the town, and biasing the beam of fortune greatly in favor of our cause. The loss was nearly equal on both sides, if we do not consider the loss of opportunity. We lost about one hundred and thirty killed and wounded, and from account, the enemy were not more lucky. The cavalry, the light infantry, and the guards acquired all the honor, and the infantry of the battalions all the disgrace, that fell upon our shoulders. The cavalry, led on by Washington, behaved in a manner truly heroic. He charged the British army in the rear, took a great number of prisoners, sent many of them off with small detachments, and when he saw we were turning our backs upon victory in front, by a circuitous manœuvre, he threw his dragoons into our rear, passed the line and charged the York volunteers (a fine corps of cavalry), killed a number, and drove the rest out of the field. Washington is an elegant officer; his reputation is deservedly great. Many of our officers are mortally mortified at our late inglorious retreat. I say mortally, because I cannot doubt that some of us must fall, in endeavoring, the next opportunity, to re-establish our reputation. Dear reputation, what trouble do you not occasion, what danger do you not expose us to! Who, but for it, would patiently persevere in prosecuting a war, with the mere remnant of a fugitive army, in a country made desolate by repeated ravages, and rendered sterile by streams of blood? Who, but for reputation would sustain the varied evils that daily attend the life

of a soldier, and expose him to jeopardy every hour? Liberty, thou basis of reputation, suffer me not to forget the cause of my country, nor to murmur at my fate!"

The brave young officer of whom he spoke so glowingly, was William Washington, of Stafford county, Virginia, and a distant relative of the Commander-in-Chief of the American armies. This battle is known as that of Hobkirk's Hill.

On the 22nd of May, 1781, the Americans began the attack on Ninety-Six, a small, fortified village near the Saluda river, in the State of South Carolina. The siege lasted twenty-eight days, in which the Americans lost one hundred and eighty-five men. The Americans were unsuccessful, and of them General Greene writes: "I have only to lament that such brave men fell in an unsuccessful attempt." Colonel Williams, in writing to his brother, alludes regretfully to the defeat: "We were obliged to relinquish an object which, if attained, would not only have given peace to this distracted country, but would have added a lustre to our former services sufficiently brilliant to have thrown a proper light upon the character of our excellent General, and reflected a ray of glory upon each inferior officer. Though we have been greatly disappointed, no troops ever deserved more credit for their exertions. The operations were prosecuted with indefatigable zeal and bravery, and the place was defended with spirit and address. Our loss is Captain Armstrong, of the Maryland Line, killed; Captain Benson, dangerously wounded, and Lieutenant Duval, also wounded. Besides officers, we lost fifty-eight men killed, sixty-nine wounded, and twenty missing."

At the battle of Eutaw, Otho Williams was in command of two battalions of Marylanders, which Green, in his "Life of Nathaniel Greene," calls "the best corps in the army." Through this fight Williams swept like

the Angel of Death, bearing down all before him. Greene says of the Maryland troops: "Williams and Howard were with them, and they knew that the bayonet alone could give them victory."

In writing of this battle, Colonel Williams thus concludes a letter: "Upon re-perusal of this circumstantial sheet, I do not think I have said enough of the bravery of the American troops. To have an idea of their vivacity and intrepidity, you must have shared their danger and seen their charge, which exceeded anything of the sort I ever saw before. The battle of Eutaw was an example of what I conceive to be obstinate, fair field-fighting, and it is worthy of remark, that it happened on the same spot of ground where, according to the tradition of this country, a very bloody, desperate battle was fought about a century ago between the savage natives and the barbarous Europeans who came to dispossess them of their property, which, in soil, is as rich as any upon the continent, or can be anywhere else. On the spot where the conflict of bayonets decided the victory, is a monument or mound of earth, said to have been erected over the bodies of the brave Indians who fell in defence of their country. Will any such honorable testimoney be erected to the memory of our departed heroes?"

General Greene says with regard to this battle: "I cannot help acknowledging my obligations to Colonel Williams for his great activity on this and many other occasions, in forming the army, and for his intrepidity in leading on the Maryland troops to the charge."

After this contest the Americans did not so much dread the strength of the English in which the greatest reliance had heretofore been felt by friend as well as foe. Fever, famine, and exposure were more to be dreaded than those visible foes well-clad, well-fed, and well-armed.

The following letter from Scharf's Chronicles, dated July the 7th, 1782, was written by Colonel Williams in behalf of the starving soldiers, to Thomas Sim Lee, the Governor of Maryland:

SIR—My attachment to the service of my country, and the interest I feel in whatever concerns the honor and happiness of my fellow-soldiers, are the only considerations which induce me to communicate to your Excellency the complaints of the Maryland Line now with the Southern Army. It is known and acknowledged that the troops of the State, ever since the commencement of the Revolution, have participated in the greatest fatigues and perseverance, and that in the extremity of their sufferings, their complaints have always approached the ear of civil authority with humility and respect.

It is also known that since the Maryland troops have served in the Southern States (which is now more than two years), they have upon the most arduous occasions given the highest satisfaction to the generals who have successively commanded the Southern Army, and particularly to their present enterprising commanding officer, General Greene, under whom they have performed the most gallant services. And that they are the *only* troops who have constantly kept the field under every difficulty since the Spring of 1780, without a shilling of pay real or nominal, without a supply of clothing at any time equal to their necessities, and without any other subsistence than what, with the assistance of the rest of the army, they have occasionally collected, by force of arms, in a country once entirely in subjection, and in a very great degree attached to the enemy. No distress, no dangers have ever shaken the firmness of their spirits, nor induced them to swerve from their duty. They have a long time patiently suffered the neglect of their country, not without murmuring, it is true, but without mutiny or disaffection to a cause which they are endeavoring to maintain with their blood. But what man or body of men will long forbear to express their apprehensions of injustice when they find some of their companions disbanding themselves and receiving compensation for past services, and others reinlisted, or new levies, in the same service receiving large bounties in specie for three years, which they who have already served twice that time have never re-

ceived nor expected, and that every corps by which they have been reinforced, from time to time, have received more or less cash for pay, subsistence, etc., before they could be induced to march from the State in which they were incorporated.

A part of the troops now with the southern army has, I am well informed, received pay for several months, and some corps belonging to the northern army have received pay from the states in which they were raised.

These considerations, and similar ones which might be added, will, and do naturally, occasion jealousies which may, in their consequences, produce very unhappy effects.

I would not be understood to insinuate that the officers have not virtue enough to submit to every species of neglect, injustice and partiality that can be imposed, sooner than concur in anything fatal to the community they serve; but the common soldiers, who are men of less consideration, will compel them to waive the exercise of their authority, or reduce them to the unhappy necessity of maintaining a slavish discipline by examples dreadful to humanity.

I, therefore, most humbly solicit, in behalf of both officers and soldiers, that your Excellency, with the concurrence of your Council, will be pleased to address the honorable the Congress to instruct the minister of finance to appropriate a part of the specie tax to be levied in this State, to the payment of the Maryland troops; and that the same may be put into the hands of a proper person for that purpose, so soon as it is collected. I cannot doubt, if this should be granted, and the good people of Maryland should be advertised of the purpose for which the money is to be raised, that speedy voluntary payments will anticipate the necessity of executing property for the tax according to the Act of Assembly, and prevent those calamitous consequences that may attend a continuance of their grievances. I beg that the occasion may be my apology for giving your Excellency this trouble. With the greatest respect and esteem, I am your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

O. H. WILLIAMS.

HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR T. S. LEE.

It is not possible, in a brief sketch, to follow, step by step, the career of this brave man, who gave the best he had to bestow, to his country's service. Being sent by

General Greene with dispatches to Congress, he received, during that time, the honorary title of brevet brigadier-general, which circumstance caused among the other colonels of the army a feeling of displeasure. In a letter to General Williams, General Greene says:

"The love of rank is so strong a principle in the breast of a soldier, that he who has a right to promotion will never admit another over his head upon a principle of merit. You must content yourself with having obtained it, and that no man is without his enemies but a fool. I am glad to hear the sentiments of the public are so flattering to the southern army. The southern states have acted generously by me, and if I can close the business honorably here, I shall feel doubly happy; happy for the people, and happy for myself. I think the public are not a little indebted for our exertions. The southern states were lost, they are now restored; the American arms were in disgrace, they are now in high reputation. The American soldiery were thought to want both patience and fortitude to contend with difficulties; they are now remarkable for both. That sentiment had taken deep root in Europe, but it is now totally changed. Indeed the change of British administration is in a great degree owing to our efforts, and the consequences resulting from them. . . . At the time the battle of Eutaw was fought by the enemy, from returns laid before Parliament, it appears they had in Charleston and in their advanced army, 6,700 men fit for duty, besides all the militia and negroes. What an amazing difference between their force and ours? From these authorities, I find our operations were much more glorious than ever we considered them."

The following letter, addressed to a friend, is taken from "Lee's Memoirs;" it was written after Williams

had been promoted to the brigadier-generalship. It is dated May 18th, 1782:

MY DEAR PENDLETON:—Your laconic epistle of the 20th April was handed to me by General St. Clair, in the situation you wished. Involved in a scene of the most agreeable amusements, I have scarcely had time for reflection; therefore, if I have been guilty of any omission toward you, or any other of my southern friends, I hope it will be imputed to the infatuating pleasures of the Metropolis. My promotion (for which I am principally indebted to my invaluable friend, General Greene,) might prove the efficacy of making a short campaign to court (especially as it had been once rejected), if the circumstances which attended it did not too evidently discover how much the greatest men are actuated by caprice, and how liable the most respectable bodies are to inconsistencies. Upon the application of General Greene, seconded by the recommendation of Washington, the votes of Congress were taken, whether I should or should not be made a brigadier, in consequence of former resolves, which very clearly, in my opinion, gave me a right to promotion. It was resolved in the negative. Upon the second motion in Congress, the same letters were reconsidered, and the man whose legal claim was rejected (because it was inconvenient, or might give umbrage to others), is promoted in consideration of his distinguished talents and services. I wish I may be always able to justify and maintain an opinion that does me so much honor. If Congress will please to wink at my imperfections, I will be careful not to meddle with theirs.

Among the heroes of the Revolution, none are better entitled to our veneration and gratitude than Otho Holland Williams. His bravery was only surpassed by many sacrifices made to Liberty, who, though representing the people, attains her throne through the proudest blood of a nation.

In the quieter life of a private citizen, General Williams preserved the respect of his fellowmen, won on the hazardous field of glory.

On the 21st of November, 1783, he was elected Treasurer of the Society of the Cincinnati, of which General George Washington was the President.

After the close of the war, he received the appointment of Collector of Customs of the port in Baltimore, which office was conferred upon him by General Washington.

On the 18th of October, 1785, he married Miss Mary Smith, the second daughter of William Smith, Esquire, a merchant of influence and wealth in the city of Baltimore. His children, by this happy marriage, were five sons, whose names indicate, in some measure, the love of the father for his patriotic companions. They were Robert Smith, William Elie, Edward Green, Henry Lee and Otho Holland.

Not long before his death, he was offered the actual rank of brigadier-general, which honor he refused to accept. His health declining, he undertook a voyage to the Barbadoes in 1793, hoping to experience a benefit from the salt air. A slight improvement in health was of short duration.

In the following year of 1794, while on the way to the Sweet Springs of Virginia, overcome by illness, he was forced to stop at the small town of Woodstock. Here he died on the 15th of July. His body was taken to his farm, the home of his childhood, on the banks of the river Potomac. He was buried in the family graveyard at "Springfield," where he sleeps undisturbed in the shadow of the busy little town of Williamsport.

On page 109, of Green's history, he says of Williams: "Beginning his military career with no advantages of military training, his rare intelligence led him directly to the true sources, and gave him a clear perception of the fundamental principles of the science. His counsel was always the counsel of a clear, deep and perspicuous mind. His conduct in the field was ardor, tempered by judgment and self-possession; his bearing in camp the system which gives vigor to discipline, and insures

the punctual fulfillment of every duty. Greene, who had known him in the north, took him at once into his counsels, and communicated his thoughts and designs to him with a freedom and confidence which he seems to have felt with no other but Henry Lee."

He died at the age of forty-five. Mr. Tiffany says of him: "He was prepared; he had lived the full measure of his fame; his life had been glorious and happy; he had shrunk from no responsibility; he had feared nothing but to do wrong; he had gained 'honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,' and when at last he met the unconquerable foe, it was with the same calm courage and reliance on a higher power that had been his trust when he had rushed into mortal battle."

In Lee's Memoirs we find the following brave tribute to the brave man: "There was a loftiness and liberality in his character which forbade resort to intrigue and hypocrisy in the accomplishment of his views, and rejected the contemptible practice of disparaging others to exalt himself. In the field of battle he was self-possessed, intelligent and ardent; in camp circumspect, attentive and systematic; in counsel sincere, deep and perspicuous. During the campaigns of General Greene he was uniformly one of his few advisers, and held his unchanged confidence. Nor was he less esteemed by his brother officers, or less respected by his soldiery."

Thus ends the reading of a soldier's story—a soldier who was loyal to his God as to his country. To bravery and purity of life was joined the courtliness of a modern Bayard. What more can be required of a man? Not illy chosen seems the family motto: "He who suffers conquers!"



OH! WOULD I WERE WITH THEE FOREVER!

OH! would I were with thee forever,
Oh! would that we never might part,
That the joy that now thrills me might ever
Fill up every vein of my heart.
I have traveled the fairy world over,
I have tasted of many a bliss;
But 'twas madness to hope to discover
The wealth of a moment like this.

Fate might point to the hour with her finger,
That should tear me asunder from thee,
Yet my spirit would near thee still linger,
And laugh at the harmless decree.
But no fancies like these will I cherish,
Nor fear the sweet dream will not last—
That the bliss of this moment will perish,
Or live but a dream of the past.

No! enough that I know thou art near me,
Enough that I feel thou art mine—
As you gaze in my face, that you hear me,
In accents responding to thine.
Then away with the future before me,
Like a syren still singing of bliss,
Not the breath of all Time can allure me,
While I live in a moment like this.

GEORGE HAY RINGGOLD,
United States Army.



“THE BOAST OF MARYLAND.”

“He was desirous of fame; of that fame which alone is enduring; the fame which reposes on sound learning, exalted genius and diligent, nay, incessant study.”—STORY.



WILLIAM PINKNEY was born at Annapolis, on the Severn river, in the State of Maryland, the 17th day of March, 1764. His father was an Englishman named Jonathan Pinkney. He was of Norman descent, his ancestors having gone to England with William the Conqueror. His mother was a woman of strong intellectual powers and great tenderness of heart; to her he owed the first part of his education. Jonathan Pinkney was a Royalist, espousing that cause with great warmth during the struggle for independence. The boy, however, chose to be a patriot of a more decided order. Sparks, in his biographical sketch of Pinkney, says that “one of the freaks of his patriotism was to escape from the vigilance of his parents, and mount night-guard with the soldiers in the fort at Annapolis.”

Having imbibed in these early years a hatred of oppression and oppressors, it inspired at a later period some of his noblest efforts. Owing to the poverty forced upon him by the confiscation of his father's property, his classical education was rather limited. His teacher,

Mr. Bredford, who was the Principal of the King William School, took a profound interest in the embryo statesman, at that time just thirteen years of age. (In the College Register for 1794, the name of William Pinkney is entered on the Board of Visitors chosen for that year.) Struggling against the inflictions of pride and poverty, he endeavored to earn his livelihood by labor. It is said that he entered an apothecary store in the city of Baltimore, and while there began the study of medicine under Doctor Dorsey. From this rather obscure position he was drawn by the learned Samuel Chase, under whose direction and encouragement Pinkney began the study of the law at the age of nineteen.

He appeared as a practitioner before the bar in the year 1786. Leaving Annapolis he went to Harford county, on the Susquehanna river, where his first professional efforts saw the light. From this district he was sent as a delegate to the State Convention, which ratified the Constitution of the United States of America, in 1788. In October of the same year he was chosen and sent as a member of the House of Delegates.

The eloquent utterances of this wonderful son of genius is counted among the proudest memorials of historical Maryland. His nephew, the Reverend William Pinkney, thus writes of his gifted kinsman: "With a voice of uncommon melody and power, an elocution beautifully accurate, and action graceful and impressive, he held the listening crowds upon his tongue in rapt astonishment and wonder. The tradition is still alive in Maryland, which echoes the widespread rumor of his fame." He opposed the law that denied to the slaveholder the power of manumitting those slaves at will. Although battling, as he did, against a host of opponents, his forcible arguments and lucid reasoning won him many adherents even in the camp of the enemy.

“If,” he said, “emancipation can be effected with the owner’s consent, while his understanding is legally competent to the act, I care not through what medium—fraud excepted—should he reduce his family to beggary by it; I should not be the one to repine at the deed. I should glory in the cause of their distress, while I wished them a more honest patrimony.”

Sparks says: “This speech breathes all the fire of youth, and a generous enthusiasm for the rights of human nature, although it may not perhaps be thought to give any pledge of those great powers of eloquence and reasoning which he afterward displayed in his mature efforts.”

The same writer, in referring again to the abolition of slavery in this country, says: “The more mature and ripened judgment of Mr. Pinkney, as a statesman, seems to have ultimately settled down into the conviction that colonization was the only practical remedy from which the removal of this plague-spot could even be hoped for.”

William Pinkney began well his peerless career of success by an early and happy marriage. So do the strongest souls yield most easily to the divine influences of love.

The woman who graced his honorable name was Miss Ann Maria Rodgers, the daughter of John Rodgers, Esq., of Havre-de-Grace, Maryland. She was the sister of the brave Commodore John Rodgers, of the United States Navy. She possessed great personal beauty, amiability of disposition, and elegance of manner. Her intellect was of a superior order, and it retained its vigor until the close of a long life. She was the mother of ten children, all of whom survived their father. Two of these children, at least, were afterward noted men for brilliancy of intellect and extraordinary cultivation.

In 1790 he was elected member of Congress, but he declined the office.

In 1792 he was elected a member of the Executive Council of Maryland, which position he held for about three years. He was for a time President of that body. He was appointed by President Washington as Commissioner from the United States to England in 1796. He remained in that country, engaged in important government affairs, until 1804. While in London, and not engaged in official or social duties, he occupied the time in study. Under the direction of a tutor he pursued the study of the Latin language, and cultivated in other ways the talents so generously bestowed upon him. While in Europe he enjoyed the society and friendship of many of the most eminent statesmen of that period; amongst his appreciative friends Mr. Pitt was the most prominent.

Lord Holland, who was also intimate with Mr. Pinkney, addressed him the following letter:

LONDON, June 1st, 1808.

DEAR SIR:—From fear that you might have thought what I said to you about your boy a mere matter of form, I write again to you, after I have talked it over with Lady Holland, to say that if we are to encounter the misfortune of a war with America, and upon leaving this country you should wish your son to pursue his education *here*, Lady Holland and myself beg to assure you, that without the least inconvenience to us, we can take care of him during the holidays; and between them ascertain that he is going on properly, and give you all the information you would require upon the progress of his studies, state of his health, etc. I only entreat you to adopt this plan, if otherwise agreeable and convenient, without scruple, as I assure you we should not offer it if we did not feel pleasure in the prospect of its being accepted.

General Washington died in his absence from America, in allusion to which he writes to his brother, Mr. Jonathan Pinkney.

“The death of General Washington has ascertained how greatly he was everywhere admired. The panegyrics that all parties here have combined to bestow upon his character have equaled those in America.”

In another letter from London, he expresses himself as follows: “I have at all times thought highly of Mr. Jefferson, and have never been backward to say so. I have never seen, or fancied I saw, in the prospective of his administration the calamities and disasters, the anticipation of which has filled so many with terror and dismay. I thought it certain that a change of *men* would follow his elevation to power—but I did not forbode from it any *such* change of *measures* as would put in hazard the public happiness. I believed, and do still believe, him to be too wise not to comprehend, and too honest not to pursue the substantial interests of the United States, which is, in fact, almost impossible to mistake, and which he has every possible motive to secure and promote.”—*From Pinkney's Life of Pinkney, page 39.*

Upon his return to Annapolis, he was welcomed by expressions of public joy. These he responded to in the way most characteristic of the statesman and the gentleman. Although feeling proud of the genius that exalted him so high above most of his contemporaries, that genius was never dimmed by the darkness of ingratitude to his fellow-man. He was truly great. He lived at a time when greatness meant more than a mere name or title, and yet not to be bought as a bauble. His greatness was striven for with the energy of life, and clasped as a prize by its possessor. His greatness was unbestowed of man, nor won by pandering to the popular tastes and creeds of the day. Rather did he seek to uproot such systems as he deemed pernicious to the life and liberty of his beloved land.

In 1805 he was appointed Attorney-General of the State of Maryland.

In 1806 he was sent as Envoy Extraordinary to Great Britain, from whence he returned in 1811. On his return he was immediately elected a member of the State Senate, and at the end of the same year was appointed Attorney-General of the United States by President Madison. Not long after his appointment to the Attorney-Generalship an important case came up for decision in the Supreme Court. It related to International Law and the special claims of private citizens of the United States against the sovereign rights of foreign nations. In referring to the argument made by Mr. Pinkney on this occasion, Sparks says: "It was maintained by Mr. Pinkney, as Attorney-General, with an extent of learning, and a force of argument and eloquence, which raised him at once in the public estimation *to the head of the American Bar.*"

Not satisfied with the might of the pen alone, his sword was drawn in defence of his country against the British invaders. In command of a company of riflemen, attached to the third brigade of Maryland militia, he fought and was wounded at the Battle of Bladensburg. He was sent from Baltimore to the National Congress. He resigned his seat before the expiration of his term, and accepted the appointment of Minister to Russia and especial Envoy to Naples, tendered him by President Monroe. He seemed wonderfully endowed with graces best suited to places of trust and dignity. His manner was gracious and winning; his eloquence won a more powerful charm through the musical depths of his voice. Nor did he scorn the assistance of fashion's latest modes. The perfect fit of his gloves has been commented upon frequently, and regarded by some staunch Republicans as a mark of effeminacy, rather than a proof

of refined habits and elegant tastes. Upon his return to America, he resumed the practice of the law in the city of Baltimore. "He was retained in the Supreme Court, in 1819, by the Bank of the United States in maintaining its claim of exemption from State taxation." He continued his labors in the Supreme Court after his election to the United States Senate in 1820. The constant stress upon his nervous energies, of iron strength though they seemed, proved too great for him. His enfeebled health succumbed to an attack of illness which proved fatal. He died on the 25th day of February, 1822.

Now, indeed, was Maryland bowed to the dust in grief! Yet rising, she gazed with mournful pride upon the grave of her son. On her calm forehead shone the name of Pinkney, prelustrous amid the brilliant stars that make her glorious diadem!

Of him that wise man, Roger Brooke Taney, has said: "I have heard almost all the great advocates of the United States, both of the past and present generation, but I have seen none equal to Pinkney. He was a profound lawyer in every department of the science, as well as a powerful and eloquent debater."

His death was announced in the House of Representatives by the famous John Randolph, of Virginia, who said: "I rise to announce to the House the not unlooked-for death of a man who filled the first place in the public estimation, in the first profession in that estimation, in this or any other country. We have been talking of General Jackson, and a greater than he is not here, but gone forever. I allude, sir, to the boast of Maryland, and the pride of the United States—the pride of us all, but more particularly the pride and ornament of the profession of which you, Mr. Speaker, (Mr. Philip P. Barbour,) are a member and an eminent one."

Judge Story said that the name of Pinkney was "one of the proudest names in the annals of the American Bar. . . . His language is most elegant, correct, select and impressive; his delivery fluent and continuous; his precision the most exact and forcible that you can imagine. . . . He possesses beyond any man I ever saw the power of elegant and illustrative amplification. . . . His style was ornate in the highest degree. Indeed, Chief Justice Marshall said of Mr. Pinkney that he never knew his equal as a reasoner—so clear and luminous was his method of argumentation. . . . One who, while abroad honored his country by an unequaled display of diplomatic service, and on his return illumined the halls of justice with an eloquence of argument and depth of learned research that have not been exceeded in our own age."

William Pinkney, like all successful great men, had his bitter enemies and his false accusers; yet even they who willingly defamed him while living, aided in doing honor to the "dead Lion." The hatred born of that malignant fiend, Jealousy, disappeared when he, the subject of it, was no longer present in their path to dispute the right of way to the highest success. By the illness of a little more than one week, the life of this wonderful man was ended. On the night of the 25th of February, 1822, he died, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, just when the world was echoing, and re-echoing, with his oft-repeated name.

The last book that he is said to have read was the far-famed "Pirate" of Sir Walter Scott; the love of the poetic and romantic did not desert him in his arduous labors. The Beautiful seemed ever glowing in gold and rose-color upon his vivid word-pictures. The most rugged Truth he adorned with the graceful mantle

of Poetry, which served to enhance the charms without concealing the grand beauty of that stern Monitress.

Mr. Benton, in his "Thirty Years' View," says: "Mr. Pinkney was kind and affable in his temper, free from every taint of envy or jealousy, conscious of his powers and relying upon them alone for success. He was a model, as I have already said, and it will bear repetition, to all young men in his habits of study and application, and at more than fifty years of age was still a severe student. In politics he classed democratically, and was one of the few of our eminent public men who never seemed to think of the presidency. Oratory was his glory, the Law his profession, the Bar his theatre; and his service in Congress was only a brief episode, dazzling each House, for he was a momentary member of each, with a single and splendid speech."

Mr. Tyler, in his Memoir of Chief Justice Taney, writes this: "William Pinkney, the great lawyer, was then a Senator from Maryland, in the Congress of the United States, and stood forth as the champion of the equality and sovereignty of a State when admitted into the Union. Rufus King, a Senator from New York, a man of great ability and high honor, was the leader of the party which wished to introduce States into the Union manacled by Federal authority. Such was the marvelous power of Pinkney's vindication of the right of States to be admitted, if admitted at all, into the Union on no other conditions than those imposed by the Constitution of the United States, that the enemies of State sovereignty quailed under his mighty blows. Rufus King, while yet subdued by Pinkney's Titanic strength, remarked to John Nelson, 'that the speech of Pinkney had enlarged his admiration of the capacity of the human mind.'"

Again, the author of Taney's Memoir says: "When I

was a student of law, Judge John Scott, an eminent lawyer of Virginia, told me that soon after the death of Mr. Pinkney, Chief Justice Marshall remarked to 'him at Richmond, in the presence of that eminent lawyer, Walter Jones, that Mr. Pinkney was the greatest man he had ever seen in a Court of Justice;' and that Mr. Jones responded, 'yes, no such man has ever appeared in any country more than once in a century.'"

A writer in *The Literary World*, of 1850, says: "To use the language of Mr. Kennedy, (author of *Horse Shoe Robinson*), he asked and gave no quarter. To the younger members of the profession he was a warm and steadfast friend; to all just and fair. If, in the ardent struggle for supremacy with the most renowned of his contemporaries, he neither asked nor gave quarter, it is no less true that he sought an honorable victory, and labored to build up for himself a solid granite character—a reputation—the reward of real acquirements and profound attainments."

The following proof of Mr. Pinkney's kind feelings toward young lawyers is culled from among many of a like nature: Joseph Palmer, a young lawyer of Maryland, and in later years a well-known practitioner at the Bar, was from illness prevented from attending court. The circumstance was told to Mr. Pinkney by the physician of Mr. Palmer. Pinkney went at once to the young man and asked him for his brief—argued his case for him, and, as a matter of course, won it.

Much has been written and said on the subject of Wirt's unjust feeling and the expression of it, with regard to William Pinkney, his contemporary and professional adversary. The following well-authenticated story is, however, more agreeable to record than the petty animosities which are always foreign to truly great natures. Not long after the death of Mr. Pink-

ney, Mr. Ross, a member of the Maryland Bar, was returning from Annapolis, where he had attended the Court of Appeals. Upon the same steamboat with him was Mr. William Wirt. They engaged in conversation. Mr. Ross asked Mr. Wirt his opinion of the relative abilities of Mr. Webster and Mr. Pinkney as lawyers. Mr. Wirt said: "You might as well compare a farthing candle to the Sun, as to compare Mr. Webster as a lawyer to Mr. Pinkney. Mr. Pinkney had an oceanic mind; and, sir, he had made himself so complete a master of International, Maritime, Constitutional and Municipal Law, that he could count them upon his ten fingers. He was the most thoroughly equipped lawyer I have ever met in the Courts."

EXTRACTS FROM PINKNEY'S SPEECH ON THE MISSOURI QUESTION.

As I am not a very frequent speaker in this Assembly, and have shown a desire, I trust, rather to listen to the wisdom of others than to lay claim to superior knowledge by undertaking to advise, even when advice, by being seasonable in point of time, might have some chance of being profitable, you will perhaps bear with me if I venture to trouble you once more on that eternal subject which has lingered here until all its natural interest is exhausted, and every topic connected with it is literally worn to tatters. I shall, I assure, sir, speak with laudable brevity—not merely on account of the feeble state of my health, and from some reverence for the laws of good taste which forbid me to speak otherwise, but also from a sense of justice to those who honor me with their attention. My single purpose, as I suggested yesterday, is to subject to a friendly yet close examination some portions of a speech, imposing certainly on account of the dis-

tinguished quarter from whence it came—not *very* imposing (if I may say so, without departing from that aspect which I sincerely feel and intend to manifest for eminent abilities and long experience) for any other reason.

I believe, Mr. President, that I am about as likely to retract an opinion which I have formed as any member of this body, who, being a lover of truth, inquires after it with diligence before he imagines that he has found it; but I suspect that we are all of us so constituted as that neither argument nor declamation, leveled against recorded and published decision, can easily discover a practicable avenue through which it may hope to reach either our heads or our hearts. I mention this lest it may excite surprise, when I take the liberty to add, that the speech of the honorable gentleman from New York, upon the great subject with which it was principally occupied, has left me as great an infidel as it found me. It is possible, indeed, that if I had had the good fortune to hear that speech at an earlier stage of this debate, when all was fresh and new, although I feel confident that the analysis which it contained of the Constitution, illustrated as it was by historical anecdote rather than by reasoning, it would have been just as unsatisfactory to me *then* as *now*. I might not have been altogether unmoved by those warnings of approaching evil which it seemed to intimate, especially when taken in connection with the observations of the same honorable gentleman on a preceding day, ‘that delays in disposing of this subject in the manner he desires are dangerous, and that we stand on slippery ground.’ I must be permitted, however (speaking only for myself), to say, that the hour of dismay is passed. I have heard the tones of the larum bell on all sides, until they have become familiar to my ear, and have lost their power to appal, if, indeed, they ever possessed it.

Notwithstanding occasional appearances of rather an unfavorable description, I have long since persuaded myself that the Missouri Question, as it is called, might be laid to rest, with innocence and safety, by some conciliatory compromise at least, by which, as is our duty, we might reconcile the extremes of conflicting views and feelings, without any sacrifice of constitutional principle; and in any event that the Union would easily and triumphantly emerge from those portentous clouds with which this controversy is supposed to have environed it. I confess to you, nevertheless, that some of the principles announced by the honorable gentleman from New York,* with an explicitness that reflected the highest credit on his candor, did, when they were first presented, startle me not a little. They were not, perhaps, entirely new. Perhaps I had seen them before in some shadowy and doubtful shape,

“ If shape it might be called, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb.”

But in the honorable gentleman's speech they were shadowy and doubtful no longer. He exhibited them in forms so boldly and accurately defined, with contours so distinctly traced, with features so pronounced and striking, that I was unconscious for a moment that they might be old acquaintances. I received them as *novi hospites* within these walls, and gazed upon them with astonishment and alarm. I have recovered, however, thank God, from this paroxysm of terror, although not from that of astonishment. I have sought and found tranquility and courage in my former consolatory faith. My reliance is that these principles will obtain no general currency; for, if they should, it requires no gloomy imagination to sadden the perspective of the future.

*Mr. King.

My reliance is upon the unsophisticated good sense and noble spirit of the American people.

I have what I may be allowed to call a proud and patriotic trust, that they will give countenance to no principles which, if followed out to their obvious consequences, will not only shake the good fabric of the Union to its foundations, but reduce it to a melancholy ruin. The people of this country, if I do not wholly mistake their character, are wise as well as virtuous. They know the value of that federal association which is to them the single pledge and guarantee of power and peace. Their warm and pious affections will cling to it as to their only hope of prosperity and happiness, in defiance of pernicious abstractions, by whomsoever inculcated, or howsoever seductive and alluring in their aspect.

Sir, it is not an occasion like this, although connected, as contrary to all reasonable expectation it has been, with fearful and disorganizing theories, which would make our estimates, whether fanciful or sound, of natural law, the measure of civil rights and political sovereignty in the social state, that can harm the Union. It must, indeed, be a mighty storm that can push from its moorings this sacred ark of the common safety. It is not every trifling breeze, however it may be made to sob and howl in imitation of the tempest, by the auxiliary breath of the ambitious, the timid, or the discontented, that can drive this gallant vessel, freighted with everything that is dear to an American bosom, upon the rocks, or lay it a sheer hulk upon the ocean. I may, perhaps, mistake the flattering suggestions of Hope (the greatest of all flatterers, as we are told) for the conclusions of sober reason. Yet it is a pleasing error, if it be an error, and no man shall take it from me. I will continue to cherish the belief, in defiance of the public

patronage given by the honorable gentleman from New York, with more than his ordinary zeal and solemnity, to deadly speculations, which, invoking the name of God to aid their faculties for mischief, strike at all establishments, that the union of these States is formed to bear up against far greater shocks than through all vicissitudes it is ever likely to encounter. I will continue to cherish the belief that, although like all other human institutions it may for a season be disturbed, or suffer momentary eclipse by the transit across its disk of some malignant planet, it possesses a recuperative force, a redeeming energy in the hearts of the people, that will soon restore it to its wonted calm, and give it back its accustomed splendor. On such a subject I will discard all hysterical apprehensions—I will deal in no sinister auguries—I will indulge in no hypochondriacal forebodings.

I will look forward to the future with gay and cheerful hope; and will make the prospect smile, in fancy at least, until overwhelming reality shall render it no longer possible. I have said thus much, sir, in order that I may be understood as meeting the constitutional question as a mere *question of interpretation*, and as disdaining to press into the service of my argument upon it, prophetic fears of any sort, however they may be countenanced by an avowal, formidable by reason of the high reputation of the individual by whom it has been hazarded, of sentiments the most distinctive, which, if not borrowed from, are identical with, the worst visions of the political doctrines of France, when all the elements of discord and misrule were let loose upon that devoted nation. I mean “the infinite perfectibility of man and his institutions,” and the resolution of everything into a state of nature. I have another motive which, at the risk of being misconstrued, I will declare without re-

serve. With my convictions, and with my feelings, I never will consent to hold confederated America bound together by a silken cord, which any instrument of mischief may sever, to the view of monarchical foreigners, who look with a jealous eye upon that glorious experiment which is now in progress amongst us in favor of republican freedom. Let them make such prophecies as they will, and nourish such feelings as they may, I will not contribute to the fulfillment of the former, nor minister to the gratification of the latter. Sir, it was but the other day that we were forbidden (properly forbidden, I am sure, for the prohibition came from you) to assume that there existed any intention to impose a prospective restraint on the domestic legislation of Missouri—a restraint to act upon it contemporaneously with its origin as a state, and to continue adhesive to it through all the stages of its political existence. We are now, however, permitted to know that it is determined, by a sort of political surgery, to amputate one of the limbs of its local sovereignty, and thus mangled and disparaged, and thus only, to receive it into the bosom of the Constitution. It is now avowed that, while *Maine* is to be ushered into the Union with every possible demonstration of studious reverence on our part, and on hers with colors flying, and all the other graceful accompaniments of honorable triumph, this ill-conditioned upstart of the West, this obscure founding of a wilderness that was but yesterday the hunting-ground of the savage, is to find her way into the American family as she can, with an humiliated badge of remediless inferiority patched upon her garments, with the mark of recent qualified manumission upon her, or rather with a brand upon her forehead to tell the story of her territorial vassalage, and to perpetuate the memory of her evil propensities. It is now avowed that

while the robust district of Maine is to be seated by the side of her truly respectable parent, co-ordinate in authority and honor, and is to be dandled into power and dignity, of which she does not stand in need, but which undoubtedly she deserves, the more infantine and feeble Missouri is to be repelled with harshness, and forbidden to come at all, unless with the iron collar of servitude about her neck, instead of the civic crown of republican freedom upon her brow, and is to be doomed forever to leading strings, unless she will exchange those leading strings for shackles.

I am told that you have the power to establish this odious and revolting distinction, and I am referred for the proofs of that power to various parts of the Constitution, but principally to that part of it which authorizes the admission of new states into the Union. I am myself of opinion that it is in that part only that the advocates for this restriction can, with any hope of success, apply for a license to impose it; and that the efforts which have been made to find it in other portions of that instrument are too desperate to require to be encountered. I shall, however, examine those other portions before I have done, lest it should be supposed by those who have relied upon them, that I omit to answer what I believe to be unanswerable. The clause of the Constitution which relates to the admission of new states is in these words: "The Congress *may* admit new states into this Union," etc., and the advocates for restriction maintain that the use of the word "may" imports discretion to admit or to reject; and that in this discretion is wrapped up another—that of prescribing the terms and conditions of admission in case you are willing to admit: *Cujus est dare ejus est disponere*. I will not, for the present, inquire whether this *involved* discretion to dictate the *terms* of admission belongs to you or not

It is fit that I should first look to *the nature and extent of it*.

I think I may assume that if such a power be anything but nominal, it is much more than adequate to the present object; that it is a power of vast expansion, to which human sagacity can assign no reasonable limits; that it is a capacious reservoir of authority, from which you may take, in all time to come, as occasion may serve, the means of oppression as well as of benefaction. I know that it professes at this moment to be the chosen instrument of protecting mercy, and would win upon us by its benignant smiles; but I know, too, it can frown and play the tyrant, if it be so disposed. Notwithstanding the softness which it now assumes, and the care with which it conceals its giant proportions beneath the deceitful drapery of sentiment, when it next appears before you, it may show itself with a sterner countenance and in more awful dimensions. It is, to speak the truth, sir, a power of colossal size—if, indeed, it be not an abuse of language to call it by the gentle name of a *power*. Sir, it is a wilderness of powers, of which Fancy, in her happiest mood, is unable to perceive the far-distant and shadowy boundary. Armed with such a power, with religion in one hand and philanthropy in the other, and followed with a goodly train of public and private virtues, you may achieve more conquests over sovereignties not your own, than falls to the common lot of even uncommon ambition. By the aid of such a power, skilfully employed, you may “bridge your way” over the Hellespont that separates State legislature from that of Congress; and you may do so for pretty much the same purpose with which Xerxes once bridged his way across the Hellespont that separates Asia from Europe. He did so, in the language of Milton, “the liberties of Greece to yoke.”

You may do so for the analogous purpose of subjugating and reducing the sovereignties of States, as your taste or convenience may suggest, and fashioning them to your imperial will. There are those in this house who appear to think, and I doubt not sincerely, that the particular restraint now under consideration, is wise and benevolent, and good: wise as respects the Union—good as respects Missouri—benevolent as respects the unhappy victims whom, with a novel kindness, it would incarcerate in the South, and bless by decay and extirpation. Let all such beware, lest in their desire for the effect which they believe the restriction will produce, they are too easily satisfied that they have the right to impose it. The moral beauty of the present purpose, or even its political recommendations (whatever they may be), can do nothing for a power like this, which claims to prescribe conditions *ad libitum*, and to be competent to *this* purpose, because it is competent to *all*. This restriction, if it be not smothered in its birth, will be but a small part of the progeny of that prolific power. It teems with a mighty brood, of which this may be entitled to the distinction of comeliness as well as of primogeniture. The rest may want the boasted loveliness of their predecessors, and be even uglier than “Lapland witches.”

Perhaps, sir, you will permit me to remind you that it is almost always in company with those considerations which interest the heart, in some way or other, that encroachment steals into the world. A bad purpose throws no veil over the licenses of power. It leaves them to be seen as they are. It affords them no protection from the inquiring eye of Jealousy. The danger is when a tremendous discretion, like the present, is attempted to be assumed, as on this occasion, in the names of Pity, of Religion, of national Honor and national Prosperity;

when encroachment tucks itself out in the robes of piety, or humanity, or addresses itself to pride of country, with all its kindred passions and motives. It is then that the guardians of the Constitution are apt to slumber on their watch, or, if awake, to mistake for lawful rule some pernicious arrogation of power. I would not discourage *authorized* legislation upon those kindly, generous and noble feelings which Providence has given to us for the best of purposes, but when *power to act* is under discussion, I will not look to the end in view, lest I should become indifferent to the lawfulness of the means. Let us discard from this high constitutional question all those extrinsic considerations which have been forced into its discussion. Let us endeavor to approach it with a philosophic impartiality of temper—with a sincere desire to ascertain the boundaries of our authority, and a determination to keep our wishes in subjection to our allegiance to the Constitution. Slavery, we are told in many a pamphlet, memorial and speech, with which the press has lately groaned, is a foul blot upon our otherwise immaculate reputation. Let this be conceded, yet you are no nearer than before to the conclusion that you possess power which may deal with other subjects as effectually as with this. Slavery, we are further told, with some pomp of metaphor, is a canker at the root of all that is excellent in this Republican Empire, a pestilent disease that is snatching the youthful bloom from its cheek, prostrating its honor, and withering its strength. Be it so; yet if you have power to medicine to it in the way proposed, and in virtue of the diploma which you claim, you have also power in the distribution of your political alexipharmics; to present the deadliest drugs to every territory that would become a state, and bid it drink or remain a colony forever. Slavery, we are also told, is now “roll-

ing onward, with a rapid tide, toward the boundless regions of the West," threatening to doom them to sterility and sorrow, unless some potent voice can say to it, thus far shalt thou go and no farther.

Slavery engenders pride and indolence in him who commands, and inflicts intellectual and moral degradation on him who serves. Slavery, in fine, is unchristian and abominable. Sir, I shall not stop to deny that slavery is all this and more; but I shall not think myself the less authorized to deny that it is for you to stay the course of this dark torrent, by opposing to it a mound raised up by the labors of this portentous discretion on the domain of others—a mound which you cannot erect but through the instrumentality of a trespass of no ordinary kind—not the comparatively innocent trespass that beats down a few blades of grass which the first kind sun or the next refreshing shower may cause to spring again, but that which levels with the ground the lordliest trees of the forest, and claims immortality for the destruction which it inflicts. I shall not, I am sure, be told that I exaggerate this power. It has been admitted here, and elsewhere, that I do not. But I want no such concession. It is manifest, that as a discretionary power, it is everything or nothing—that its head is in the clouds, or that it is a mere figment of enthusiastic speculation—that it has no existence, or that it is an alarming vortex ready to swallow up all such portions of the sovereignty of an infant state, as you may think fit to cast into it as preparatory to the introduction into the Union of the miserable residue.

No man can contradict me when I say, that if you have this power, you may squeeze down a new-born sovereign state to the size of a pigmy, and then taking it between finger and thumb, stick it into some niche of the Union, and still continue, by way of mockery, to

call it *a state in the sense of the Constitution*. You may waste it to a shadow, and then introduce it into the society of flesh and blood, an object of scorn and derision. You may sweat and reduce it to a thing of skin and bone, and then place the ominous skeleton beside the ruddy and healthful members of the Union, that it may have leisure to mourn the lamentable difference between itself and its companions, and to brood over its disastrous promotion, and to seek in justifiable discontent, an opportunity for separation, and insurrection, and rebellion. What may you not do by dexterity and perseverance with this terrific power? You may give to a new state, in the form of terms which it cannot refuse (as I shall show you hereafter), a statute-book of a thousand volumes—providing not for ordinary cases only, but even for possibilities; you may lay the yoke, no matter whether light or heavy, upon the necks of the latest posterity; you may send this searching power into every hamlet for centuries to come, by laws enacted in the spirit of prophecy, and regulating all those dear relations of domestic concern, which belong to local legislation, and which even local legislation touches with a delicate and sparing hand. This is the first inroad. But will it be the last? This provision is but a pioneer for others of a more desolating aspect. It is the fatal bridge of which Milton speaks, and when once firmly built, what shall hinder you to pass it when you please, for the purpose of plundering power after power at the expense of new states, as you will still continue to call them, and raising up prospective codes, irrevocable and immortal, which shall leave to those states the empty shadows of domestic sovereignty, and convert them into petty pageants, in themselves contemptible, but rendered infinitely more so by the contrast of their humble faculties, with the proud and admitted pretensions of those,

who, having doomed them to the inferiority of vassals, have condescended to take them into their society and under their protection! I shall be told, perhaps, that you can have no temptation to do all, or any part of this, and moreover, that you can do nothing of yourselves, or, in other words, without the concurrence of the new State. The last of these suggestions I shall examine by and by. To the first I answer, that it is not incumbent upon me to prove that this discretion will be abused. It is enough for me to prove the vastness of the power as an inducement to make us pause upon it, and to inquire with attention, whether there is any apartment in the Constitution large enough to give it entertainment. It is more than enough for me to show that vast as is this power, it is with reference to mere territories an *irresponsible* power. Power is irresponsible when it acts upon those who are defenceless against it, who cannot check it, or contribute to check it, in its exercise, who can resist it only by force. The territory of Missouri has no check upon this power. It has no share in the government of the Union. In this body it has no representative. In the other House it has, by courtesy, an agent, who may remonstrate, but cannot vote. That such an irresponsible power is not likely to be abused, who will undertake to assert? If it is not, "Experience is a cheat, and Fact a liar." The power which England claimed over the colonies was such a power, and it was abused, and hence the Revolution. Such a power is always perilous to those who wield it, as well as to those on whom it is exerted. Oppression is but another name for irresponsible power, if history is to be trusted. The free spirit of our Constitution and of our people is no assurance against the propension of unbridled power to abuse, when it acts upon colonial dependents rather than upon ourselves.

Free States, as well as despots, have oppressed those whom they were bound to foster—and it is the nature of man that it should be so. The love of power and the desire to display it when it can be done with impunity, is inherent in the human heart. Turn it out at the door, and it will in again at the window. Power is displayed in its fullest measure, and with a captivating dignity, by restraints and conditions. The *pruritas leges ferendi* is an universal disease, and conditions are laws as far as they go. The vanity of human wisdom and the presumption of human reason are proverbial. This vanity and this presumption are often neither reasonable nor wise. Humanity, too, sometimes plays fantastic tricks with power. Time, moreover, is fruitful in temptations to convert discretionary power to all sorts of purposes.

Time, that withers the strength of man and “strews around him like autumn leaves the ruins of his proudest monuments,” produces great vicissitudes in modes of thinking and feeling. It brings along with it, in its progress, new circumstances, new combinations and modifications of the old, generating new views, motives, and caprices, new fanaticisms of endless variety—in short, new everything. We ourselves are always changing, and what to-day we have but a small desire to attempt, to-morrow becomes the object of our passionate aspirations. There is such a thing as enthusiasm, moral, religious or political, or a compound of all three, and it is wonderful what it will attempt, and from what imperceptible beginnings it sometimes rises into a mighty agent. Rising from some obscure or unknown source, it first shows itself a petty rivulet, which scarcely murmurs over the pebbles that obstruct its way—then it swells into a fierce torrent, bearing all before it—and then again, like some mountain stream,

which occasional rains have precipitated upon the valley, it sinks once more into a rivulet, and finally leaves its channels dry. Such a thing has happened. I do not say that it is now happening. It would not become me to say so; but if it should occur, woe to the unlucky territory that should be struggling to make its way into the Union at the moment when the opposing inundation was at its height, and at the same instant, this wide Mediterranean of discretionary powers, which it seems is ours, should open all its sluices, and with a consentaneous rush, mingle with the turbid waters of the others.

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“New states *may* be admitted by the Congress into this Union.” It is objected that the word “*may*” imports power, not obligation—a right to decide—a discretion to grant or refuse. To this it might be answered, that *power* is *duty* on many occasions. But let it be conceded that it is discretionary. What consequence follows? A power to refuse, in a case like this, does not necessarily involve a power to exact terms. You must look to the *result*, which is the declared object of the power. Whether you will arrive at it or not, may depend on your will; but you cannot compromise with the result intended and professed. What then is the professed result? To admit a state into this Union. What is that Union? A confederation of states, equal in sovereignty—capable of everything which the Constitution does not forbid, or authorize Congress to forbid. It is an equal Union between parties equally sovereign. They were sovereign, independently of the Union. The object of the Union was common protection for the exercise of already existing sovereignty. The parties gave up a portion of that sovereignty to insure the remainder.

As far as they gave it up, by the common compact, they have ceased to be sovereign. The Union provides the means of defending the residue; and it is into that Union that a new State is placed on the same footing with the original states.

It accedes for the same purpose, *i. e.*, protection for its unsundered sovereignty.

If it comes in shorn of its beams, crippled and disparaged beyond the original states, it is not into the *original* Union that it comes. For it is a different sort of Union. The first was Union *inter pares*. This is a Union between *disparates*—between giants and a dwarf—between power and feebleness—between full proportioned sovereignties and a miserable image of power—a thing which that very Union has shrunk and shrivelled from its just size, instead of preserving it in its true dimensions. It is into “this Union, *i. e.*, the Union of the Federal Constitution, that you are to admit or refuse to admit. You can admit into no other. You cannot make Union, as to the new state, what it is not as to the old; for then it is not *this Union* that you open for the entrance of a new party. If you make it enter into a new and additional compact, is it any longer the same Union? We are told that admitting a state into the Union is a compact; yes, but what sort of a compact? A compact that it shall be a member of the Union, as the Constitution has made it. You cannot new fashion it. You may make a compact to admit, but when admitted, the original compact prevails. The Union is a compact, with a provision of political power and agents for the accomplishment of its objects. Vary that compact as to a new state; give new energy to that political power, as to make it act with more force upon a new state than upon the old; make the will of those agents more effectually the

arbiter of the fate of a new state than of the old, and it may be confidently said that the new state has not entered into *this Union*, but into another Union. How far the Union has been varied is another question.

But that it has been varied is clear. If I am told, that by the bill relative to Missouri, you do not legislate upon a new state, I answer that you do; and I answer further, that it is immaterial whether you do or not. But it is upon Missouri, as a state, that your terms and conditions are to act. Until Missouri is a state, the terms and conditions are nothing. You legislate in the shape of terms and conditions prospectively, and you so legislate upon it, that when it comes into the Union, it is to be bound by a contract degrading and diminishing its sovereignty, and is to be stripped of rights which the original parties to the Union did not consent to abandon, and which that Union (so far as depends upon it) takes under its protection and guarantee. Is the right to hold slaves a right which Massachusetts enjoys? If it is, Massachusetts is under this Union in a different character from Missouri. The compact of Union for it is different from the same compact of Union for Missouri. The power of Congress is different—everything which depends upon the Union is, in that respect, different. But it is immaterial whether you legislate for Missouri as a state or not. The effect of your legislation is to bring it into the Union with a portion of its sovereignty taken away. But it is a *State* which you are to admit. What is a state in the sense of the Constitution? It is not a state in the general, but a state as you find it in the Constitution. A state, generally, is a body politic or independent political society of men. But the state which you are to admit, must be more or less than this political entity. What must it be? Ask the Constitution. It shows what it means by a state,

by reference to the parties to it. It must be such a state as Massachusetts, Virginia, and the other members of the American Confederacy—a state with full sovereignty, except as the Constitution restricts it. It is said that the word *may* necessarily implies the right of prescribing the terms of admission. Those who maintain this are aware that there are no express words (such as *upon such terms and conditions as Congress shall think fit*) words which it was natural to expect to find in the Constitution, if the effect contended for were meant. They put it, therefore, on the word *may*, and on that alone. Give to that word all the force you please, what does it import? That Congress is not *bound* to admit a new State into this Union.

Be it so, for argument's sake. Does it follow that when you consent to admit into this Union a new state, you can make it less in sovereign power than the original parties to that Union; that you can make the Union as to it what it is not as to them; that you can fashion it to your liking by compelling it to purchase admission into an Union by sacrificing a portion of that power which it is the sole purpose of the Union to maintain in all the plenitude which the Union itself does not impair? Does it follow that you can force upon it an additional compact not found in the compact of Union? That you can make it come into the Union less a state, in regard to sovereign power, than its fellows in that Union? That you can cripple its legislative competency (beyond the Constitution, which is the pact of Union, to which you make it a party as if it had been originally a party to it), by what you choose to call a *condition*, but which, whatever it may be called, brings the new government into the Union under new obligations to it, and with disparaged power to be protected by it? In a word, the whole amount of the argument on the other

side is that you may refuse to admit a new state, and that, therefore, if you admit, you may prescribe the terms. The answer to that argument is, that even if you can refuse, you can prescribe no terms which are inconsistent with the act you are to do. You can prescribe no condition which, if carried into effect, would make the new state less a sovereign state than, under the Union as it stands, it would be. You can prescribe no terms which will make the compact of Union between it and the original states essentially different from that compact among the original states. You may admit, or refuse to admit; but if you admit, you must admit a state in the sense of the Constitution—a state with all such sovereignty as belongs to the original parties; and it must be into *this Union* that you are to admit it, not into a Union of your own dictating, formed out of the existing Union by qualifications and new compacts, altering its character and effects, and making fall short of its protecting energy in reference to the new state, whilst it acquires an energy of another sort, the energy of restraint and destruction. I have thus endeavored to show, that even if you have a discretion to refuse to admit, you have no discretion, if you are willing to admit, to insist upon any terms that impair the sovereignty of the admitted state, as it would otherwise stand in the Union by the Constitution which receives it into its bosom. To admit or not, is for you to decide. Admission once conceded, it follows as a corollary that you must take the new state as an equal companion with its fellows; that you cannot recast or new model the Union *pro hac vice*, but that you must receive it into the *actual Union*, and recognize it as a parcener in the common inheritance, without any other shackles than the rest have, by the Constitution, submitted to bear, without any other extinction of power

than is the work of the Constitution acting indifferently upon all.

I may be told, perhaps, that the restriction in this case is the act of Missouri itself; that your law is nothing without its consent, and derives its efficacy from that alone. I shall have a more suitable occasion to speak on this topic hereafter, when I come to consider the treaty which ceded Louisiana to the United States. But I will say a few words upon it now, of a more general application, than it will in that branch of the argument be necessary to use. A territory cannot surrender to Congress by anticipation, the whole, or a part, of the sovereign power which by the Constitution of the Union will belong to it when it becomes a state and a member of the Union. Its consent is, therefore, nothing. It is in no situation to make this surrender. It is under the government of Congress; if it can barter away a part of its sovereignty, by anticipation, it can do so as to the whole. For where will you stop? If it does not cease to be a state, in the sense of the Constitution, with only a certain portion of sovereign power, what other smaller portion will have that effect? If you depart from the standard of the Constitution, *i. e.*, the quantity of domestic sovereignty left in the first contracting states, and secured by the original compact of Union, where will you get another standard? Consent is no standard, for consent may be gained to a surrender of all. No state or territory, in order to become a state, can alienate or surrender any portion of its sovereignty to the Union, or to a sister state, or to a foreign nation. It is under an incapacity to disqualify itself for all the purposes of government left to it in the Constitution, by stripping itself of attributes which arise from the natural equality of states, and which the Constitution recognizes, not only because it does not deny them, but presumes them

to remain as they exist by the law of nature and nations. Inequality in the sovereignty of states is unnatural and repugnant to all the principles of law. Hence we find it laid down by the text-writers on public law, that "*Nature has established a perfect equality of rights between independent nations,*" and that "whatever the quality of a free sovereign nation gives to one, it gives to another." The Constitution of the United States proceeds upon the truth of this doctrine. It takes the states as it finds them, FREE AND SOVEREIGN ALIKE BY NATURE. It receives from them portions of their power for the general good, and provides for the exercise of it by organized political bodies. It diminishes the individual sovereignty of each, and transfers what it subtracts to the government which it creates; it takes from all alike, and leaves them relatively to each other equal in sovereign power. The honorable gentleman from New York has put the Constitutional argument altogether upon the clause relative to admission of new states into the Union. He does not pretend that you can find the power to restrain, in any extent, elsewhere. It follows that it is not a particular power to impose this restriction, but a power to impose restrictions *ad libitum*.

It is competent to this, because it is competent to everything. But it denies that there can be any power in man to hold in slavery his fellow-creature, and argues, therefore, that the prohibition is no restraint at all since it does not interfere with the sovereign powers of Missouri.

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One of the most signal errors with which the argument on the other side has abounded, is this of considering the proposed restriction as if leveled at the *introduction or establishment of slavery*, and hence the vehement declaration, which among other things, has

informed us that slavery originated in fraud or violence. The truth is, that the restriction has no relation, real or pretended, to the right of *making slaves of those who are free*, or of introducing slavery where it does not already exist. It applies to those who are admitted to be already slaves, and who (with their posterity) would continue to be slaves if they should remain where they are at present; and to a place where slavery already exists by the local law. Their civil condition will not be altered by their removal from Virginia or Carolina to Missouri. They will not be more slaves than they now are. Their abode, indeed, will be different, but their bondage the same. Their numbers may possibly be augmented by the diffusion, and I think they will. But this can only happen because their hardships will be mitigated, and their comforts increased. The checks to population which exist in the older states will be diminished.

The restriction, therefore, does not prevent the establishment of slavery, either with reference to persons or place; but simply inhibits the removal from place to place (the law in each being the same) of a slave or make his emancipation the consequence of that removal. It acts professedly merely on slavery as it exists, and thus acting restrains its present lawful effects. That slavery, like many other human institutions, originated in fraud or violence, may be conceded; but, however, it *originated*, it is established among us, and no man seeks a further establishment of it by new importations of freemen to be converted into slaves. On the contrary, all are anxious to mitigate its evils by all the means within the reach of the appropriate authority, the domestic legislatures of the different states.

It can be nothing to the purpose of this argument, therefore, as the gentlemen themselves have shaped it,

to inquire what was the origin of slavery? What is it now, and who are they that endeavor to innovate upon what it now is (the advocates of this restriction who desire change by unconstitutional means, or its opponents who desire to leave the whole matter to local regulation) are the only questions worthy of attention.

Sir, if we too closely look to the rise and progress of long-sanctioned establishments and unquestioned rights, we may discover other subjects than that of slavery, with which fraud and violence may claim a fearful connection, and over which it may be our interest to throw the mantle of oblivion. What was the settlement of our ancestors in this country but an invasion of the rights of the barbarians who inhabited it? That settlement, with slight exception, was effected by the slaughter of those who did no more than defend their native land against the intruders of Europe, or by unequal compacts and purchases, in which feebleness and ignorance had to deal with power and cunning. The savages who once built their huts where this proud capital, rising from its recent ashes, exemplifies the sovereignty of the American people, were swept away by the injustice of our fathers, and their domain usurped by force, or obtained by artifices yet more criminal. Our continent was full of those aboriginal inhabitants. Where are they or their descendants? Either "with years beyond the flood," or driven back by the swelling tide of our population from the borders of the Atlantic to the deserts of the West. You follow still the miserable remnants, and make *contracts* with them that seal their ruin. You purchase their lands, of which they know not the value, in order that you may sell them to advantage, increase your treasure and enlarge your empire. Yet further—you pursue as they retire; and they must continue to retire,

until the Pacific shall stay their retreat and compel them to pass away as a dream. Will you recur to those scenes of various iniquity for any other purpose than to regret and lament them? Will you pry into them with a view to shake and impair your rights of property and dominion? But the broad denial of the sovereign right of Missouri, if it shall become a sovereign state, to recognize slavery by its laws, is rested upon a variety of grounds, all of which I will examine.

It is an extraordinary fact that they who urge this denial with such ardent zeal, stop short of it in their conduct. There are now slaves in Missouri whom they do not insist upon delivering from their chains. Yet if it is not incompetent to sovereign power to continue slavery in Missouri, in respect of slaves who may yet be carried thither, show me the power that can continue it in respect of slaves who are there already. Missouri is out of the old limits of the Union, and beyond those limits, it is said, we can give no countenance to slavery, if we can countenance or tolerate it any where. It is plain, that there can be no slaves beyond the Mississippi at this moment, but in virtue of some power to make or keep them so. What sort of power was it that has made them so? Sovereign power it could not be, according to the honorable gentlemen from Pennsylvania and New Hampshire:* and if sovereign power is unequal to such a purpose, less than sovereign power is yet more unequal to it. The laws of Spain and France could do nothing—the laws of the territorial government of Missouri could do nothing toward such a result, if it be a result which no laws, in other words, no sovereignty could accomplish. The treaty of 1803 could do no more, in this view, than the laws of France, or Spain, or territorial government of Missouri. A treaty is an act of sovereign

*Mr. Roberts, Mr. Lowrie, and Mr. Morrill.

power, taking the shape of a compact between the parties to it; and that which sovereign power cannot reach at all, it cannot reach by a treaty. Those who are now held in bondage, therefore, in Missouri, and their issue, are entitled to be free, if there be any truth in the doctrine of the honorable gentlemen; and if the proposed restriction leaves all such in slavery, it thus discredits the very foundation on which it reposes. To be inconsistent is the fate of false principles—but this inconsistency is the more to be remarked, since it cannot be referred to mere considerations of policy, without admitting that such considerations may be preferred (without a crime) to what is deemed a paramount and indispensable duty. It is here, too, that I must be permitted to observe, that the honorable gentlemen have taken great pains to show that this restriction is a mere work of supererogation by the principal argument on which they rest the proof of its propriety. Missouri, it is said, can have no power to do what the restriction would prevent. It would be void, therefore, without the restriction. Why, then, I ask, is the restriction insisted upon? Restraint implies that there is something to be restrained. But the gentlemen justify the restraint by showing that there is nothing upon which it can operate! They demonstrate the wisdom and necessity of restraint, by demonstrating that with or without restraint, the subject is in the same predicament. This is to combat with a man of straw, and to put fetters upon a shadow.

The gentlemen must therefore abandon either their doctrine or their restriction, their argument or their object, for they are directly in conflict and reciprocally destroy each other. It is evident that they will not abandon their object, and of course, I must believe, that they hold their argument in as little real estimation as

I, myself, do. The gentlemen can scarcely be sincere believers in their own principle. They have apprehensions, which they endeavor to conceal, that Missouri, as a state, will have power to continue slavery within its limits; and if they will not be offended, I will venture to compare them, in this particular, with the duelist in Sheridan's comedy of the Rivals, who, affecting to have no fears whatever of his adversary, is, nevertheless, careful to admonish Sir Lucius to hold him fast. Let us take it for granted, however, that they are in earnest in their doctrine, and that it is very necessary to impose what they prove to be an unnecessary restraint: how do they support that doctrine? The honorable gentleman on the other side* has told us, as a proof of his great position (that man cannot enslave his fellow-man, in which is implied that all laws upholding slavery are absolute nullities), that the nations of antiquity, as well as of modern times, have concurred in laying down that position as incontrovertible. He refers us, in the first place, to the Roman law, in which he finds it laid down as a maxim: *Jure naturali omnes homines ab initio liberi nascebantur*. From the manner in which this maxim was pressed upon us, it would not have been conjectured that the honorable gentleman who used it had borrowed it from a slaveholding empire, and still less from a book of the Institutes of Justinian, which treats of slavery, and justifies and regulates it. Had he given us the context, we should have had the modifications of which the abstract doctrine was in the judgment of the Roman law susceptible. We should have had an explanation of the competency of that law to convert, whether justly or unjustly, freedom into servitude, and to maintain the right of a master to the service and obedience of his slave. The honorable gentleman might also have gone

*Mr. King.

to Greece for a similar maxim and a similar commentary, speculative and practical. He next refers us to Magna Charta. I am confident that it contains no such maxim as the honorable gentleman thinks he has discovered in it. The great charter was extorted from John, and his feeble son and successor, by haughty slaveholding barons, who thought only of themselves and the Commons of England (then inconsiderable), whom they wished to enlist in their efforts against the Crown. There is not in it a single word which condemns civil slavery. Freemen only are the objects of its protecting care; "*Nullus liber homo*," is its phraseology. The serfs who were chained to the soil—the villains regardant and in gross—were left as it found them. All England was then full of slaves, whose posterity would, by law, remain slaves as with us, except only that the issue followed the condition of the father instead of the mother. The rule was "*Partus sequitur patrem*," a rule more favorable, undoubtedly, from the very precariousness of its application, to the gradual extinction of slavery, than ours, which has been drawn from the Roman law, and is of sure and unavoidable effect.

Still less has the *Petition of Right*, presented to Charles I. by the Long Parliament, to do with the subject of civil slavery. It looked merely, as Magna Charta had not done before it, to freedom of England—and sought only to protect them against royal prerogative and the encroaching spirit of the Stewarts.

As to the *Bill of Rights*, enacted by the Convention Parliament of 1688, it is almost a duplicate of the *Petition of Right*, and arose out of the recollection of that political tyranny from which the nation had just escaped, and the recurrence of which it was intended to prevent. It contains no abstract principles. It deals only with the practical checks upon the power of

the monarch, and in safeguards for institutions essential to the preservation of the public liberty. That it was not designed to anathematize civil slavery may be taken for granted, since at that epoch and long afterward the English government inundated its foreign plantations with slaves, and supplied other nations with them as merchandise, under the sanction of solemn treaties negotiated for that purpose. And here I cannot forbear to remark that we owe it to that same government, when it stood toward us in the relation of parent to child, that involuntary servitude exists in our land, and that we are now deliberating whether the prerogative of correcting its evils belongs to the national or the state governments. In the early periods of our colonial history everything was done by the mother country to encourage the importation of slaves into North America, and the measures which were adopted by the colonial assemblies to prohibit it were uniformly negatived by the Crown. It is not therefore our fault, nor the fault of our ancestors, that this calamity has been entailed upon us, and notwithstanding the ostentation with which the loitering abolition of the slave trade by the British Parliament has been vaunted, the principal consideration which at last reconciled it to that measure was, that by suitable care the slave population in their West India Islands (already fully stocked) might be kept up and even increased without the aid of importation. In a word, it was cold calculations of interest, and not the suggestions of humanity or respect for the philanthropic principles of Mr. Wilberforce, which produced their tardy abandonment of that abominable traffic.

Of the Declaration of our Independence, which has also been quoted in support of the perilous doctrines now urged upon us, I need not now speak at large. I

have shown on a former occasion how idle it is to rely upon that instrument for such a purpose, and will not fatigue you by mere repetition. The self-evident truths announced in the Declaration of Independence are not truths at all, if taken literally; and the practical conclusion contained in the same passage of that Declaration prove that they were never designed to be so received. The Articles of Confederation contain nothing on the subject, whilst the actual Constitution recognizes the legal existence of slavery by various provisions. The power of prohibiting the slave trade is involved in that of regulating commerce, but this is coupled with an express inhibition to the exercise of it for twenty years. How then can that Constitution, which expressly permits the importation of slaves, authorize the national government to set on foot a crusade against slavery? The clause respecting fugitive slaves is affirmative and active in its effects. It is a direct sanction and positive protection of the right of the master to the services of his slave as derived under the local laws of the state. The phraseology in which it is wrapped still leaves the intention clear, and the words "persons held to service or labor in one state under the laws thereof" have always been interpreted to extend to the case of slaves in the various acts of Congress which have been passed to give efficacy to the provision, and in the judicial application of those laws.

So also in the clause prescribing the ratio of representation—the phrase, "three-fifths of all other persons," is equivalent to *slaves*, or it means nothing. And yet we are told that those who are acting under a Constitution which sanctions the existence of slavery in those states which choose to tolerate it, are at liberty to hold that no law can sanction its existence! It is idle to make the rightfulness of an act the measure of sover-

eign power. The distinction between sovereign power and the moral right to exercise it has always been recognized. All political power may be abused, but is it to stop where abuse may begin? The power of declaring war is a power of vast capacity for mischief, and capable of inflicting the most wide-spread desolation but it is given to Congress without stint and without measure. Is a citizen, or are the courts of justice to inquire whether that, or any other law, is just before they obey or execute it? And are there any degrees of injustice which will withdraw from sovereign power the capacity of making a given law? But sovereignty is said to be *deputed* power. Deputed—by whom? By the people, because the power is theirs. And if it be theirs, does not the restriction take it away? Examine the Constitution of the Union, and it will be seen that the *people* of the *States* are regarded as well as the states themselves. The Constitution was made by the people, and ratified by the people. Is it fit, then, that all the sovereignty of a state is in the government of the state? So much is there as the people grant; and the people can take it away, or give more, or new model what they have already granted. It is this right which the proposed restriction takes from Missouri. You give them an immortal constitution depending on your will, not on theirs. The people and their posterity are to be bound for ever by this restriction; and upon the same principle any other restriction may be imposed. Where then is their power to change the Constitution and to devolve new sovereignty upon the state government? You limit their sovereign capacity to do it; and when you talk of a state, you mean the people as well as the government. The people are the source of all power—you dry up that source. They are the reservoir—you take out of it what suits you.

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But if a republican form of government is that in which *all* the men have a share in the public power, the slave-holding states will not alone retire from the Union. The constitutions of some of the other states do not sanction universal suffrage, or universal eligibility. They require citizenship, and age, and a certain amount of property, to give a title to vote or to be voted for; and they who have not those qualifications are just as much disfranchised with regard to the government as if they were slaves. They have civil rights indeed (and so have slaves in a less degree), but they have no share in the government. Their province is to obey the laws, not to assist in making them. All such states must therefore be forisfamiliarized with Virginia and the rest, or change their system; for the Constitution, being absolutely silent on those subjects, will afford them no protection. The Union might thus be reduced from an union to a unit. Who does not see that such conclusions flow from false notions; that the true theory of a republican government is mistaken, and that in such a government rights, political and civil, may be qualified by the fundamental law upon such inducements as the freemen of the country deem sufficient? That civil rights may be qualified as well as political is proved by a thousand examples. Minors, resident aliens, who are in a course of naturalization—the other sex, whether maids, or wives, or widows, furnish sufficient practical proofs of this. Again, if we are to entertain these hopeful abstractions, and to resolve all establishments into their imaginary elements in order to recast them upon some Utopian plan, and if it be true that all the *men* in a republican government must help to wield its power, and be equal in rights, I beg leave to ask the honorable gentleman from New Hampshire—and why not all the *women*? They too are God's creatures, and

not only very fair but very rational creatures; and our great ancestor, if we are to give credit to Milton, accounted them the "wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best;" although to say the truth he had but one specimen from which to draw his conclusion, and possibly if he had had more, would not have drawn it at all. They have, moreover, acknowledged civil rights in abundance, and upon abstract principles more than their masculine rulers allow them in fact. Some monarchies, too, do not exclude them from the throne.

We have all read of Elizabeth of England, of Catharine of Russia, of Semiramis and Zenobia, and a long list of royal and imperial dames, about as good as an equal list of royal and imperial lords. Why is it that their exclusion from the power of a popular government is not destructive of its republican character? I do not address this question to the honorable gentleman's gallantry, but to his abstraction and his theories, and his notions of the infinite perfectibility of human institutions, borrowed from Godwin and the turbulent philosophers of France. For my own part, sir, if I may have leave to say so much in this mixed uncommon audience, I confess I am no friend to female government, unless, indeed, it be that which reposes on gentleness, and modesty, and virtue, and feminine grace and delicacy; and how powerful a government that is, we have all of us, as I suspect, at some time or other experienced! But if the ultra-republican doctrines which have now been broached, should ever gain ground among us, I should not be surprised if some romantic reformer, treading in the footsteps of Mrs. Wolstoncraft, should propose to repeal our republican law salique, and claim for our wives and daughters a full participation in political power, and to add to it that domestic power which in some families, as I have heard, is as absolute and un-republican as any power can be.

EXTRACTS FROM A PAMPHLET WRITTEN BY MR. PINKNEY TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND, OVER THE NAME OF "PUBLIUS."

"Maryland is at all times an interesting and conspicuous member of the Union; but her relative position is infinitely more important now than in ordinary seasons. The war is in her waters, and it is waged there with a wantonness of brutality which will not suffer the energies of her gallant population to slumber, or the watchfulness of her appointed guardians to be intermitted. The rights for which the Nation is in arms are of high import to her as a commercial section of the Continent. They cannot be surrendered or compromised without affecting every vein and artery of her system; and if the towering honor of universal America should be made to bow before the sword, or should be betrayed by an inglorious peace, where will the blow be felt with a sensibility more exquisite than here in Maryland!

"It is perfectly true that our State Government has not the prerogative of peace and war; but it is just as true that it can do much to invigorate or enfeeble the National arm for attack or defence; that it may conspire with the legislatures of other states to blast the best hopes of peace, by embarrassing or resisting the efforts by which alone a durable peace can be achieved; as it may forward pacific negotiation by contributing to teach the enemy that we who, when our means were small and our numbers few, rose as one man and maintained ourselves victorious against the mere theories of England, with all the terrors of English power before us, are not *now* prepared to crouch to less than the same power, however insolently displayed, and to receive from it in perpetuity an infamous yoke of pernicious principles which had already galled us until we could bear it no longer.

“‘Nothing is more to be esteemed than peace,’ (I quote the wisdom of Polybius), ‘when it leaves us in possession of our honor and rights; but when it is joined with loss of freedom, or with infamy, nothing can be more detestable and fatal.’ I speak with just confidence, when I say, that no federalist can be found who desires with more sincerity the return of peace than the republican by which the war was declared. But it desires such a peace as the companion and instructor of Scipio has praised—a peace consistent with our rights and honor, and not the deadly tranquility which may be purchased by disgrace, or taken in barter for the dearest and most essential claims of our trade and sovereignty. I appeal to you boldly: Are you prepared to purchase a mere cessation of arms by unqualified submission to the pretensions of England? Are you prepared to sanction them by treaty, and entail them upon your posterity, with the inglorious and timid hope of escaping the wrath of those whom your fathers discomfited and vanquished? Are you prepared, for the sake of present profit, which the circumstances of Europe must render paltry and precarious, to cripple the strong wing of American commerce for years to come, to take from our Flag its national effect and character, and to subject our vessels on the high seas, and the brave men who navigate them, to the municipal jurisdiction of Great Britain? I know very well that there are those amongst us (I hope they are few) who are prepared for all this and more; who pule over every scratch occasioned by the war, as if it were an overwhelming calamity, and are only sorry that it is not worse; who would skulk out of a contest for the best interests of their country to save a shilling or gain a cent; who, having inherited the wealth of their ancestors without their spirit, would receive laws from London with as

much facility as woollens from Yorkshire, or hardware from Sheffield. But I write to the great body of the people, who are sound and virtuous, and worthy of the legacy which the heroes of the Revolution have bequeathed them. For *them*, I undertake to answer, that the only peace which they can be made to endure is that which may twine itself round the honor of the people, and with its healthy and abundant foliage give shade and shelter to the prosperity of the empire.

“The approach of a British cruiser, in the bosom of peace, struck a terror in our seamen which it cannot *now* inspire, and almost every vessel returning from a foreign voyage brought affliction to an American family by reporting the impressment of a husband, a brother, or a son. The Government of the United States, by whomsoever administered, has invariably protested against this monstrous practice as cruel to the gallant men whom it oppressed, as it was injurious to the navigation, the commerce, and the sovereignty of the Union. Under the administration of Washington, of Adams, of Jefferson, of Madison, it was reprobated and resisted as a grievance which could not be borne; and Mr. King, who was instructed upon it, supposed at one time that the British Government were ready to abandon it by a convention which he had arranged with Lord St. Vincent, but which finally miscarried. You have witnessed the generous anxiety of the late and present chief Magistrates to put an end to a usage so pestilent and debasing.

“You have seen them propose to a succession of English ministers, as inducements to its relinquishment, expedients and equivalents of infinitely greater value to England than the usage, whilst they were innocent in themselves and respectful to us. You have seen these temperate overtures haughtily repelled, until the other

noxious pretensions of Great Britain, grown in the *interim* to a gigantic size, ranged themselves by the side of this, and left no alternative but war or infamy.

“We are at war accordingly, and the single question is, whether you will fly like cowards from the sacred ground which the government has been compelled to take, or whether you will prove by your actions that you are descended from the loins of men who reared the edifice of American liberty, in the midst of such a storm as you have never felt.

“As the war was forced upon us by a long series of unexampled aggressions, it would be absolute madness to doubt that Peace will receive a cordial welcome, if she returns without ignominy in her train, and with security in her hand. The destinies of America are commercial, and her true policy is peace; but the *substance* of peace had, long before we were roused to a tardy resistance, been denied to us by the ministry of England; and the *shadow* which had been left to mock our hopes and to delude our imaginations, resembled too much the frowning spectre of war to deceive any body. Every sea had witnessed, and continued to witness, the systematic persecution of our trade and the unrelenting oppression of our people. The ocean had ceased to be the safe highway of the neutral world; and our citizens traversed it with all the fears of a benighted-traveler, who trembles along a road beset with *banditti*, or infested by the beasts of the forest. The Government, thus urged and goaded, drew the sword with a visible reluctance, and true to the pacific policy which kept it so long in the scabbard, will sheathe it again when Great Britain shall consult her own interest by consenting to forbear in future the wrongs of the past.

“The disposition of the government upon that point has been decidedly pronounced by facts which need no

commentary. From the moment when war was declared, peace has been sought by it with a steady and unwearied assiduity, at the same time that every practicable preparation has been made, and every nerve exerted to prosecute the war with vigor, if the enemy should persist in his injustice. The law respecting seamen, the Russian Mission, the instructions sent to our *Charge-d'affaires* in London, the prompt and explicit disavowal of every unreasonable pretension falsely ascribed to us, and the solemn declaration of the government in the face of the world, that it wishes for nothing more than a fair and honorable accommodation, would be conclusive proofs of this, if any proofs were necessary. But it does not require to be proved, because it is self-evident."





THE PIRATE'S SONG.

LET us climb the lofty billows,
The tempest let us dare,
On ocean be our dwelling,
Our warlike bark is yare.
The blood-red flag is floating
Upon the wakened breeze,
We claim beneath its menace
Dominion of the seas!
What though we have not treasure?
Our bright swords will supply
The power, the joys, the splendor
That coward slaves must buy.
Our voice shall not be humble,
Our eyes shall have no tear,
What others seek as favor
Is yielded us from fear;
And those who scorned us suing,
And smiled upon our hate,
Will kneel to us for mercy,
And know our word their fate.
Our passions shall be choosers
Midst joys before denied,
Our will alone shall guide us,
All rule of law defied;
For us the patient labor,
No other toil have we,
Than gathering others' earnings,
To roam the dark blue sea.
The shipwreck and the battle
May daunt a meaner breast,

The pleasures bought with danger
For us have greater zest;
The world will loud revile us,
But shall our cheeks grow pale?
The strong find cause of laughter
When e'er the feeble rail.
Away upon the waters!
The fair wind chides delay,
Where others sowed the reapers,
And all we meet our prey!

FREDERICK PINKNEY, Maryland.





EDWARD COOTE PINKNEY.

IN the third volume of his "Literati," Edgar A. Poe says: "It was the misfortune of Mr. Pinkney to have been born too far south. Had he been a New Englander, it is probable that he would have been ranked as the first of American lyrists by that magnanimous cabal which has so long controlled the destinies of American letters, in conducting the thing called 'The North American Review.'" Mr. Poe should have substituted the word fortune in the place of misfortune in writing of Edward Coote Pinkney, of Maryland. And more than this, Mr. Poe must have been in a most unamiable mood when referring to the criticism of Pinkney's poems by the North American Review. A criticism just and generous to the fullest degree of justice is accorded to Pinkney's poems in the North American Review of October, 1825. In referring to the "Serenade," the reviewer says: "If the name of Harrington or Carew had been subscribed to it, we should, in all probability, like other antiquaries, have been completely taken in." And of the poem entitled "A Health," the following is written: "If he who reads it is a lover already it will make him love the more, and if he is not, he will determine to become one forthwith. There is a devotion and delicacy about it, an

ardent and at the same time respectful and spiritual passion breathed out in it which must insure for it a ready admiration."

In alluding, however, to the poem of "Rodolph" some severe comments are indulged in, which are not entirely undeserved by the author, and it is probably this just censure that calls forth the indignation of Mr. Poe. The Reviewer says: "We do not like the moral tone of this poetry. It is too close and too loud an echo to that of Byron. There is that abstracted and selfish gloom and moodiness about it, that solitary want of kindly human sympathies, that stiff and hard casing of pride, that sullen dissatisfaction with the present state, and that reckless doubt or disbelief of a future one, which seem to have been caught from Byron, and of which we have already had too much in Byron." The inspirer as well as the subject of most of his songs was a young lady of Baltimore city, a noted belle and beauty of that time. She was a Miss Mary Hawkins, who afterward became the wife of Mr. David McKim. It was to the fair Mary that the "Serenade" was sung; to her "starry eyes" he addressed himself, and she was the "seeming paragon" who walked through all his dreams. To her he drank a "Health" of which any woman might be proud; so pure is the offering, so sparkling the cup. Yet his love, like that of most poets, was unrequited, and his songs were left to be learned by less susceptible hearts, and sung to more fortunate loves. The year preceding the publication of his poems he was admitted to the Bar, and in the same year, 1824, he married "the beautiful Miss Georgeana McCausland," who was the daughter of Marcus McCausland, Esq., a highly respected citizen of Baltimore. At an early age, Edward Pinkney had entered the United States navy; but soon after the

death of his father, in the year 1822, in consequence of a personal difficulty with his superior officer, he resigned his commission. He was one who believed in "the holy text of pike and gun" most implicitly; he challenged Commodore Ridgely to fight. The challenger was but a midshipman at the time, a mere bantling in the eyes of a weather-beaten tar, and so he was forced to resign. This circumstance would be a laughable one were it not for the sad after-scenes into which it introduced our rash young poet. It was after this that he was admitted to the Bar. His thorough knowledge of mathematics, together with a perfect acquaintance with the works of classical authors, gained for Pinkney, who had already won the name of poet, a high place among the scholars of his state. In 1826 he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric and *Belles Lettres* in the University of Maryland. His professorship was, however, without emolument, and he was obliged to abandon the calling most suited to his talents.

War was at that time raging between Spain and Mexico. Pinkney, having abandoned the profession of law, embarked for Mexico with the determination of seeking employment in the Mexican navy. The Mexicans, however, having become jealous of the too frequent admission of foreigners into their Navy, refused further applications coming from Americans. Commodore Porter, who was then Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican naval forces, used his influence in Pinkney's behalf, and the offer of his services was accepted; yet some delay was necessary to remove any obstacle in the way of place. If "delays are dangerous" to common mortals, they certainly proved so in the case of this young "fire-cater," for he became involved in a quarrel with a Mexican officer whom he killed in a duel; he

was then obliged to leave the country to avoid prosecution by the Mexican authorities. Afflicted with illness and deeply merged in debt, he returned with a broken spirit to his native city. In the year 1827 he was chosen as the editor of "The Marylander," a partizan paper published in the interests of the Adams party. The first number was issued in the city of Baltimore, on Wednesday, the 3d of December, 1827. General Andrew Jackson was elected to the Presidency, however, and the existence of the paper ceased. As an editor, Pinkney was noted for grace and vigor of style, yet its beauty was marred by extreme party-spirit and merciless invective. Although his nervous system was completely shattered by the encroachment of disease, the brilliancy of his intellect remained undimmed to the moment of his death. The following is an extract from one of the newspapers of the day; Edward Coote Pinkney is the subject: "To describe his person as it was before disease had made its ravages upon it, when he stood erect in the youthful pride of manhood, would require a genius like his own, a poet who could make his pen subserve the purposes both of pen and pencil. We have never seen manly beauty exhibited in such just proportions, or with so much effect. His form rose gracefully a few degrees above the common height of man,—every feature, every limb seemed the masterpiece of Nature. The ample forehead, the mild, yet piercing eye, the happy blending of color in his countenance, its placid, yet melancholy and intelligent expression rendered him an object of interest to every beholder."

A "child of nature," he possessed that misnamed generosity of spirit which is ungenerous to self—that charity which does not work at home. He never refused aid to another, and has been known to pawn his

valuable articles of jewelry in behalf of those who seemed poorer than himself. He was endowed also with virtues most beautiful. He was honorable and brave, and despised the lack of honor or bravery in other men. In discussing his sins, remember also his virtues.

“What’s done we partly may compute,
Yet know not what’s resisted.”

The death of a wise parent at an age when he most needed the guidance and advice of a maturer mind and judgment is to be deplored. He yielded to dissipations which undermined his health, and caused his death in the very flower of manhood.

He was the seventh child of William Pinkney, born in London, England, on the 1st day of October, 1802. He died in Baltimore, Friday night, at ten minutes past ten o’clock, on the 11th of April, 1828, aged twenty-six years. He was buried in the Unitarian Cemetery, near Baltimore. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. William Ware, of New York. In the month of May, 1872, his remains were disinterred and buried in Greenmount Cemetery. At the time of writing this, no monument marks his grave.

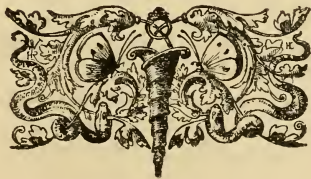
His wife survived her poet-husband, as she called him, many years. She loved him, as only women love, through all the days of her life. He left one child, a son, who still exists, though afflicted with an incurable disease of the brain since his childhood.

A second edition of Pinkney’s poems was published at Baltimore in the year 1838. His poems were again published, with an introduction by the poet Nathaniel Parker Willis, in the series of the Mirror Library, entitled the Morocco. A biographical notice of Edward Pinkney, by William Leggett, appeared in the New York Mirror in 1827. Pinkney’s name will also be found in the London Atheneum of 1835, under the head of

“Literature of the 19th Century,” and in 1859 in Trübner’s Guide to American Literature.

Such is a record of the brief life of Edward Pinkney. Let us be gentle—he is dead. If amid the sublime virtues of our heroes and heroines some sin glares out it is but the baleful mark of humanity. We will recall the words of the Austrian Empress to her son, Francis the First, upon the discovery of the evidences of her husband’s frailties after his death:

“Remember nothing of them except my forgiveness and his virtues. Imitate his great qualities, but beware lest you fall into the same vices, in order that you may not in your turn be put to the blush by those who scrutinize your life.”





A HEALTH.

BY EDWARD COOTE PINKNEY.

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burthened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
The idol of past years.

Of her bright face one glance will trac,
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I filled this cup to one made up
lovliness alone,
A woman, of her gentler sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.





FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

“Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called *The Children of God.*”

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY was born in the year 1779, in Frederick county, Maryland. His father, John Ross Key, was a lieutenant in the Second Rifle Company of Maryland, under Captain Thomas Price, in the war of Independence. This company marched to Boston at the outbreaking of the Revolution. Philip Barton Key was the brother of John Ross Key, and a noted Tory. The property of the latter having been confiscated, the magnanimous spirit of John Ross Key was evinced by a noble act. He divided equally with his brother his own possessions. John Ross Key was the owner of a fine estate in Frederick county. The mansion, built of brick, covered a large area of ground. From a centre building extended wings on either side, while around the whole were broad piazzas according to the southern fashion. On every side stretched a beautiful lawn, which sloped almost imperceptibly into a terraced garden of flower and shrub. Many trees shaded the lawn, and not far distant in sombre grandeur stood a wood through which flowed, with happy murmurs, Pipe Creek.

At the foot of the hill upon which stood the Key mansion was a spring of limpid water, about whose brink gathered the gay-hearted youths and maidens of the neighborhood.

The meadow that stretched out from the foot of the hill was, in the genial months of Spring and Summer, very green. Seeming to rest against the sky, rose the Catoctin Mountain, now merged in shadows, now seen below a curtain of purple or crimson clouds, or else with its clear back-ground of summer-blue, its dusky foreshadows extending along the base, while peak and crag glowed with the sun-gold of morning or evening. Such was the birth-place of Francis Scott Key. His sister, Anne Phebe Charlotte, was the friend and companion of his boyhood days. This girl and boy were the only children of John Ross Key. They were remarkable for physical beauty, as well as for those rarer beauties of heart and mind that leave in some shape a lasting impression for those who follow. They loved enthusiastically all lovely things of God's creation, therefore they loved one another with peculiar devotion. In the following lines, suggested by his departure from home for school, the young student reveals his pure affection for his sister :

I think of thee—I feel the glow
Of that warm thought—yet well I know
No verse a brother's love may show,

My sister !

But ill should I deserve the name
Or warmth divine, that poet's claim,
If I for thee no lay could frame,

My sister !

I think of thee—of those bright hours,
Rich in Life's first and fairest flowers,
When childhood's gay delights were ours,

My sister !

Those sunny paths were all our own,
And thou and I were there alone,
Each to the other only known,
My sister!

In every joy and every care,
We two, and we alone, were there,
The brightness and the gloom to share,
My sister!

And then there came that dreaded day
When I with thee no more must stay,
But to the far school haste away,
My sister!

Sad was the parting—sad the days,
And dull the school, and dull the plays,
Ere I again on thee may gaze,
My sister!

But longest days may yet be past,
And cares of school away be cast,
And home and thee be seen at last,
My sister!

The mountain-top, the meadow plain,
The winding creek, the shaded lane,
Shall shine in both our eyes again,
My sister!

Who, then, shall first my greeting seek?
Whose warm tear fall upon my cheek?
And tell the joy she cannot speak?
My sister!

This poem, though rather hackneyed in style and common-place in expression, contains a depth of affection in its tone that is pure and beautiful. Whatever objection may be brought by the critic against the poem, certainly the strength of love between the brother and the sister is not sufficiently commonplace to have become hackneyed.

Francis S. Key was educated at Saint John's College at Annapolis. The class to which he belonged was known as the "Tenth Legion," because of its brilliant successes. The President of the College at that time was Dr. John McDowell. Many years after, on the 22d of February, 1827, Mr. Key, by invitation, delivered an address before the Alumni of Saint John's, the subject being *Education*. After leaving college he read law in the office of Jeremiah Townley Chase, who was one of the judges of the General Court of Maryland at that time. One of his fellow-students was Roger Brooke Taney, afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The high polish and perfect culture of Annapolis society, rendered it an attractive place to the distinguished men and women of the day. Did a student wish for eminence in the Profession of the Law, he was sure to seek for its attainment in the good old city of Annapolis. Mr. Taney has told us of the scarlet-cloaked judges, sitting solemnly in chairs placed upon an elevated platform, and of the assembly of Maryland's famous lawyers gathered at the bar. Judge Chase required of his students a strict attendance at the Court, that they might learn, by observation, the manner in which important cases were conducted. Mr. Key was thereby enabled, in early manhood, to attain to much knowledge through the experience of others, a precious legacy not always handed down through books. After his admission to the bar, Mr. Key returned to his native county. In the year 1801 he began the practice of the Law at Frederick City, Maryland. In a short time, however, he removed to Georgetown, in the District of Columbia. Here he rose to eminence as a lawyer in the Supreme Court of the United States, as well as the courts of Maryland and the District. In the year 1814 Francis Scott Key made himself famous as the author of the world-known song of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Accompanied by Colonel John S. Skinner,* on board the cartel-ship Minden,

Protected by the fair white flag that floats
In times of war, the silent pledge of peace,

Mr. Key went to ask the release of several prisoners, one among them being Dr. Beanes, of Upper Marlborough, in Maryland.

These two gentlemen were detained on board the ship *Surprise*, yet were treated with courtesy the while. They were transferred again to the *Minden*, which was anchored in view of Fort McHenry. While the conflict raged, Mr. Key remained in captivity, not knowing through the long night of September the 13th, whether Victory smiled on America or Great Britain. Aroused to agony by suspense, Mr. Key gazed through the mists of dawn in search of his country's starry flag. When day broke he beheld the Flag floating in proud defiance above the dark outlines of the Fort. In that moment the words of Liberty's triumphal song rose from his patriotic heart. It was hastily written in pencil on the back of an old letter, taken from his pocket. On the night after his arrival in the city of Baltimore, he wrote the words out in full and showed them to his brother-in-law, Judge Nicholson, who was one of the defenders of Fort McHenry. Judge Nicholson proved his recognition of its worth, by taking it to the office of "The Baltimore American," where he gave orders that it be printed in small hand-bill form for general circulation. The type-setter of the Star Spangled Banner was Samuel

* It is of Mr. J. S. Skinner that the following was written by John Quincy Adams. (Adams' Memoirs, page 515, Vol. 4.)

"He is a man of mingled character, of daring and pernicious principles, of restless and rash, and yet of useful and honorable enterprise. Ruffian, patriot and philanthropist are so blended in him, that I cannot appreciate him without a mingled sentiment of detestation and esteem."

Sands, an apprentice boy in that office. He is now, in 1874, the editor of the *American Farmer*, a valuable contribution to the agricultural interests of the country. The song was first sung by Charles Durang, in a restaurant next to the Holliday Street Theatre.

It was next sung by the Durang Brothers, amateur actors, at the Holliday Street Theatre. It was received and re-echoed with enthusiasm. It had "a run" of several weeks, and was greeted each night with unflagging interest. From this introduction the Holliday Street Theatre won a national reputation, while on its stage moved the most renowned actors of the period. This patriotic offering of an incorruptible soul penetrated the hearts of the people, as can only the glad hymn of a nation's victory or the mournful note of its death-wail! It rang like an exultant laugh throughout the Land of its birth—*The Republic of America*.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hailed, at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:

O, say does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:

'Tis the Star Spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore

That the havoc of War, and the Battle's confusion,

A Home and a Country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave!

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with Victory and Peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a Nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave!

The banner which aroused the inspiration of "Frank" Key into song, is said to be the property of Mrs. Georgiana Armistead Appleton, of Boston, Massachusetts. This lady is the daughter of Colonel Armistead, who commanded Fort McHenry during its bombardment by the British forces. Colonel Armistead was a staunch patriot, noted for his bravery—so brave that he acknowledged with pleasure the brave deeds of others. He was not one of those officers who, by the frequent use of a certain little pronoun, excludes from official notice, as well as the notice of the world, all under his command. He accorded praise wherever it was due.

The following letter from the pen of Chief Justice Taney has several times appeared in print; yet it should not for this reason be any the less acceptable to the people of this country. It is addressed to his friend, Mr. Charles Howard, of Maryland:

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 12th, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR—I promised some time ago to give you an account of the incidents in the life of Mr. F. S. Key, which led him to write the "Star Spangled Banner," and of the circumstances under which it was written. The song has become a national

one, and will, I think, from its great merit, continue to be so, especially in Maryland; and everything that concerns its Author must be a matter of interest to his children and descendants, and I proceed to fulfill my promise with the more pleasure, because, while the song shows his genius and taste as a poet, the incidents connected with it, and the circumstances under which it was written, will show his character and worth as a man. The scene he describes, and the warm spirit of patriotism which breathes in the song, were not the offspring of mere fancy or poetic imagination. He describes what he actually saw. And he tells us what he felt while witnessing the conflict, and what he felt when the battle was over and the victory won by his countrymen. Every word came warm from his heart, and for that reason, even more than from its poetical merit, it never fails to find a response in the hearts of those who listen to it. You will remember that in 1814, when the song was written, I resided in Frederick, and Mr. Key in Georgetown. You will also recollect, that soon after the British troops retired from Washington, a squadron of the enemy's ships made their way up the Potomac and appeared before Alexandria, which was compelled to capitulate; and the squadron remained there some days, plundering the town of tobacco and whatever else they wanted. It was rumored, and believed in Frederick, that a marauding attack of the same character would be made on Washington and Georgetown before the ships left the river. Mr. Key's family were still in Georgetown. He would not, and indeed could not with honor, leave the place while it was threatened by the enemy, for he was a volunteer in the light artillery, commanded by Major Peter, which was composed of citizens of the District of Columbia, who had uniformed themselves and offered their services to the Government, and who had been employed in active service from the time the British fleet appeared in the Patuxent preparatory to the movement upon Washington. And Mrs. Key refused to leave home, while Mr. Key was thus daily exposed to danger. Believing, as we did, that an attack would probably be made on Georgetown, we became very anxious about the situation of his family; for if the attack was made Mr. Key would be with the troops engaged in the defense, and as it was impossible to foresee what would be the issue of the conflict, his family, by remaining in Georgetown, might be placed in great and useless peril. When I speak

of *we*, I mean Mr. Key's father and mother, and Mrs. Taney and myself; but it was agreed among us that I should go to Georgetown and try to persuade Mrs. Key to come away with their children and stay with me or with Mr. Key's father until the danger was over. When I reached Georgetown I found the English ships still at Alexandria, and a body of militia encamped in Washington, which had been assembled to defend the city. But it was then believed, from information received, that no attack would be made by the enemy on Washington or Georgetown, and preparations were making on our part to annoy them by batteries on shore when they descended the river.

The knowledge of these preparations probably hastened their departure; and the second or third day after my arrival the ships were seen moving down the Potomac. On the evening of the day that the enemy disappeared, Mr. Richard West arrived at Mr. Key's and told him that after the British army passed through Upper Marlboro', on their return to their ships, and had encamped some miles below the town, a detachment was sent back, which entered Dr. Beanes' house about midnight, compelled him to rise from his bed, and hurried him off to the British camp, hardly allowing him time to put his clothes on; that he was treated with great harshness, and closely guarded; and that as soon as his friends were apprized of his situation they hastened to the headquarters of the English army to solicit his release, but it was peremptorily refused, and they were not permitted to see him; and that he had been carried as a prisoner on board the fleet. And finding their own efforts unavailing, and alarmed for his safety, his friends in and about Marlboro' thought it advisable that Mr. West should hasten to Georgetown and request Mr. Key to obtain the sanction of the Government to his going on board the Admiral's Ship, under a flag of truce, and endeavoring to procure the release of Dr. Beanes, before the fleet sailed. It was then lying at the mouth of the Potomac, and its destination was not at that time known with certainty. Dr. Beanes, as perhaps you know, was the leading physician in Upper Marlboro', and an accomplished scholar and gentleman. He was highly respected by all who knew him; was the family physician of Mr. West, and the intimate friend of Mr. Key. He occupied one of the best houses in Upper Marlboro', and lived very handsomely, and his house was selected for the quarters of Admiral Cockburn, and some of the principal officers of

the Army, when the British troops encamped at Marlboro' on their march to Washington. These officers were, of course, furnished with everything that the house could offer; and they, in return, treated him with much courtesy, and placed guards around his grounds and outhouses to prevent depredations by their troops. But on the return of the army to the ships, after the main body had passed through the town, stragglers who had left the ranks to plunder, or from some other motive, made their appearance from time to time, singly or in small squads, and Dr. Beanes put himself at the head of a small body of citizens, to pursue and make prisoners of them. Information of this proceeding was by some means or other conveyed to the English camp, and the detachment of which I have spoken was sent back to release the prisoners, and seize Dr. Beanes. They did not seem to regard him, and certainly did not treat him as a prisoner of War, but as one who had deceived and broken his faith to them.

Mr. Key readily agreed to undertake the mission in his favor, and the President promptly gave his sanction to it. Orders were immediately issued to the vessel usually employed as a cartel in the communications with the fleet in the Chesapeake to be made ready without delay; and Mr. John S. Skinner who was agent for the Government for flags of truce and exchange of prisoners, and was well known as such by officers of the fleet, was directed to accompany Mr. Key. And as soon as the arrangements were made he hastened to Baltimore, where the Vessel was, to embark; and Mrs. Key and the children went with me to Frederick, and thence to his father's, on Pipe creek, where she remained until he returned. We heard nothing of him until the enemy retreated from Baltimore, which, as well as I can now recollect, was a week or ten days after he left us; and we were becoming uneasy about him, when, to our great joy, he made his appearance at my house on his way to join his family. He told me that he found the British fleet at the mouth of the Potomac preparing for the expedition against Baltimore. He was courteously received by Admiral Cochrane and the officers of the army as well as the navy. But when he made known his business his application was received so coldly that he feared it would fail. General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, who accompanied the expedition to Washington, particularly the latter, spoke of Dr. Beanes in very harsh terms, and seemed at first

not disposed to release him. It however happened, fortunately, that Mr. Skinner carried letters from the wounded British officers left at Bladensburg; and in these letters to their friends on board the fleet they all spoke of the humanity and kindness with which they had been treated after they had fallen into our hands. And after a good deal of conversation and strong representations from Mr. Key as to the character and standing of Dr. Beanes, and of the deep interest which the community in which he lived took in his fate, General Ross said that Dr. Beanes deserved much more punishment than he had received, but that he felt himself bound to make a return for the kindness which had been shown to his wounded Officers whom he had been compelled to leave at Bladensburg, and upon that ground, and that only, he would release him. But Mr. Key was at the same time informed that neither he nor any one else would be permitted to leave the fleet for some days, and must be detained until the attack on Baltimore, which was then about to be made, was over. But he was assured that they would make him and Mr. Skinner as comfortable as possible while they detained them. Admiral Cochrane, with whom they dined on the day of their arrival, apologized for not accommodating them in his own ship, saying that it was crowded already with Officers of the Army, but that they would be well taken care of in the Frigate *Surprise*, commanded by his son, Sir Thomas Cochrane. And to this Frigate they were accordingly transferred. Mr. Key had an interview with Dr. Beanes before General Ross consented to release him. I do not recollect whether he was on board the Admiral's ship or the *Surprise*, but I believe it was the former. He found him in the forward part of the ship, among the sailors and soldiers; he had not had a change of clothes from the time he was seized; was constantly treated with indignity by those around him, and no officer would speak to him. He was treated as a culprit and not as a prisoner of War. And this harsh and humiliating treatment continued until he was placed on board the cartel. Something must have passed when the officers were quartered at his house on the march to Washington, which, in the judgment of General Ross, bound him not to take up arms against the English forces until the troops had re-embarked.

It is impossible, on any other ground, to account for the manner in which he was spoken of and treated. But whatever Gen-

eral Ross and the other Officers may have thought, I am quite sure that Dr. Beanes did not think he was in any way pledged to abstain from active hostilities against the public enemy. And when he made prisoners of the stragglers, he did not consider himself as a prisoner on parole, nor suppose himself to be violating any obligation he had himself incurred. For he was a gentleman of untainted character and a nice sense of honor, and incapable of doing anything that could have justified such treatment. Mr. Key imputed the ill-usage he received to the influence of Admiral Cockburn, who, it is still remembered, while he commanded in the Chesapeake, carried on hostilities in a vindictive temper, assailing and plundering defenceless villages, or countenancing such proceedings by those under his command. Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner continued on board of the *Surprise*, where they were very kindly treated by Sir Thomas Cochrane, until the fleet reached the Patapsco, and preparations were making for landing the troops. Admiral Cochrane then shifted his flag to the Frigate in order that he might be able to move further up the River, and superintend in person the attack by water on the Fort. And Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner were then sent on board their own vessel, with a guard of sailors or marines, to prevent them from landing. They were permitted to take Dr. Beanes with them, and they thought themselves fortunate in being anchored in a position which enabled them to see distinctly the flag of Fort McHenry from the deck of the vessel. He proceeded then with much animation to describe the scene on the night of the bombardment. He and Mr. Skinner remained on deck during the night watching every shell, from the moment it was fired until it fell, listening with breathless interest to hear if an explosion followed. While the bombardment continued it was sufficient proof that the Fort had not surrendered. But it suddenly ceased some time before day; and as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the Fort had surrendered, or the attack upon it had been abandoned. They paced the deck for the residue of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety the return of day, and looking every few minutes at their watches, to see how long they must wait for it; and as soon as it dawned, and before it was light enough to see objects at a distance, their glasses were turned to the Fort, uncertain whether they should see there the Stars and Stripes or the flag of the enemy. At length the light

came, and they saw that "our flag was still there." And as the day advanced they discovered, from the movements of the boats between the shore and the fleet, that the troops had been roughly handled, and that many wounded men were carried to the ships. At length he was informed that the attack on Baltimore had failed, and the British army was re-embarking, and that he and Mr. Skinner and Dr. Beanes would be permitted to leave them and go where they pleased as soon as the troops were on board and the fleet ready to sail. He then told me that under the excitement of the time he had written a song, and handed me a printed copy of the "Star Spangled Banner." When I had read it and expressed my admiration, I asked him how he found time in the scenes he had been passing through to compose such a song? He said he commenced it on the deck of their vessel, in the fervor of the moment, when he saw the enemy hastily retreating to their ships, and looked at the flag he had watched for so anxiously as the morning opened; that he had written some lines, or brief notes that would aid him in calling them to mind upon the back of a letter which he happened to have in his pocket; and for some of the lines, as he proceeded, he was obliged to rely altogether upon his memory; and that he finished it in the boat on his way to the shore, and wrote it out as it now stands at the Hotel on the night he reached Baltimore, and immediately after he arrived. He said that on the next morning he took it to Judge Nicholson to ask him what he thought of it, and he was so much pleased with it, that he immediately sent it to a printer and directed copies to be struck off in hand-bill form; and that he, Mr. Key, believed that it had been favorably received by the Baltimore public.

Judge Nicholson and Mr. Key, you know, were nearly connected by marriage, Mrs. Key and Mrs. Nicholson being sisters. The Judge was a man of cultivated taste, and had at one time been distinguished among the leading men in Congress, and was at that period of which I am speaking the Chief Justice of the Baltimore Court, and one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals of Maryland. Notwithstanding his judicial character, which exempted him from military service, he accepted the command of a volunteer company of artillery. And when the enemy approached, and an attack on the Fort was expected, he and his company offered their services to the Government to assist in its defence. They were accepted, and formed a part of the garri-

son during the bombardment. The judge had been relieved from duty, and returned to his family only the night before Mr. Key showed him his song. And you may easily imagine the feelings with which, at such a moment, he read it and gave it to the public. It was, no doubt, as Mr. Key modestly expressed it, favorably received. In less than an hour after it was placed in the hands of the printer, it was all over town, and hailed with enthusiasm, and took its place at once as a national song.

I have made this account of "The Star Spangled Banner" longer than I intended, and find that I have introduced incidents and persons outside of the subject I originally contemplated. But I have felt a melancholy pleasure in recalling events connected, in any degree, with the life of one with whom I was so long and so intimately united in friendship and affection, and whom I so much admired for his brilliant genius and loved for his many virtues. I am sure, however, that neither you nor any of his children or descendants will think the account I have given too long. With great regard, dear sir,

Your friend truly,

R. B. TANEY.

CHARLES HOWARD, Esq.

Although Mr. Key possessed considerable literary ability, and the soul of a true poet, the "Star Spangled Banner" is the only poem left to us, (his sacred songs excepted,) that does credit to his name or fame. It is to be regretted that the volume entitled "Key's Poems" ever was allowed to be published. Evidently these rhymes, written in a spirit of gaiety, were never intended to be seen beyond the household circle. In such a mood of gaiety he wrote an address to "The Twelfth Night Queen." The queen was Miss Katharine Murray of Annapolis. According to an old English custom the twelfth night was always an occasion of festivity and reunion. On the twelfth night of January, 1833, was solemnized the marriage of Miss Josephine Harwood. She was the daughter of an old and respected citizen of Annapolis. The bridegroom, Edward Tilton, was a young officer of the United States Navy. Miss Har-

wood's wedding night was rendered doubly joyous by the crowning of the "Queen" at the home of the bride, and we can well imagine the "toasts" and graceful compliments of which Miss Katharine Murray was the recipient forty "golden years ago." The Bride, the Queen and the Poet were connected by ties of blood and marriage.

Francis Key was a contemporary of Edward Coote Pinkney, and contributed to the same periodicals for which the Poet wrote. He was a man of great refinement and culture of manner as well as of intellect. He won for himself the esteem of all good people by living up to the standard of a Christian and an honorable gentleman. The line of difference is distinctly drawn between his character and that of John Randolph, of Roanoke, in the following anecdote: Mr. Key was on intimate terms of friendship with Mr. Randolph, who, being confined to his rooms by illness upon one occasion, was engaged in conversation with Mr. Key, who had called upon him at the hotel. Not long after Mr. Key entered the room an officer of high rank in the British Navy, deeming himself on intimate terms with Mr. Randolph, merely knocked at the door, then opening it entered unannounced. Turning hastily around, Randolph cried out in a rude mannner: "Busy, my lord, busy! Always apply to my servant before you enter my lodgings."

"Beg pardon," answered the officer, who immediately withdrew. Mr. Key said:

"Mr. Randolph, how can you treat a gentleman in this way? He meant nothing wrong." "Neither do hogs mean wrong when they enter my corn-fields; but I always turn them out," was the answer of John Randolph. An old friend of Mr. Key says: "Every body who knew Frank Key loved him, and there was

not a more agreeable companion to be found" Mr. Key was an Episcopalian. Gentle and unassuming in the practice of his belief, and generous in his toleration of others. He taught a Sunday-school class for many years at the "Rock Creek Church."

His wife was a Miss Lloyd, of Maryland, the youngest sister of Governor Edward Lloyd, and their home was noted for its hospitality, particularly to strangers.

In the year 1833, June 29th, Mr. Key was appointed to the position of United States Attorney for the District of Columbia by the President, General Jackson. He was re-appointed January 6th, 1837. He was called upon to fill the same office the third time, January the 13th, 1837, under President Van Buren. He was distinguished for his ability in performing the duties of his office, and is mentioned as one of the confidential friends of the President, Andrew Jackson.

During the nullification agitation in this country he was sent unofficially to the South. He remained for some time in the city of Charleston, and it is said that to him is due partly the peaceful termination of the difficulty. After the removal of the public deposits from the Bank of the United States by Roger B. Taney, and after he had been rejected as the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States by the Senate, many demonstrations of the people's regard were shown in his behalf. About this time a public dinner was given in his honor in the grounds of the court house, at Frederick, Maryland. Mr. Key being a guest, the following toast was offered and drunk: "Francis S. Key—a friend of the administration, and an incorruptible patriot—worthy of being honored wherever genius is admired, or liberty cherished, as the author of the Star Spangled Banner." Mr. Key expressed his thanks and said:

“He never had forgotten and never should forget that he was a native of the county whose citizens were assembled upon an occasion so gratifying to his feelings. Though no longer a resident, its people and its scenes had never ceased to be dear to him. His annual visit here had been always anticipated with pleasure, and never, even from his boyhood, had he come within the view of these mountains without having his warmest affections awakened at the sight. What he felt now, in accepting the invitation with which he had been honored, he should not attempt to express. The company had been pleased to declare their approbation of his song. Praise to a poet could not be otherwise than acceptable; but it was peculiarly gratifying to him to know, that, in obeying the impulse of his own feelings, he had awakened theirs. The song he knew came from the heart, and if it had made its way to the hearts of men whose devotion to their country and to the great cause of freedom he so well knew, he could not pretend to be insensible to such a compliment. They had recalled to his recollection the circumstance under which he had been impelled to this effort. He had seen the flag of his country waving over a city, the strength and pride of his native State, a city devoted to plunder and desolation by its assailants. He witnessed the preparations for its assault, and saw the array of its enemies as they advanced to the attack. He heard the sound of battle; the noise of the conflict fell upon his listening ear, and told him that “the brave” and “the free” had met the invaders. Then did he remember that Maryland had called her sons to the defence of that flag, and that they were the sons of sires who had left their crimson footprints on the snows of the North, and poured out the blood of patriots like water on the sands of the South. Then did he remember that there were gathered

around that banner, among its defenders, men who had heard and answered to the call of their country, from whose mountain-sides, from this beautiful valley and this fair city of his native county, and though he walked upon a deck surrounded by a hostile fleet, detained as a prisoner, yet was his step firm and his heart strong as these recollections came upon him. Through the clouds of war the stars of that banner still shone in view, and he saw the discomfited host of its assailants driven back in ignominy to their ships. Then in that hour of deliverance and joyful triumph the heart spoke; and "does not such a country and such defenders of their country deserve a song?" was its question. With it came an inspiration not to be resisted; and if it had been a hanging matter to make a song, he must have made it. Let the praise, then, if any be due, be given not to him, who only did what he could not help doing, not to the writer, but to the inspirers of the song. He would advert (he said), to another and still more glorious triumph—to another of our cities assailed by the same army. Before New Orleans was the flower of the British Army, the veteran conquerors of Europe; men who had broken through hosts of disciplined warriors and the proudest walls that military science could erect. With what scorn must they have looked upon our cotton ramparts and rude militia? And the General who was to oppose, with such forces as these, their skillful and experienced leaders, what would they think of him? They thought of him, no doubt, as his present opponents still profess to think of him, as an ignorant and rash man, unfit for any command. Yes, (he continued), even now, when he has administered the Government with unexampled wisdom and success, we are told that he is a man of no learning, of no ability as a writer or a speaker, and the most contemptuous comparisons are

made between his qualifications and those of his rivals. Against such a leader and such forces, the proud host of the enemy came on. Where now are the great orators and writers? "*Ubi nunc facundus Ulysses?*" Where shall we find a man to disperse the advancing foes from the eloquence of a proclamation, or overwhelm them with the terrors of a speech? Andrew Jackson was there. He made neither proclamation nor speech, but he put a tongue into the mouths of his artillery, and bade them speak to them.

There was a speech to be held in everlasting remembrance. It was written in the brightest page of our Country's history, and future conquerors who may desire to send their myrmidons to shores defended by freemen will be wise enough to remember it. He was not disposed (he said) to undervalue those talents in which it was said (upon what authority he knew not) General Jackson was so inferior to the favorites of his opponents. The speaker and the writer may render essential services to the Country; but there are times which will demand doers instead of talkers, and every friend of his country has rejoiced that we had the right sort of talent at the defence of New Orleans. If their services were even equal all must admit that there was some difference in suffering and sacrifice between the talker and the doer, between him who, on soft carpets and to smiling audiences, makes speeches for his country, and him whose nights are spent in sleepless vigilance and his days in toil and peril, who offers ease and health and life upon the altar of patriotism. If there was any suffering in speech-making certain patriots, whose daily labors in that way throughout the last winter had been so extraordinary, were greatly to be commiserated. For himself, he said that when he had a good subject, as he now had, and saw before him such a company as he now did, and

read in their kindling countenances the warm feelings of approving hearts, he considered it a pleasure and a privilege to make a speech. But he would return to the song—the company had thought it worthy the honor of a toast. Perhaps they were not unreasonable in placing so high an estimate upon a song. It has been said by one thought wise in the knowledge of human nature that “if he could be allowed to make a nation’s song he cared not who made its laws.”

He would undertake to say that if a nation’s songs were of any importance to it there was but one way of providing a supply of them. He had adverted to the occasions of which he had spoken for the purpose of showing that way. If national poets, who shall keep alive the sacred fire of patriotism in the hearts of the people, are desirable to a country, the country must deserve them—must put forth her patriots and heroes, whose deeds alone can furnish the necessary inspiration. When a country is thus worthy of the lyre she will command its highest efforts. But if ever forgetful of her past and present glory, she shall cease to be “the Land of the Free and the home of the Brave,” and become the purchased possession of a company of stock-jobbers and speculators; if her people are to be the bought vassals of a great moneyed corporation, and to bow down to her pensioned and privileged nobility; if the patriots who shall dare to arraign her corruptions and denounce her usurpation are to be sacrificed upon her gilded altar; such a country furnish venal orators and presses, but the soul of national poetry will be gone. The muse will “never bow the knee in Mammon’s fame.” No, the patriots of such a land must hide their shame in her deepest forests, and her bards must hang their harps upon the willows. Such a people, thus corrupted and degraded—

“Living, shall forfeit fair renown;
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence they sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.”

While holding the office of attorney under the Government of the United States Mr. Key had ever in view the high responsibility and trust of his position. “It is the duty of an attorney representing a government in a criminal prosecution to see that the prisoner has justice done him, and not to aim only at conviction. He as well as the Court represents the law, whose officers they are.” This was manifested in a remarkable instance, in a manner worthy of being recorded to the honor of Mr. Key and Maryland: In the year 1835, at the funeral of Warren R. Davis, of South Carolina, a representative to the United States Congress, General Jackson and his Cabinet were in attendance. While waiting on the East Portico of the Capitol for the coffin to be brought from the Rotunda a man who had been concealed behind one of the pillars of the portico fired a pistol at the President. Undauntedly the President advanced toward his assailant with uplifted cane, intending by striking the man’s arm to prevent another shot. Several Cabinet Officers losing presence of mind pulled General Jackson back, when another attempt was made to fire the pistol. The mischief intended, however, was probably prevented by the non-explosion of the pistol cap. The daring assailant was seized and taken into the custody of the Law. General Jackson, his friends and adherents believed this act of violence to be instigated by a party of political conspirators, headed by a United States Senator. The prisoner was taken before one of the judges of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia for an examination. Francis S. Key, in behalf of the Government, appeared to conduct

the inquiry. Mr. Frank P. Blair, Mr. R. H. Gillette and Mr. Kingman (*Ion*, of "The Baltimore Sun") beheld the whole transaction. Mr. Kingman was called before the court as a witness. He says that he remembers Mr. Key's circumspection regarding the prisoner's right, as one accused before the Law, when conducting the inquiries. Filled with partisan suspicions he did not lose his calmness, allowing only a sense of justice and a desire for the truth to influence him in the matter. He seemed aware of his responsibility in an inquiry of so grave a nature. The investigation, thus conducted, terminated in discovering the prisoner to be insane. He was immediately sent to the Asylum for the Insane near Washington, where he was seen by a noted Physician of Washington not many years ago. And here this poor fellow, who had played so important a part in a little drama, could be seen day after day standing with a grave countenance and clasped hands as he revolved his thumbs one about the other. When questioned as to his occupation, his reply was ever the same: "I am keeping the weather;" alas, far-shadowed prophet of Probabilities!

Of Mr. Key, Mr. Kingman says: "He was one of the best and the noblest of men. A lawyer and an orator of the first rank. Ever interfering as a peacemaker between men; and striving for the good of the human race. Everybody honored and loved one so brave and yet so gentle."

From the lately published "Casket of Reminiscences," by ex-Governor H. Foote, of Mississippi, the following extract is taken:

"I do not remember to have at any time witnessed a more interesting forensic discussion than one to which I had the pleasure of listening in the Chamber of the Supreme Court of the United States in the beginning

of the month of March, 1825. A vessel engaged in the African Slave Trade had been, a month or two before, seized on the coast of Florida, and had been regularly libeled for confiscation under the Act of Congress declaring this species of traffic piracy. This case involved pecuniary interests of much magnitude and certain moral considerations also of much delicacy and dignity. The argument attracted a large assemblage of refined and intelligent persons of either sex. The discussion was opened by the celebrated Francis S. Key, so honorably known then and now as the author of "The Star Spangled Banner." Mr. Key had been employed to aid the Attorney General (Mr. Wirt), while Charles I. Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, and John M. Berrien, of Georgia, were enlisted in the enterprise. I was very much entertained with the whole argument, but I was particularly with the speech of Mr. Key and that of Mr. Berrien. Mr. Key was tall, erect, and of admirable physical proportions. There dwelt usually upon his handsome and winning features a soft and touching pensiveness of expression almost bordering on sadness, but which in moments of special excitement, or when anything occurred to awaken the dormant heroism of his nature, or to call into action the higher power of vigorous and well cultivated intellect, gave place to a bright ethereality of aspect and a noble audacity of tone which pleased while it dazzled the beholder. His voice was capable of being in the highest degree touching and persuasive. His whole gesticulation was natural, graceful and impressive; and he was as completely free from everything like affectation or rhetorical grimace as any public speaker I have known. He had a singularly flowing, choice, and pointed phraseology, such as could not fail to be pleasing to persons of taste and discernment; and I am sure that no one ever heard him exhibit his extraordinary

powers of discussion, to whom the ideas to which he essayed to give expression seemed at all cloudy or perplexed, or his elocution clogged and torpid, even for the shortest possible period of time. On this occasion he greatly surpassed the expectations of his most admiring friends. The subject was particularly suited to his habits of thought, and was one which had long enlisted, in a special manner, the generous sensibilities of his soul. It seemed to me that he said all that the case demanded, and yet no more than was needful to be said; and he closed with a thrilling and even an electrifying picture of the horrors connected with the African Slave Trade, which would have done honor either to a Pitt or a Wilberforce in their palmiest days.”—Page 12.

The following letter from the Paymaster-General of the United States Army proves the confidence reposed by General Jackson in the administrative wisdom of Mr. Key:

DEAR MISS BOYLE:—I promised to give you a statement of an incident in the career of Francis S. Key, which occurred during the administration of General Jackson, and which was an example of the great confidence reposed in the tact and discretion of Mr. Key by that Statesman. I have failed to find dates as I had hoped, but I think it took place in 1835.

I was then serving with the Fourth Infantry as a Subaltern, of which regiment a distinguished Georgian, Brevet Major James S. McIntosh, was a Captain, and then in command at Fort Mitchell, Alabama. He had performed very gallant and brilliant service in the war of 1812, for which the State of Georgia gave him a sword. He was an officer of high spirit and indomitable pluck and of very chivalrous temper, as will be shown hereafter. For it was for the protection of a single enlisted man that he took the stand, which arrayed against him the State of Alabama and its whole military power under the Governor.

In execution of the Indian intercourse acts it became the duty of Major McIntosh, upon the request of the Indian Agent, to have removed from the Indian country certain intruders. In

execution of this order a Corporal, in self-defense, had unfortunately been compelled to shoot down one of the intruders, who died of the wounds he had received.

An indictment for murder was found against the Corporal. The whole frontier was excited. The sympathies of the whole population of that region were arrayed against the Indian Agent and the military. Major McIntosh feared that any jury called out in that region would not do justice to his soldier. Like old Hickory, he "took the responsibility" and refused to surrender the Corporal to the civil authorities. A posse of men from neighboring counties was at first summoned, and finally all the militia of the State were called out by the Governor. The entire militia of the State of Alabama arrayed against Major McIntosh and his two small companies of regulars!

General Jackson no doubt appreciated the chivalrous sentiment and firmness of McIntosh, but wishing peace and harmony, he put trust in Francis S. Key, then, I think, United States District Attorney for the District of Columbia, as Minister Plenipotentiary upon the part of the United States between the State of Alabama and the obstinate Soldier.

Mr. Key had no small task in his hands, for it was ever a tradition in the regiment that Major McIntosh was not very easily persuaded to submit to the programme. When allusions were made by Mr. Key to the important principles involved, which made the example in this case very important and pregnant with good or evil to the latest "posterity," Major McIntosh exclaimed, "let posterity take care of itself, I must take care of my soldier, whom the people intend to hang for the simple discharge of his duty!"

Finally, however, Mr. Key succeeded, I think, by arranging for the trial of the soldier in a part of the State farthest removed from the Indian frontier.

Very truly yours,

March 26, 1875.

BENJ. ALVORD.

The following letter, written by Mr. Key to his aunt, Mrs. Maynadier, at Annapolis, Maryland, gives us an insight into his labors in behalf of the Negro race, and his ardor in the cause:

GEORGETOWN, January 24, 1819.

MY DEAR AUNT:—I received your letter last night, and had before seen in the paper the notice for the meeting of the Colonization Society. Our Court has been much longer than we expected, and is still sitting, and I fear I cannot get away from it as soon as Thursday. If I could, I would bring Mr. Burgess with me and all his African affairs; as it is, I shall try to send him, if I can get anybody to go with him. I have just been down to see if Mr. Herbert or Mercer could go, but I did not see them. I fear, however, that as they have so interesting a question before them in Congress, they cannot leave their stations, and I cannot just now think of any one else. If it was put off for a week, or if they meet, elect their officers and do whatever else is necessary, and adjourn for a week to receive a communication from us here, we could then send Mr. Burgess and our journals and papers and opinions, and some of us would try to come with him. I shall, nevertheless, (if I find I can do it), come on Thursday; and if not then, I think I could come about that day week. I will see Mr. Munro and bring your books if they are still to be had. The Testaments cannot be got cheaper here than the price you mention, but does not your Bible Society furnish Bibles and Testaments for Sunday Schools without charge? I presume you could certainly get them in that way from Baltimore. With the hope of soon seeing you,

I am ever your affectionate,

F. KEY.

McSherry says of this portion of our history, a subject to be studied from 1836 to 1861: "The wiser and more humane friends of the negro had early embarked in a truly noble and beneficent design—the American Colonization Society. Satisfied that the Black man could never mingle as an equal with the White race, they proposed to establish colonies on the western coast of Africa, and settle there those of the free and emancipated Blacks who should be willing to return to the land of their forefathers. A branch of this association was immediately formed in Maryland, as peculiarly suited to the views and necessities of the people. The association, however, was entirely subject to the National

Society, and it was soon found to be too much under the control, or at least liable to the vexatious interference of the Northern Abolitionists. It was, therefore, determined to establish an independant organization in the State, and plant a separate Colony, under the name of "Maryland," in Liberia. This design, with a praiseworthy perseverance, was accordingly carried into effect. As it was not only founded upon enlarged philanthropic views, but upon sound policy, in the condition of the State, with its large free black population, an appeal was made to the Legislature for assistance. It was generously afforded. An annual appropriation of twenty thousand dollars, to be raised by taxation, was bestowed upon the Society, *and never withheld or diminished in the darkest hours of pecuniary embarrassment*, and three commissioners were appointed on behalf of the State to take part in its affairs. In spite of the opposition of the Abolitionists, its bitterest enemies, the Society continued to flourish. Emigrants were yearly sent out to Cape Palmas, and the Maryland colony is now one of the most prosperous on the western shore of Africa, having a considerable trade, and being visited periodically by a regular packet from Baltimore.

"The wisdom and good policy of fostering this noble scheme, is evident from a single glance at the statistics of the African race in Maryland, and the necessary result of the present system of manumission. Their increase is exceedingly small—scarcely more than sufficient to supply the loss by deaths and transportation of slaves to the South. Thus, in 1810, they numbered, free and slave, 144,971; in 1840, 151,657; so that in a period of thirty years their aggregate increase was only 6,686, and while there was an actual diminution in the number of slaves in that period of 21,783, there was a positive increase of free blacks of 28,469."

Francis Scott Key manumitted all his slaves, and was one of the founders of the African Colonization Society. At the breaking out of the war between the North and the South, Maryland had one hundred thousand freed negroes, and eighty thousand slaves. The following extract from a Memorial presented at the Colonization Meeting in Washington city, May the 6th, 1842, is taken from "The African Repository and Colonial Journal" of July, 1842:

"The colony of Cape Palmas is a conclusive evidence of what a single state, and by an appropriation of a few thousand dollars annually, can accomplish in this cause. A prosperous colony of about six hundred emigrants has risen with all the order and institutions of a well organized society, under the fostering care of the Legislature of Maryland and citizens of this State, at the cost of less than the establishment of a single plantation of the South."

And in an appeal from Mr. H. L. Ellsworth, one of the executive committee, he says: "I was most happy to hear our friend and early benefactor in the cause from Maryland (Francis S. Key, Esq.) declare what were the true interests of Maryland."

The following resolution from Mr. Key will, however, attest in the best manner the sentiments of that noble gentlemen. It was read by Mr. Key at a meeting of the convention on the 9th of May, 1842:

"*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to prepare and present a memorial to Congress, recommending such measures to be taken for the protection of the colonies now established on the African coast, the promotion of American commerce on that coast, and the suppression of the slave trade, as the National legislature may approve."

Then, with his accustomed eloquence, he continued:

“Light has pierced into the thick darkness that has long enveloped that outcast Continent, and the treasures and blessings of a benignant Providence are seen to smile in all her plains and wave in all her forests. It is true this fair creation of God has been marred by the wickedness of Man. A trade, abominable and detestable beyond all epithets that can be given to it, at the very name of which the blood curdles, and no man hears it who

‘ Having human feelings does not blush
And hang his head to think himself a man,’

has long since desolated Africa and disgraced the world. This trade has been stamped with the double curse of offended Heaven—curse to the givers and receivers of the guilty traffic—to Africa, in the wretchedness, rapine and murder of her children, to her rapacious tempters in innumerable just and fearful retributions.

“The wrath of God has been manifested at this crying iniquity on the blood-stained borders of all her coasts, where the angry elements are let loose against this inhuman trade. What is the stormy cloud that darkens these infested shores but the frown of the Almighty? What the fierce tornado but the blasting of the breath of displeasure? It is true that under this curse Africa has long groaned and bled, and many a fair field, and happy village, and crowded town, has been made a wilderness.” It is true she is still an awful sufferer. Even now, while we are speaking of her wrongs, some distant and peaceful hamlet, hitherto beyond the reach of the spoiler, hidden, and hoped to be secured by intervening forests, has been hunted out and surrounded, and its sleep awakened by the shout of ruffians. But these horrors will have an end. The dawning of a better day appears. These wronged and wretched outcasts will be brought back into the family of Na-

tions. The crimes that warring elements, and fearful visitations and judgments could not restrain shall have a conqueror. Man shall be honored as the instrument in accomplishing this work of mercy. Man's heart shall be softened and humanized, and glowing with love to God and Man go forth on this errand of compassion. Thus the virtue and benevolence of Man shall repair the outrages committed by the inhumanity of Man.

“The trade that has wasted and debased Africa shall be banished by a trade that shall enlighten and civilize her, and repeople her solitary places with her restored children. And Africa thus redeemed and rescued from curse, and the world from its reproach, shall ‘vindicate the ways of God to Man.’”

Mr. Key died suddenly while upon a visit to his daughter in Baltimore, after being attacked with pneumonia, in January, 1843. When the fact of his death was made known to the Supreme Court of the United States, the court adjourned in honor of his memory. The next morning, January 13th, 1843, the Attorney-General of the United States, Mr. Legeré, of South Carolina, after presenting the resolutions of condolence passed by the Bar, addressed the Court in the following manner:

“May it please your honors, a meeting of the members of the Bar and officers of the Court, held since the adjournment yesterday, they have been pleased to impose on me the melancholy task of communicating their proceedings to the Bench, and conveying to it their sense of the loss which society and the Profession have sustained in the death of the late Francis Scott Key. I cannot but be deeply conscious of the disadvantages under which I labor in acquitting myself in this presence of the duty that has been confided to me.

My acquaintance with the excellent man whose sudden death, in the midst of a career of eminent usefulness, public and private, and of the most active devotion to the great interests of humanity, we are now called to deplore, was until a recent period extremely limited; but short as was my personal intercourse with him, it was quite long enough to endear him to me in a peculiar manner, as one of the most gentle, guileless, amiable, and attractive beings, with whom, in an experience sufficiently diversified, it has ever been my good fortune to act. Ardent, earnest, indefatigable in the pursuits of his objects and the performance of his duties, eloquent as the advocate of whatever cause he embraced, because his heart was true and his sympathy cordial and susceptible; decided in his own conduct without one particle of censoriousness or acerbity towards others, and with the blindest manners, the most affectionate temper, the considerate toleration of dissent, the most patient acquiescence in the decisions of authority, even where he had most strenuously exerted himself to prevent them.

“His life seemed to me a beautiful pattern of all that is lovely, winning and effective, in the charity of a Christian gentleman. I say effective for his was no ‘fugitive and cloistered’ virtue which gave no offence, because it shunned all contest, and maintained its purity only by avoiding the contaminations of the world. He lived, on the contrary, in the very midst of the passions, the struggles, and the warfare of active and even public life. He was always in the heat and dust of the arena, armed and equipped for the conflict; he omitted no opportunity of doing good, which either chance or design offered him; and his patriotism and his philanthropy vied with each other in turning to account every moment of his time which was not engrossed in the cares of his fireside or the business of his profession. I remember,

with melancholy pleasure, that the very last conversation which I held with him turned on a project, of what he believed to be the most extensive usefulness, which had warmed his heart with enthusiastic hopes for his country and for mankind.

“Of the manner in which he discharged his professional duties, your Honors, are, on every account, the most competent witnesses. You know his fidelity to his engagements; his punctuality in attendance at his post; how laborious he was in the preparation of his cases; how full of resources in the management of a cause; how ready, how fertile, how ingenious in the invention and discussion of his topics. Your Honors are, therefore, fully prepared to receive and confirm the testimony which his brethren of the Bar have been eager to bear to the virtues and abilities that adorned him, and in compliance with the request I have now the honor of submitting them.”

At the annual meeting of the Colonization Society, in Washington, during the month of February, 1843, Mr. Z. C. Lee, of Baltimore, offered the following :

“*Resolved*, That the sudden decease of Francis S. Key, Esq., one of the founders, for many years a member of the Board of Managers, and more recently a Vice-President of this society, has deprived the institution of one of its strongest supports.”

The death of Mr. Key is thus referred to in one of the public prints of that date :

“The sudden decease of this gentleman, so virtuous in all the social and public relations of life, so eminent for talents and philanthropy, so consecrated in all his thoughts and feelings to truth and duty, so admired and beloved by the community of which he was a citizen, and which had derived benefits invaluable from his efforts and example, has prostrated us with the weight

of a dark and general calamity. All have experienced a loss, and many, one which they cannot hope will be repaired. Mr. Key was one of the founders of the American Colonization Society, long an efficient manager in its proceedings, at all times its steadfast, generous and eloquent friend, and often has the cause of the Society, in times of depression and trial, been raised, guarded and advanced by his vigorous and indefatigable exertions. The speech made by him during the last summer, before a convention of the friends of African colonization, and published in the July number of the Repository, was the most eloquent he ever delivered, seldom equaled on any subject, and more seldom, if ever, surpassed. It was worthy of a lofty Christian mind, endued with the original conceptions and enriched with the treasures of human learning, and of a divine philosophy. In the charms of his taste, conversation and manners, in his habits of thought and action, Mr. Key much resembled Mr. Wilberforce, nor would his influence have been less had he lived in similar circumstances, and moved in as elevated and wide a sphere. He sought not fame, but his fame is securely written, never to be obliterated, on the flag of his country, and engraven upon the heart of Africa."

Mr. Key is buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery, at Frederick city, Maryland, not far from the place of his birth, and within sight of the Catoctin Mountain.

The Poet has shown the depth of his religious fervor, the love for his Creator and the purity of His "glowing heart," in the hymns so familiar to Episcopalians. His sacred songs reveal the sincerity of his soul, and show us how far above the stars of his beloved banner he soared in the contemplation of divine mercy and forgiveness. Where may be found a more eloquent expres-

sion of profound humility—that humility that, in bending to the omnipotent will of God, rises in grand distinction to the Pagan pride of the unbeliever:

“Lord this bosom’s ardent feeling
 Vainly would my lips express ;
 Low before Thy foot-stool kneeling,
 Deign Thy suppliant’s prayer to bless ;
 Let Thy grace, my soul’s chief treasure,
 Love’s pure flame within me raise ;
 And, since words can never measure,
 Let my life show forth Thy praise.”

Among the hymns sung in the Episcopal Church for over thirty years is this one, written by Francis Scott Key:

HYMN 150.

Lord, with glowing heart I’d praise Thee
 For the bliss Thy love bestows ;
 For the pardoning grace that saves me,
 And the peace that from it flows ;
 Help, O God, my weak endeavor,
 This dull soul to rapture raise ;
 Thou must light the flame, or never
 Can my love be warmed to praise.

Praise my soul, the God that sought thee,
 Wretched wanderer, far astray ;
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
 From the paths of death away ;
 Praise with love’s devoutest feeling,
 Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
 And, the light of hope revealing,
 Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

Lord, this bosom’s ardent feeling
 Vainly would my lips express ;
 Low before Thy foot-stool kneeling,
 Deign Thy suppliant’s prayer to bless ;
 Let Thy grace, my soul’s chief treasure,
 Love’s pure flame within me raise ;
 And, since words can never measure,
 Let my life show forth Thy praise.

The following extract from a letter, dated Baltimore, July 25th, 1875, proves beyond doubt the reputation of Mr. Key as a lawyer and a statesman. The writer of it is the distinguished Maryland lawyer, the Hon. Reverdy Johnson:

"My acquaintance with Mr. Key commenced some twenty years before his death, and soon ripened into friendship. I have argued cases with him and against him in the Courts of Maryland and in the United States Supreme Court. He had evidently been a diligent legal student, and being possessed of rare ability, he became an excellent lawyer. In that particular, however, he would, I have no doubt, have been more profound but for his fondness for elegant literature, and particularly for poetry.

"In this last, he was himself quite a proficient. Some of his writings are truly gems of beauty. His style of speaking to a Court was ever clear, and his reasoning logical and powerful; whilst his speeches to juries, when the occasion admitted of it, were beautifully eloquent. To the graces of his many accomplishments he possessed what is still more to his praise, a character of almost religious perfection. A firm believer in the Christian dispensation, his conduct was regulated by the doctrines inculcated by its founder, and this being so his life was one of perfect purity

"As has often been said of lawyers, however, it may be said of him that his forensic efforts, however admirable, will exist only in tradition. But he had the rare good fortune to write a national song, which, from the day of its first appearance, has warmed the heart and animated the patriotism of every American, and will cause the name of Francis Scott Key to live forever.

"I remain, with regard,

"Your friend and obedient servant,

REVERDY JOHNSON."

One of the most earnest of Mr. Key's friends was John Randolph, of Roanoke, Virginia's noted statesman. Notwithstanding the disparity of age between them, Randolph's devotion to Key was of the most enthusiastic nature. The friendship of this strange man was exalted into a sentiment, the purest perhaps of

which he was capable. Too deep a study of those works of English and French writers, rendered conspicuous by infidelity to the Source of Truth, had darkened his mind and led his heart astray. He acknowledged to Mr. Key the disturbed state of his soul, overshadowed by the one only unforgivable sin—*despair*. Mr. Key had the happiness, the noblest of happiness, to lead him into a train of reading and reflection that brought him into the perfect light of Christianity—*Faith*. During frequent interviews with Mr. Key in Washington, and in his letters when separated from his friend, the subject of religion was discussed. In writing to Mr. Key from Virginia, Mr. Randolph called the attention of his correspondent to an infidel work, in reply to which Mr. Key writes, January 20th, 1814:

“I can hear nothing of the book you mention. . . . I would read it, and give you my opinion of it, if I came across it, provided it was not too long. I don’t believe there are any new objections to be discovered to the truth of Christianity, though there may be some art in presenting old ones in a new dress. My faith has been greatly confirmed by the infidel writers I have read, and I think such would be the effect upon any one who has examined the evidences. Our church recommends their perusal to students of divinity, which shows she is not afraid of them.

“Men may argue ingeniously against our faith—as, indeed, they may against anything—but what can they say in defense of their own? I would carry the war into their own territories. I would ask them what they believed. If they said they believed anything, I think that thing might be shown to be more full of difficulties and liable to infinitely greater objections than the system they opposed, and they more credulous and unreasonable for believing it. If they said they believed

nothing, you could not, to be sure, have anything further to say to them. In that case they would be insane, or, at best, illy qualified to teach others what they ought to believe or disbelieve.

“ I can never doubt (for we have the word of God for it, and it is so plainly a consequence of His goodness,) that all who inquire with that sincerity and earnestness which so awful a subject requires, will find the truth. ‘ Seek, and ye shall find.’ Did you ever read ‘ Grotius de Veritate?’ I should like to see an infidel attempt an answer to that book.”

Mr. Randolph, on the the 17th of February, 1814, in answer to Mr. Key’s letter, wrote:

“ DEAR FRANK:—You plead want of time, and I may, with equal truth, declare that I have nothing worth twelve and a half cents, which I believe is the postage from here to the city of Washington. Indeed, I have been living myself in ‘ a world without souls,’ until my heart is ‘ as dry as a chip,’ and as cold as a dog’s nose. Do not suppose, however, that the *Jew Book* has made any impression upon me, as I cannot see how the human mind, unassisted by the light of Christianity, can stop half-way at Deism, instead of traveling the whole length to which fair deduction would lead it, to frozen, cheerless Atheism; so it appears to me the most wonderful, that any man believing in the *Old Testament* can reject the *New*; and it is, perhaps, not the least conclusive of the proofs of the authenticity of the latter, that the Jews, admitting as it were the premises, should blindly reject the inevitable conclusions.”

In the correspondence of many years continuance, the subject of religion was, as may be supposed, not the only matter discussed. In one of his letters, Mr. Randolph asks: “ Have you read Lord Byron’s *Giaour*? I

have been delighted with it. He *is* a poet, as was emphatically said of Patrick Henry, 'He *is* an orator.'"

In answer, Mr. Key wrote: "I have not seen the *Giaour*, but have looked over the *Bride of Abydos*. It has some fine passages in it, but it is too full of those crooked-named, out-of-the-way East Indian things. I have long ago, however, resolved that there shall be no such poet as Walter Scott as long as he lives, and I can admire nobody who pretends to rival him."

In a letter written by Mr. Key previous to the above, he thus expresses himself: "As to Walter Scott, I have always thought he was sinking in every successive work. He is sometimes himself again in '*Marmion*,' and the '*Lady of the Lake*,' but when I read these, and thought of the '*Lay of the Last Minstrel*,' it always seemed to me that 'hushed was the harp—the minstrel gone.' I believe I am singular in this preference, and it may be that I was so 'spell-bound' by 'the witch notes' of the first, that I could never listen to the others. But does it not appear, that to produce one transcendantly fine epic poem is as much as has ever fallen to the life of one man? There seems to be a law of the Muses for it. I was always provoked with him for writing more than the first. The top of Parnassus is a point, and there he was, and should have been content. There was no room to saunter about on it; if he moved, he must descend; and so it has turned out, and he is now (as the Edinburgh reviewers say of poor Montgomery), 'wandering about on the lower slopes of it.'" At this time, Sir Walter Scott was not known as a novelist.

In one of his letters to Mr. Randolph, dated October 5th, 1813, Mr. Key says: "I cannot think that the duty of an honest man, when he consents to be a politician, is so difficult and hopeless as you seem to consider it.

He will often, it is true, be wrong, but this may enable him to correct his errors. He will often have to submit to disappointments, but they may make him better and wiser. If he pursues his course conscientiously, guarding against his own ambition, and exercising patience and forbearance towards others, he will generally succeed better than the most artful intriguer, and the worst that can happen is that in bad and distempered times he may be released from his obligations. Nor even then is there an end to his usefulness; for, besides many things that he may yet do for the common good, the public disorder may pass away, and when the people are sobered by suffering they will remember who would have saved them from it, and his consequence and ability to serve them will be incalculably increased, and their confidence in him unbounded." Mr. Randolph had been left out of Congress by his constituents because of his opposition to the war with England, and these remarks of Mr. Key were meant for him.

Mr. Justice Story, of the Supreme Court of the United States, in a letter to Chief Justice Taney, dated at Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 25, 1843, wrote: "I was exceedingly grieved in hearing of the death of poor Key. His excellent talents, his high morals, his warm and active benevolence, and his most amiable and gentle temper endeared him to all who knew him. To you and Mrs. Taney the loss is irreparable, and to the public, in the truest sense of the word, a deep calamity. 'Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud.' Jones is almost the only one left at the bar who was there when I first knew the Court; and it is sad to know how many glorious lights have been extinguished."

EXTRACTS FROM A DISCOURSE ON EDUCATION, DELIVERED IN SAINT ANNE'S CHURCH, ANNAPOLIS, AFTER THE COMMENCEMENT OF SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 22ND, 1827, BY FRANCIS S. KEY, ESQ. ALUMNUS OF SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE.

“A government administered for the benefit of all, should provide all practicable means of lappiness for all. It must also provide useful citizens, competent to the discharge of the various services the public interests may require. Education confers happiness and usefulness, and therefore demands attention. No maxim is more readily admitted than that a wise and free government should provide for the education of its citizens; but the maxim seems not to be admitted to its just extent. A State affords to the poor or laboring class of its population the means of obtaining a common education, such an one as prepares them for the ordinary duties of their situation, and of which alone they can generally avail themselves, who can give but a small portion of their time and none of their means to such pursuits. And it is too generally thought that this is enough, that the State has discharged its duty, and that what remains to be done to fit men for higher degrees of happiness and usefulness, and to qualify them for a wider sphere of duty, may be left to itself.

“But it is not enough. More, far more can be done even for those for whose benefit what is done is intended, as I shall hereafter show. And what is done for the other numerous and important classes of the community? And why are they to be neglected? In all political societies there will be men of different conditions and circumstances. They cannot be all limited by the same necessities, nor destined to the same employments. Nor is it desirable, nor, from the nature of things, possible that it should be so. If they could be

reduced to the same level they could not be kept to it. Idleness and vice would sink below it—honorable effort would rise above it.

“There are and ever will be the poor and the rich, the men of labor and the men of leisure, and the State which neglects either neglects a duty, and neglects it at its peril, for which ever it neglects will be not only useless but mischievous.

“It is admitted that the neglect of one of these classes is unjust and impolitic. Why is it not so as to the other? If it is improper to leave the man of labor uneducated, deprived of the means of improvement he can receive and requires, is it not at least equally so to leave the man of leisure, whose situation does not oblige him to labor, and who therefore will not labor, to rust in sloth or to riot in dissipation?

“If there be any difference, it is more impolitic to neglect the latter, for he has more in his power either for good or evil, will be more apt, from his greater temptations, to be depraved himself and the corrupter of the others.

“This neglect would be peculiarly unwise in a Government like ours. Luxury is the vice most fatal to republics, and idleness and want of education in the rich promote it in its most disgusting forms. Nor let it be thought that we have no cause to guard against this evil. It is, perhaps, the most imminent of our perils. While, therefore, I readily subscribe to the principle, which all admit, that it is essential in a free government that the whole population should be sufficiently instructed to understand their rights, and be qualified for their duties, and that for this purpose such an education as their situation will enable them to receive should be provided for all; yet I will not fear to maintain (what is not so generally admitted), and that it is just

as essential to a wise and proper administration of such a government that there should be found among its citizens men of more exalted attainments, who can give their whole youth and their whole lives to the highest pursuits of every department of useful science.

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“Nor is it only as a refuge from the dangers of youth that such an institution is to be regarded. It is to give strength and preparation for the whole life. It is then that habits, principles and tastes that fix the color of succeeding years are to be formed. Then are the victories to be achieved over the temper and disposition, over the temptations from within and from without, that make the man the master of himself through life. Patience in investigation, accuracy of research, perseverance in labor, resolution to conquer difficulty, zeal in the cause of learning and virtues, are then to be acquired. Then is Science to display her charms, and Literature her delights, and a refined and exalted taste to lure him, by higher gratifications, from the vain pleasures of the world. Then is he to be made familiar with the sages and heroes of antiquity, to catch the inspiration of their genius and their virtues; and the great and the good of every age and of every land are to be made his associates, his instructors, his examples.

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“Will not a grateful sense of these benefits heighten the ardor of his patriotism, and will he not serve a country that cherished and adorned his youth with more devotion, as well as with far more ability? It may be that love of country springs from some undefinable and hidden instinct of our nature, wisely given to the heart of man to fit him for the filial duties which he owes to the land of his birth. But this impulse, however pure and high its origin, must submit to the

common destiny of all human affections. It may glow with increasing ardor, elevate itself above all our desires, and reign the ruling passion of the soul. And it may grow cold, languish and expire. A country, like a parent, should meet this instinctive feeling of her children with a corresponding affection; should call it forth to early and continual exercise by early and continual blessings, by setting before them illustrious examples, and all the high rewards of virtue, and preparing them for all the enjoyments and duties of life. Such a country will not want patriots.

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“Maryland is a member of the American Confederacy, united with the other independent States in one General Government. It is her concern that her own political course should be directed by wisdom, and for this she must necessarily look to her own citizens. It is also and equally her concern that the General Government should be wisely administered, and with a just regard to her own peculiar interests. She must furnish her quota of talent there. Her duty to the Union requires this, her own preservation demands it. It is not enough for her that there *should* be found there wisdom and talent, and patriotism; but she must see to it that Maryland wisdom and talent, and patriotism, *are* found there. There is a great common interest among these States, a bond of union strong enough, we all hope, to endure the occasional conflicts of subordinate local interests. † But there are and ever will be these interests, and they will necessarily produce collision and competition. Hence will continually arise questions of great national concern, and more or less, according to their respective interests, of vital importance to the States. These are all to be considered, discussed and settled. That they may be settled with justice to herself, Mary-

land must meet this competition with all her strength. It is not in the number of her delegation that she is to trust. She may send one man who may be in himself a host. It is essential to her that her interest should be seen and felt, *and that those who see and feel it should maintain it with all the power that talent and patriotism can wield.* It is essential to her, and to every member of the Union, that the agitations excited by these collisions should be kept from endangering the foundations upon which the fabric of our free institutions has been reared—that *men of the highest powers and the purest principles should rule the deliberations of our national councils on these occasions of difficulty and danger, and preserve, through every storm that may assail it, the Union—the Ark of our safety.*

“It is no reproach to the wisdom of those who framed our Constitution that they have left it exposed to danger from the separate interests and powers of the States. It is not to be avoided but by incurring far greater dangers. Nor is our situation in that respect without its advantages. These local interests are powerful excitements to the States to prepare and enrich their public men with the highest possible endowments. Their own immediate interest would afford a more constant and powerful stimulus to do this than one more remote, and felt only in common, which too often leaves its share of duty to others. But for this, a general degeneracy in talent and principle might prevail, and the great concerns of a growing Nation sink into hands unfitted to sustain them. If Providence shall preserve us from these dangers and give perpetuity to our institutions, Maryland will continue to see an increasing necessity (if she would avail herself of a just share of the benefits they are designed to confer) for calling forth and cultivating all her resources. And if this hope

fails us, if the Union is dissolved, in the distractions and dangers that follow, she will, if possible, still more require the highest aid that the wisdom of her sons can afford to guide her through that night of darkness.

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“Let it also be remembered that every well taught citizen, whatever may be his condition, to whatever station in life he may belong, is, generally speaking, an advantage to the public. Therefore, although but a small number, in proportion to the whole population, may be qualified for higher usefulness by the acquisitions of learning, yet among them may be found some whom the State may proudly reckon as her greatest ornaments—to whom she may be indebted even for her preservation. The Roman historian, who records the effect produced upon the Roman Senate by the prudence and eloquence of Cato, upon an occasion of imminent peril to the Republic, shows how powerfully he was impressed by the consideration of what one man might accomplish for the welfare of a nation.

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“Let not this filial duty be delayed. Death has already thinned your ranks. Your eldest brethren (Alexander, Carr, Lomax,) have run their brief but honorable course, and are no more. He, too, who had caught within that hall the bold spirit of the ancient eloquence from its mightiest master; who, if he had been spared to stand before you this day would have roused you from your seats, and called you to join your hearts and hands in a sacred covenant to restore its honors—St. John’s—and to swear to its fulfillment by the memory of the dead, the hopes of the living, and the glory of unborn generations. He, (John Hanson Thomas, of Frederick city), alas! is a light shining no more upon the earth. He, also, who excelled in all the attainments

of mind, and charmed with all the attractions of virtue; who could descend at will from the highest soaring in the regions of Fancy, and be found foremost in the steepest ascents of the paths of Science; he who had here caught

‘ the glow,

The warmth divine that poet’s know,’

and whose lyre, upon a theme that touched these scenes of his inspiration, would have poured forth its most impassioned strains, and compelled the hearts that eloquence could not subdue to bow to the magic of his song. He, too, the ornament of St. John’s, and the leader of her tenth legion, (John Shaw, M. D., of Annapolis), has had our tears, and sleeps not in an honored grave but beneath the wave of the ocean.

“Nor can he be forgotten, (Henry M. Murray, of Annapolis), the last, but not least lamented of our departed brethren, who would have been among the foremost to offer the feelings of a warm heart and the powers of a gifted mind to the labors to which I have invited you. Who had already done so, and stands enrolled in the records of the College, among those who repaid, by their counsels at her board, the honors she had bestowed. Whose zeal and ability would have performed more than his share of the duty, while his unassuming and generous nature would have refused any portion of the praise. The awful Providence which removed him, in the midst of life and usefulness, from the profession he adorned, the society he blessed, and the friends he delighted, has called upon our College to mourn the double loss of an honored son and a devoted patron. But it becomes us not to murmur under this mysterious dispensation—rather to be thankful that it has left to console and animate us a cherished memory and a high example.”



BIRD-SONG.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

COME hither—oh, come hither!
Were the words that I heard ringing
On a sunny day of May,
When the flowers around were springing,
And the earth was green and gay,
From a tiny bird above,
Who was calling to his love—
Who was longing to be with her
On that sunny day of May;
Calling, calling, loudly calling,
Come hither—oh, come hither!—
Come hither!

Come hither—oh, come hither!
I was walking sad and lonely,
O'er the hills and far away,
Meditating of one only,
Who is fairer than the May;
And anon my weary heart
In the carol took a part;
It was longing to be with her,
O'er the hills and far away,
Calling, calling, ever calling,
Come hither—oh, come hither!—
Come hither!

Come hither—oh, come hither!
And the singer's mate hied to him,
That she love for love might pay;
'Mid a thousand birds she knew him,
As she knew his silver lay.
Though the maiden I adore
Was as far off as before,
I was longing to be with her,
That she love for love might pay;
Calling, calling, vainly calling,
Come hither—oh, come hither!—
Come hither!

GEORGETOWN, D. C.





AMELIA B. WELBY.

"The magic of the lyre's unteachable
As music of the spheres:
It is the inborn fire of soul's elect."—*Stella*.



F this writer, Edgar A. Poe says: (though due allowance is to be made for his overmastering prejudices.)

"Mrs. Amelia Welby has nearly all the imagination of *Maria del Occidente* with a more refined taste; and nearly all the passion of Mrs. Norton, with a nicer ear, and (what is surprising) equal art. Very few American poets are at all comparable with her in the true poetic qualities. As for our *poetesses*, (an absurd but necessary word) few approach her." In this, Poe asserts overmuch. The melodious flow of musical words like the summer-song of a wood-brook is always noticeable in the poems of Amelia B. Welby. Her song is clear and bird-like; her Fancy, pure and free, floats on unsullied wings beneath a blue sky never darkened by a cloud. Mrs. Norton's nature is nearer akin to the ocean, while in fancy she soars rather than floats.

It is, of course, preferable to the teller of a story that the heroine thereof be superior to the heroines of all other stories, yet facts cannot be honestly denied. To claim for Mrs. Welby "equal art" with Mrs. Norton, is an injustice to the latter. Save that they are both worshipers at the shrine of the Muses, little else can be

found in common between them. The English poet, whose sad strong words return and haunt us,

“Like echoes that have lost themselves among the distant hills,”
mounts higher and nearer to that shrine, as her thoughts and will partake more of the rock-bound heights on which it stands.

Amelia B. Welby was born on the 3d of February, 1819, at the village of Saint Michael's, on the Miles river, Talbot county, Maryland. Her father's name was Coppuck. He was an ingenious journeyman mechanic, who hammered and toiled through the live-long day, while the unconscious baby-poet slept peacefully in its humble cradle. While Amelia was still an infant, she was taken to the neighborhood of Baltimore city, where she remained until 1834; from thence, Destiny led the way to Louisville, Kentucky, where she first became known as a poetess. Of this sweet child of the Muses, Ben Casseday says: “Her education was not thorough, her mind was not disciplined by study, nor was her reading at all extensive; yet in spite of all these disadvantages, her poetry is perfect in rythm and harmony, and is never blemished by any fault either of Rhetoric or of Grammar. In the most impressible part of her earlier life she was surrounded by a great deal that was grand and beautiful in Nature, and most of her poetic images refer to those surroundings. Her first publication was in 1837, she being then hardly eighteen years old.”

George D. Prentice, the editor of the Louisville Journal, a great-hearted gentleman, gave, like the poet Bryant, welcome to “blithe new comers.” He desired that the young genius of his country should be developed, and to this end gave all aid within his power. The success of “Amelia's” writings was marked, yet it is to be feared that the charm that won for them the

popular favor of that day would scarcely be recognized as generally in 1875. Of this charm Mr. Casseday says:

“The sweetness and naturalness of her melodies caught every ear and warmed every heart. They reached all the better feelings of her readers, because they so evidently flowed fresh from her own. Her poetry was the result of a pure *afflatus*, and had never been measured by the frigid rules of art. She sang because it was given her to sing; her melodies were like the voices of the birds—they were the simple outgushing of her own pure nature. She did not reach the higher forms of art, nor did she attempt them. Her song was a simple measure, learned of the trill of the brooklet, of the rustle of the leaves, or of the deep and solemn murmur of the ocean.”

In June, 1838, Miss Coppuck became the wife of Geo. Welby, Esq., a prominent merchant of Louisville.

The first edition of her poems appeared in Boston in 1845. In 1846 the Appletons published a second edition, and many new editions have appeared since that time. Of her personal appearance Mr. Casseday writes:

“Mrs. Welby was rather above than below the middle height. Slender and exceedingly graceful in form, with exquisite taste in dress, and a certain easy, floating sort of movement, she would at once be recognized as a beautiful woman.

“A slight imperfection in the upper lip, while it prevented her face from being perfect, yet gave a peculiar *piquancy* to its expression which was far from destroying any of its charms. Her hair was exquisitely beautiful, and was always arranged, regardless of the prevailing fashion, with singular elegance and adaptation to her face and figure. Her manners were simple, natural and impulsive, like those of a child. Her conversation, though sometimes frivolous, was always

charming. Her social life was full of innocent gaiety and playfulness."

The moon within our casement beams,
Our blue-eyed babe hath dropped to sleep,
And I have left it to its dreams
Amid the shadows deep,
To muse beside the silver tide,
Whose waves are rippling at thy side.

It is a still and lovely spot
Where they have laid thee down to rest;
The white rose and forget-me-not
Bloom sweetly on thy breast,
And birds and streams with liquid lull
Have made the stillness beautiful.

And softly through the forest bars
Light lovely shapes on glossy plumes,
Float ever in, like winged stars,
Amid the purpling glooms;
Their sweet songs borne from tree to tree,
Thrill the light leaves with melody.

Alas! the very path I trace,
In happier hours thy footstep made;
This spot was once thy resting place;
Within the silent shade
Thy white hand trained the fragrant bough
That drops its blossoms o'er thee now.

Of this poem, only partly given here, Poe has taken especial notice in his "Literati." Quite an elaborate criticism on this single poem terminates thus: "Upon the whole, there are some poets in America (Bryant and Sprague for example) who equal Mrs. Welby in the negative merits of that limited versification which they chiefly affect—the iambic pentameter—but none equal her in the richer and positive merits of rhythmical variety, conception—invention. They, in the old rou-

tine, rarely err. She often surprises, and always delights, by novel, rich and accurate combination of the ancient musical expressions."

Her imagination did not wander alone uncurbed in the realms of Poetry. She descended sometimes to the more practical prose, yet the following has little of the practical save in the sound of the name. This, too, is contributed by Ben Casseday in "The Ladies' Repository:"

"She had been visited at her residence by a party of gay masqueraders, among whom was a very intimate friend costumed as a Turk, and bearing the euphonious soubriquet of Hamet Ali Ben Khorassen. On the day after this visit Mrs. Welby received from this pseudo Pashaw a note of farewell, written in the redundant style of the Orientals, to which the following is her answer:

"Although a stranger to the graceful style of Oriental greeting, Amelia, the daughter of the Christian, would send to Hamet Ali Ben Khorassen, ere he departs from the midst of her people, a few words in token of farewell, and also in acknowledgment of the flowery epistle sent by the gallant Ben Khorassen to the 'Bulbul of the Giaour Land,' as he is pleased, in the poetical language of his country, to designate the humblest of his admirers! Like the sudden splendor of a dazzling meteor, gleaming before the delighted eye of the startled gazer, was the brief sojourn of the noble Ben Khorassen in the presence of the happy 'Bulbul.' He came before her uniting in his aspect the majesty of a god of old with the mien of a mortal—graceful in his step, winning in his words, yet 'terrible as an army with banners.' The song of the 'Bulbul' was hushed; the words of greeting died upon her lip. But now that the mightiest of the mighty has withdrawn from her dazzled gaze the glory

of his overpowering presence, the trembling 'Bulbul' lifts her head once more like a drooping flower oppressed by the too powerful rays of the noontide sun; and in the midst of the gloom that overshadows her, recalls to mind every word and look of the gallant Ben Khorassen, till her thoughts of him arise like stars upon the horizon of her memory, lighting up the gloom of his absence, and glittering upon the waters of the fountain of her heart, whose every murmur is attuned to the music of his memory.

"But the bark of Hamet Ali Ben Khorassen floats upon the waters with her white wings spread for the clime of the crescent. Her brilliant pennon streams from the strand, and the words of the 'Bulbul' must falter into a farewell. May the favoring gales of paradise, fragrant as the breath of houris, fill the silken sails of Ben Khorassen, and waft him onward to his native groves of citron and of myrtle, waking thoughts in his bosom fresh and fragrant as the flowers that cluster in his clime! Thus prays Amelia, the daughter of the Christian, and the 'Bulbul of the Giaour Land!' Farewell!"

Her recognition of the talents of others of her day and time, proves a generous nature. To *Stella*, the young author of "The Records of the Heart," she wrote as follows:

"I love you though I have never seen you. You have genius and will make a great name. That is the hope of the ambitious poet, but I would rather have the love of one high great soul than all the literary fame the world can bestow."

In this acknowledgment of a good and lovely woman to a younger writer, whose work was but just begun, how much may not be due in the aid that kindly words give to the young pilgrim? The genius of "*Stella*,"

in the year 1875, irradiates the page of the life-drama of Sappho, the poet of Mytilene.

In the month of May, 1852, amid its tender blossoms and softest songs, she, whose brief story is here given, sped away into a land of eternal beauty, whose peace "passeth all understanding."





THE WATCH.

BY FRANCES MARIE COLE.

LONG on the slipping shingles at high tide
I watched the coming of your tardy sail—
Scanning the world of breakers wild and wide,
Until the sunset fires burned low and pale.

At last the hoarded sands lost glint and gold,
And stretched in ghastly pallor far around,
And distant on the waters gleaming cold,
I heard the drogers singing, shoreward bound.

“And sailing, a gailing,” the song was one
That told of gracious sea and tender wind,
How her love’s sail was speeding in the sun
With calm before and not a cloud behind.

Adown the coast the steady beacon-light
Burned like a ruby in the light-house spire;
Below, the thunderous sweeps, vexed, shuddering white,
Were lit with broken threads of mocking fire.

With wildest thoughts I filled the weary watch;
I wondered if kind heaven’s brightest stars
Had fallen earthward, if the waves would snatch
A tithe that vanished on the harbor bars.

"He does not come" lamented thus the sea,
And wailed of perils in a mad affright;
And when a vessel passed it seemed to be
A phantom floating in the moonless night.

No storms between, and still I thought of wreck,
And pallid sleepers on the restless sand,
Until afar I marked a flying speck,
And knew your boat was bearing to the land.

Safe to the shore at last! O, drogers sing
Again of gracious sea and tender wind,
Of distant ships that love and prayer can bring
With calm before and not a cloud behind!





FREDERICK PINKNEY.



FREDERICK PINKNEY was the fourth son of William Pinkney, the famous scholar and statesman. He was born the 14th of October, 1804, on board the Brig Mary, on which his parents were returning from England to their native land. He gave proofs of a strong intellect at an early age.

His education was obtained principally at the Baltimore College, under the direction at that time of Henry Knox, and at Saint Mary's College in Baltimore city, where he graduated in the year 1822. He pursued the study of Law under Judge Purviance, and was admitted to the Bar in the autumn of 1825. Though experiencing a severe loss in the death of his father, in 1822, he kept unerringly on his well-chosen way.

The Hon. J. H. B. Latrobe, says of this "old-fashioned gentleman": "Without taking an active part in the current business of his profession, he has not left behind him his equal, certainly not his superior in the learning of Criminal Law. His accuracy in this connection was proverbial, nor was it his only accomplishment. Quiet and unassuming, one would hardly have imagined that the grave, white-bearded man, who, with his eyes fixed on the ground, with a portfolio under his arm, was as familiar to us all as he

passed with uncertain gait to and from his office, was a genial-tempered gentleman of a quaint and ready wit, fond of Art, not inapt himself in this particular, and possessing a rare fund of information on all subjects under the sun."

When the announcement of his death was made in the Criminal Court, A. Leo Knott, Esq., said :

"Duty was to him an exacting creditor to whom he made it a point of honor to owe nothing. Every man, says Bacon, is a debtor to his profession. It can be said, I think, of Frederick Pinkney, that when he died he had discharged all his obligations to it fully. But it was not only in the ranks of his profession as a lawyer that Mr. Pinkney labored and distinguished himself. He was an accomplished classical scholar. A graduate of Saint Mary's College in this city, he there imbibed that taste for Greek and Roman literature that remained with him through life, that was the entertainment of his youth and manhood, and the solace of his age. . . . Of his heart, how shall I speak? Those who enjoyed his intimacy knew its worth, and will forever cherish agreeable and grateful recollections of his generosity, his unselfishness, his devotion to his family, his zeal for his friends, his incorruptible honesty, his chivalric sense of honor."

He was associated with his brother, Edward Coote Pinkney, in the publication of a paper known as the "Marylander," which paper soon ended its career. He was the editor of a newspaper called the "Chronicle," and the assistant editor of the "Baltimore Patriot." His many contributions to the journals and magazines of the day, were principally of a poetic nature.

In strong contrast to the wild, restless spirit of his Poet-brother, the calm beauty of his muse reveals the high hope of his soul :

“As distant isles on kings bestow
Some petty tribute, which is sent
Not for its value, but to show
How wide their empire has extent,

“I send this little gift to thee,
An offering to a sovereign fair,
In token that I am not free
From chains that all delight to wear.”

Could other than a poet have expressed so purely, yet so gracefully and earnestly the gentler feelings of his heart?

Each and all of his poems express the depth of a pure and unsullied love, flowing unceasingly on to the goal of good and holy aims.

Through all the nameless trials of life he retained in peace that wisdom of the heart that relies upon God, who “stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumults of the people.”

On the 12th of December, 1862, he wrote:

“Upon Moriah’s Temple high
Glittered the golden vine,
With it earth’s treasures could not vie
Should kings their powers combine.

“A single berry or a leaf
Each worshipper bestowed,
Till spreading wide in thick relief
The pendant treasure glowed.

“And thou, when earnest Duty draws
And asks an offering slight,
Wilt thou in pride refuse because
Thy gift must be a mite?”

Mr. Pinkney was for many years one of the commissioners of the high courts of chancery, and after the abolition of that court he was made one of the com-

missioners of the Circuit Court of Baltimore, which office he held at the time of his death. He was appointed as an assistant to the Attorney General and deputy Attorney General for Baltimore county under the administration of Attorney General Richardson, and his successors, Mr. Gwinn, Mr. Whitney and Mr. Knott. The last-mentioned office he held for thirty years.

In 1861 his sympathy with the movement of the Confederates caused him to resign his position of deputy to the State's Attorney. His great worth and unblemished integrity, however, induced his reappointment to the same office by Mr. Gwinn, in 1867.

Like his distinguished father, he continued to the last days of his life the cultivation of his intellectual faculties, regarding what is termed the "finishing" of an education but as its beginning.

He read and translated from the Greek authors almost daily, speaking that language, as well as the Latin, with great fluency. He was as familiar with the tongue of France as with English, and was perfectly conversant with the best French authors.

His fondness for those old English authors, who were the leading writers in the days of his youth, never waned. The beauties of Thackeray and Dickens he failed to appreciate, which possibly may be counted amongst the peculiarities of his character for which he was noted.

He was accomplished as an artist with the pencil and India-ink. He was also skillful as an engraver upon wood.

He often regretted the lack of time that prevented him from devoting himself to the study of Chemistry and the natural sciences.

He contemplated writing a history of Rome, also a

Digest of the Criminal Law of Maryland. These projects were never carried into effect, and any manuscripts prepared by him must have been destroyed previous to his death.

Among the many who pressed forward to utter aloud their deep feelings of love and honor for the dead, were Reverdy Johnson and S. Teackle Wallis; and having enumerated his great talents and various accomplishments, they, with the many, concluded the record with a reference to what is most in worth in the history of a life: *His love of God, his alms to the poor*, his care of the helpless, and beyond all things, that general charity of word and deed, which "covereth a multitude of sins."

A son of Mr. Pinkney having fought in the Army of the South, the following poem will possess for the reader a greater interest than it would otherwise have claimed. As the poet partly expresses in song what he could not tell in the ordinary language of Man, that which can never be fully told, may partly be understood:

THE SOUTHERN MATRON TO HER SON.

I weep, as I leave you, with bitter emotion,
Yet view me in kindness, refraining from blame,
My tears are the tribute of anxious devotion,
I would not withhold thee from duty and fame;
When thy Country, in peril, has called thee to aid her,
Though my heart may, at parting, with sadness o'erflow,
Yet undaunted go forth to meet the invader,
I will not detain thee, oh, no, my Love, no!

To the march and the battle, all heedless of danger,
Be enduring and firm, and the foremost in fight,
For the fair, sunny South, meet the hireling and stranger,
And strike for thy Country, thy Home and thy Right.
Away to the combat, lest Liberty perish,
And proudly lead on in the charge on the foe,
The fame of their Soldier the rescued shall cherish,
They could not forget thee, oh, no, my Love, no!

The cheek may be pale, and the eye dimmed with sorrow,
When the converse and view of the loved are denied,
From our Cause and thy conduct I comfort shall borrow,
I may grieve, but my grief will be tempered with pride;
For the brow of the hero the laurel is braiding,
And blessings and praises the Land shall bestow,
Thou soon shalt return decked with glory unfading,
I will not detain thee, oh, no, my Love, no!

February 12th, 1862.

Frederick Pinkney died June 13th, 1873, and was buried from the Church of Saint Barnabas, in Baltimore city.





To S.

DOST thou love me? I heed not, though Fortune may lower,
Though my friends may abandon, and foes may have power,
From the thralldom of sorrow and care I am free,
And I turn unrepining and smiling to thee.

When forewarned that the enemy fain would surprise,
To the strong mountain-fastness the fugitive hies,
And he laughs as they clamor, pursuing in wrath,
With the blood-hound loud baying too late on his path.

There abundance is garnered, its walls are secure,
And the deep well has springs both unfailing and pure,
There the weary may rest, and the timid may hide,
And the siege and assault may alike be defied.

I have one who will follow in sunshine or shade,
On whose faith I may venture and not be betrayed,
Uncomplaining in evil, my fate thou wilt share,
And warn me, and counsel, and save from despair.

FREDERICK PINKNEY.

December 30th, 1850.





GEORGE H. MILES.



AMONGST her many poets, Maryland claims George Miles as one of her sweetest, if not her strongest singers. He was born in Baltimore city, on the 31st day of July, 1824.

He was sent, at the age of nine years, to the College of Mount Saint Mary, at Emmittsburg, among the beautiful hills of the Blue Ridge. He graduated at eighteen. He entered the office of the Hon. J. H. B. Latrobe as a law student; yet the jealous Muse, with her tender wooing, drew him from the sterner pursuits of Life into the flower-strewn paths of Poetry. At the age of twenty he competed for the prize of \$1,000, offered by Edwin Forrest, for a tragedy. His "play" of *Mohammed* was accepted by Mr. Forrest, and George Miles received the reward. This early success enticed him from the practice of the Law. He wrote for J. E. Murdock, the actor, a play entitled "*Hernando de Soto*," which, as a stage piece, was deemed successful; this was written about 1850. In 1861 he wrote for Laura Keene, what was first known as "Uncle Sam's Magic Lantern," but was afterwards modified under the title of "The Seven Sisters." This ran for two years during the War, at Laura Keene's Theatre, in New York. He dramatized the story of "Elsie Venner," by Oliver Wendell Holmes;

this however failed as a drama. A play written for Mr. John T. Ford, entitled "*Senor Valiente*," was brought out simultaneously in New York and Baltimore; this failing in attracting the public, another followed, called "Mary's Birthday." The criticism upon the latter was favorable, yet a "poor house" greeted its appearance on the stage.

George Miles, the poet, was not a dramatist, though he failed to perceive that his talents were misdirected. He wrote, meanwhile, many stories, which were generally Catholic in tone and principle; among them were "*Loretto*," "The Governess" and "The Truce of God."

From the pages of the last named volume the following extracts are taken:

"It is easy to reform where the passions are pampered, and the vicious heart of humanity pants wildly for the reformation; but in the eleventh century the Church had gained a partial victory over the dearest appetites of the fiery Frank and the warlike Saxon. It was enacted, under pain of excommunication, that private warfare should cease from the sunset of Wednesday to the morning of Monday, and few were hardy enough to expose themselves to the penalty."

The respite from hostilities which followed was called the "Truce of God." How well has the poet told the romance of a suffering day. Oh, blessed truce of God! that could in an age so far ago hold in check the ruthlessness, the arrogance, the "inhumanity to man" from man!

On page 71 of this pure beautiful little book, the author's seal is once more set:

"It is not in the pride of health and youth, surrounded by pleasure and strangers to care, that a heart wedded to the world, is apt to prostrate itself in humility before the Author of Life; but in danger and affliction,

we learn to mistrust our self-sufficiency, and feel our complete dependence upon an invisible and Almighty power. We are much more disposed to appeal to Heaven for protection than to return thanks for repeated favors."

A few pages further on occurs this word-picture:

"Upon the slope of the hill, half-way between the castle and the lake, was a chapel built of white stone, which had stood there, according to tradition, from the ninth century. It was said to have been erected by Charlemagne on his second expedition against the Saxons. The Baron of Hers had ornamented and repaired it with much taste and at great expense, until it was celebrated throughout the circle of Suabia for its richness and elegance. It had been dedicated to Mary, the Morning Star, as appeared from a statue of the Blessed Virgin surmounted with a star, and was called the Pilgrim's Chapel. It was in charge of Herman, a priest who had studied at *Monte Cassino*, under the Benedictines, with Father Omehr, whom he loved like a brother. They had spent the long purgation and had been ordained together, and for forty years they had labored in the same vineyard side by side, and yet seldom meeting. When they did meet, however, it was with the joy and chastened affection which only the pure minded and truly religious can know."

Should the reader of this page be a Catholic the following will not seem lacking in interest. It tells of the excommunication of Henry IV, of Austria, by Pope Gregory VII.

"Thus went forth this awful thunderbolt for the first time against a crowned head. A dissolute and ambitious monarch had called upon the successor of Saint Peter to yield up the keys, and lay the tiara at the feet of the Lion of Austria, because that successor had de-

clared an invincible determination to preserve the purity of the Church and its liberties at the sacrifice of life itself. The tyrant struck in anger, and the Pontiff, incapable of yielding, gave the blow at last; for the *temple* of religion was insulted and invaded. It is easy, when calmly seated at a winter's fireside, to charge Gregory VII with an undue assumption of temporal power. But he who will study the critical position of Europe during the eleventh century must bow down in reverence before the mighty mind of him who seized the moment to proclaim amid the storm the independence of the Christian Church. Was not his resistance to Henry expedient? Yes! And one too who knows that the Church was the lever by which the world was raised from barbarism to civilization, and will confess, with *Guizot*, that without a visible head Christianity would have perished in the shock that convulsed Europe to its centre."

And again he tells us of one of those missionaries, in the form of woman, who do battle and gain victories in life that are seldom recorded *here*:

"The news of these victories imparted some consolation to the Lady Margaret's breast, now torn with anxiety and solicitude. Her grief was not lightened, because her own misfortunes were avenged in Henry's adversity, but because the chances of peace were increased by Rodolph's success. She was now incapable of relishing revenge. The feudal antipathies so long nourished, and so early instilled as to be almost a part of her existence, were entirely eradicated. From the evening of her interview with Father Omehr, before the now ruined Church of the Nativity, she had dedicated her life to the extinguishment of the feud between the houses of Hers and Stramen. For this she had prayed; for this she had toiled. But her labors were interrupted

by the harsh music of War, by gong and tymbalon. What could she do now? Nothing. Nothing? When she knelt before the altar at Tübingen, before the sun had risen, and the Countess of Montfort felt as if she had given shelter to an angel, was she doing nothing? When she lingered in the oratory of our Blessed Mother long after the sun had set, and the menials passed by on tiptoe lest they should mar the celestial expression of her face, was she doing nothing?"

The strongest and most effective scene of the book is that in which the white-plumed knight, Rodolph, the king of the Franks, falls dead in the day of victory. It is a historical romance, and because of its simplicity and purity of thought and expression, is selected as a premium, year after year in Catholic schools, and bestowed as a reward for moral or mental triumph at the commencement day. It is, therefore, regarded as a book for boys and girls, and yet the profoundest wisdom is not always hidden beneath high-sounding words, as some seem to think. Banquets are sometimes given where the eye is feasted while the palate is unsatisfied, and the guests depart more hungry than when they came. In the writings of George Miles, the goodness of Truth is always evident. That purity, that is the language of a pure nature, reveals itself in every line of his writings, and in all his teachings there is wholesome food for heart and mind.

His friends in early life were John E. Howard, William Reed, Charles Bradenbaugh, long the President of the Mercantile Library, in Baltimore. Edwin Forrest continued his friendship and patronage to Mr. Miles through all his life. Joseph Jefferson, the comedian, to whom we owe so many happy moments, was also a friend of the Baltimore poet, and endeavored to encourage him in undertaking another play; finally, about

1870, he gave to the public a paper on "Hamlet," which was first published in the *Southern Review*, and afterwards in pamphlet-form by Mr. John T. Ford. This analysis of Hamlet won for its author an extended notice, especially amongst the English critics.

George Miles was a precocious child, speaking plainly at the age of two years, and reading at three. As a boy of thirteen and fifteen he wrote verses, and when graduating at eighteen, was chosen to deliver the Valedictory Address. He was not studiously inclined, which caused much solicitude to his parents; and Poetry, which is so ruefully regarded by many whose talents or genius take another way, was deemed by his friends the *ignis fatuus* that led to ruin.

He was a true child of the South in his temperament and tastes, and his love of the "Lost Cause" is evinced in the many war-songs that came from his pen. Among the best known of his battle-songs is "God Save the South," which is inspiring in its tone, and musical in its wild ring, as he sang of "dear honor's sake:"

Hear Honor's call,
Summoning all,
Summoning all of us
Unto the strife.
Sons of the South, awake!
Strike till the brand shall break,
Strike for dear Honor's sake,
Freedom and life!

The bright little poem entitled "Coming at Last," refers to the first Confederate Cavalry raid into Maryland, in the neighborhood of Emmittsburg. About 1866 or '67, he wrote and published a book of Christmas Poems. He composed music for songs, hymns and litanies. He played quite well upon the piano and flute. As a tenor singer he ranked above the average. He was

a brilliant conversationalist, attracting by his blended charms all who came within the circle of his influence. In person he was robust, of medium height and athletic, noted as a walker and a gymnast.

The depth of his heart was measured by the height of his intellect. No pensioner for money or service ever turned from him unaided. His hand was open always to his friends, and from the Poor he never turned without a blessing.

In February, 1859, George Miles married Miss Adaline Tiers, of New York, who still lives. No children blessed this union. The poet of Thornbrook died on the 23d of July, 1872, within one week of completing his forty-eighth year. He is buried in the churchyard of Saint Mary's College, where his memory is beloved.

At the time of his death he was engaged in the writing of a novel which would doubtless have gained for him a high place amongst the authors of his native country. The novel, however, lies yet unfinished as the author left it. Being a Roman Catholic, his writings are best known amongst the people of that faith. He, however, was known and loved by those of all teachings—it could not have been otherwise—his intellect was broad, his deeds were good, his truth was perfect.





COMING AT LAST

UP on the hill there,
Who are they, pray?
Three dusty troopers
Spurring this way?
And that squadron behind them?
Stand not aghast—
Why! these are the Rebels, sir,
Coming at last!

Coming so carelessly,
Sauntering on,
Into the midst of us,
Unto our town:
Thrice thirty miles to-day
These men have passed,
Steuart at the head of them
Coming at last!

Oh, sir! no gold lace
Burns in the sun,
But each blooded war-horse
And rider seem one,
These men could ride at need,
Out-ride the blast—
O! yes, sir, the Rebels
Are coming at last!

Circling Mac's army,
Three days at work!
Under that smile of theirs
Famine may lurk.
Out with the best you have,
Fill the bowl fast,
For Jeff's ragged Rebels
Are coming at last!

GEORGE H. MILES, Frederick County, Md.





GENERAL ARNOLD ELZEY.

“Circumstances draw forth men.”—THIERS.



R. ARNOLD ELZEY JONES fixed his home, which he named Elmwood, on the Manokin river, in Somerset county, Maryland. His wife had in her maidenhood borne the name of Annie Wilson Jackson. She was the mother of Arnold Elzey Jones, who afterwards became a valiant soldier in the Confederate Army.

The name of Elzey is found amongst the early records of Maryland's history. In McMahon's history John Elzey is told of as having received a commission from Governor Philip Calvert, in 1661, to form a settlement on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, upon the Manokin river. A treaty of amity was afterwards entered into by the settlers with the Indian Emperor of Nanticoke.

Arnold Elzey was born on the 18th of December, 1816, at Elmwood. At the age of sixteen he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point; and as the future sketched itself before his boyish footsteps, it is not likely that he dreamed one dream of the terrible combination of rights and wrongs that would some day place his name before the world, and make it honored by all true-hearted Marylanders.

God is the great Judge. Justice weighs impartially Truth and Right. To those who triumph in the right the victory is sufficient. To the conquered is the suffering! Forgiveness belongs to all.

At the age of twenty Arnold Elzey Jones graduated, according to the family record; yet, by the United States Military Register, one year more is added to his life at the closing of his "school term."

In the year 1845 the young soldier, then a first lieutenant in the Second Artillery, married Miss Ellen Irwin, the daughter of Henry Irwin, of Huntington county, Pennsylvania.

Several years later, at the age of twenty-eight, by permission of the Legislature of Maryland, he adopted, as a sir-name, Elzey, and abandoned that of Jones. In this he complied with an often expressed desire of his father that he should adopt the family name of Elzey, which had become extinct on the marriage of his paternal grandmother.

Setting aside the question of literary talent or capability, an undeniable fact presents itself: only a soldier may portray the life of a soldier beyond the fireside.

In a pleasant volume, entitled "The Maryland Line," Major W. W. Goldsborough, of Baltimore, takes us into the stirring camp-life of the Confederate soldier. From afar we behold the advance and the retreat, now the Grey is the victor and now the Blue. Long lines of bayonets glitter in the sunlight of a perfect summer's day, and then "the men at arms" wheel with the precision of evenly measured music. Across the verdant field a courier dashes on a strong-limbed steed, bearing, better worth the guarding than the heart of his life, a message for his general!

The battles wherein glory is sought and won are pictured, with their even columns of staunch soldiers, the

deadly weapons, and the flying colors; then defeat, and death, and the grave.

Major Goldsborough tells us, in his book, of Elzey; the words are strong and good, born of that pride that all brave soldiers feel in the brave acts of another, whose

“Deeds are better things than words are.”

The following is taken from the “Biographical Register” of the United States Military Academy of West Point:

ARNOLD ELZEY,

Cadet at the United States Military Academy from July 1, 1833, to July 1, 1837, when he was graduated and promoted in the Army to

(SECOND LIEUTENANT, 2d Artillery, July 1, 1837.)

Served in the Florida War, 1837-38; in the Cherokee Nation, 1838, while emigrating the Indians to the West; on the Northern Frontier during the Canada Border disturbances, at Detroit, Mich., 1838-39; Mackinac, Mich., 1839.

(FIRST LIEUTENANT, 2d Artillery, Nov. 12, 1839.)

Buffalo, N. Y., 1839-40; Recruiting, 1840; Buffalo, N. Y., 1840; Rochester, N. Y., 1840-41, and Buffalo, N. Y., 1841; in garrison at Fort Adams, R. I., 1841-43; Fort Lafayette, N. Y., 1843, 1844-45, and Fort Columbus, N. Y., 1845; in Military Occupation of Texas, 1845-46; in the War with Mexico, 1846-48, being engaged in the defence of Fort Brown, May 3-9, 1846; siege of Vera Cruz, March 9-29, 1847; battle of Cerro Gordo, April 17-18, 1847; skirmish of Amazoque, May 14, 1847; capture of San Antonio, August 20, 1847; Battle of Churubisco, August 20, 1847; battle of Molino del Rey, Sept. 8, 1847.

(BREVET CAPTAIN, August 20, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubisco, Mexico.)

Storming of Chapultepec, Sept. 13, 1847; assault and the capture of the City of Mexico, Sept. 13-14, 1847, and as Adjutant 2d Artillery, Dec., 1847, to Jan., 1848; on Recruiting service,

1848; in garrison at Fort Monroe, Va., 1848-49, and Fort Johnston, N. C., 1849; in Florida hostilities against the Seminole

(CAPTAIN, 2d Artillery, Feb. 14, 1849.)

Indians, 1849-50; in garrison at Fort Moultrie, S. C., 1851-53; in Florida hostilities, 1853-55; 1855-56, being engaged against

(Resigned Brevet Commission, April 2, 1857.)

the Seminole Indians in the skirmish near Choalisca Key, March 29, 1856; in garrison at Fort Ontario, N. Y., 1856-57; on frontier duty at Fort Mackinac, Mich., 1857, and Fort Leavenworth, Kan., 1857-60; on leave of absence, 1860, and in garrison at Augusta Arsenal, Ga., 1860-61; Fort Monroe, Va., 1861.

(Resigned, April 25, 1861.)

Joined in the Rebellion of 1861 against the United States.

In the West Point Register the name of Elzey is entered as Arnold Jones, his family name.

At the breaking out of the war, he resigned his position in the United States Army. Upon the establishment of the Confederate Army, he received the commission of Captain in the Artillery, which was the rank he held in the service of the United States.

The First Maryland Regiment was organized in June, 1861. On the 16th day of that month, commissions were issued to Elzey as Colonel, to George H. Steuart, late Captain of Cavalry, U. S. A., as Lieutenant-Colonel, and to Bradley T. Johnson as Major.

Colonel Elzey joined his Regiment at Winchester, about June 20th. He was immediately assigned to a Brigade, consisting of the First Maryland, under Lieutenant-Colonel Steuart; 13th Infantry, Colonel A. P. Hill, (afterwards Brevet-General Hill); 10th Virginia, Colonel Gibbons, and the 3d Tennessee, Colonel Vaughan.

They remained about Winchester for a month. On July 4th, they marched to Martinsburg, Virginia, to offer battle to Patterson.

On this march, Major Goldsborough says: "To the First Maryland was assigned the post of honor, the extreme right; and had there been occasion, most stubbornly would they have contested every inch of the ground they occupied."

On the 18th of July, the march was begun for the famous battle-ground of Manassas. Colonel Elzey was anxious for promotion, and is said to have felt slighted because Bee and Kirby Smith had each been made a Brigadier, while he had the command without the rank. So great is the thirst, even among the great, for the empty honor of a name! And so he fought for it, and won.

In an address to his men, Elzey said: "——! In the hour of battle you will remember that you are Marylanders. Every eye from across the waters of the Potomac which separates you from your homes, is upon you, and all those who are dear to us are watching with anxious, beating hearts, the fleshing of your maiden swords. And they shall not be disappointed, for he had better never been born who proves himself a craven when we grapple with the foeman."

Elzey's Brigade arrived at Manassas about mid-day on the 21st of July, 1861—that day so fraught with joy and sadness, gloom and glory, for the victor and the vanquished accordingly!

Owing to the indifferent marching of some of the raw troops, much delay was caused; General "Joe" E. Johnston therefore halted at Paris, in Virginia, from whence he forwarded the troops by rail to the field of action. General Elzey and his officers were mounted, having taken their horses with them. The field officers of the Brigade were, however, afoot.

As the troops alighted from the cars, Kirby Smith galloped up and ordered the command forward at a

double-quick. General Smith was in command of the division formed by his own and Elzey's Brigade, but his own Brigade not having come up, he had really only Elzey's under his command. The 13th Virginia and three Maryland regiments were sent off on a double-quick to the battle-field, the column headed by Smith and Elzey on horseback. With this unaccustomed speed and fatigue, many of the men were completely overcome. While the shells rushed with a whiz and whirr through the air, Bradley Johnson staggered up to Elzey and said: "Colonel, I've broke down, and if you don't furnish me with a horse, I can go no further." The consolatory reply was: "I can't help you." At that moment a sharp fire broke out from a wood near by on the right. As the fire rained upon them, General Smith fell over the neck of his horse. (When General Kirby Smith was wounded, the command devolved upon Elzey). "There," said Elzey turning to Bradley Johnson, "God is just! Smith's down; get his horse!" The horse, not appreciating the good and handsome things of this world, with a wild plunge eluded the outstretched hands and disappeared across the field. Yet out of the midst of the fiery woods a magnificent steed came dashing; it was riderless, and no doubt ownerless. Major Johnson caught the bridle and jumped into the saddle. Elzey smiled at this, and turning to his young comrade exclaimed, "Now for a yellow sash, or six feet of ground!"

Getting his troops into position, he charged the enemy dashingly! daringly! gloriously! The line of foemen broke and fled in confusion, and Manassas was won. As Elzey and his men pushed on to the Henry House, that courtly soldier, Beauregard, rode up and in his marked French manner exclaimed: "Hail, Elzey, thou Blucher of the day!"

It is said that at the same time President Davis told him he should have his stripe so nobly earned.

Arnold Elzey's commission, as Brigadier, dated from July 21st, 1861.

In the Valley Campaign of 1862 the Maryland regiments received another commander, and Elzey was given a Virginia Brigade.

Upon this change the officers and soldiers of the Maryland Line, drawn up before headquarters, took a formal yet affecting leave of their beloved commander. Elzey always regarded, with love and pride, the Maryland regiments under his command, nor did his interest flag when he ceased to be their leader. In the fight at Front Royal, on the 24th day of May, 1862, the First Maryland regiment, C. S. A., was pitted, by a singular fate of war, against the First Maryland, U. S. A. The Confederate regiment was victorious and the cavalry took the Federal regiment prisoners. Elzey rode gaily over to the victors and tendered his congratulations to *his* regiment as he called that gallant body.

At the battle of Cross Keys, on June 8th, 1862, he chose a position, put his troops in place, and asked the approbation of Ewell, his commanding officer; he showed him the order in which they were disposed. General Ewell, pleased with the disposition, adopted the same arrangement, and the battle of Cross Keys was fought according to the plan of Elzey.

When that Campaign was over, battle after battle was fought around Richmond, and Elzey was in the thick of the fight. He carried his brave command over a broad stretch of broken ground, unfalteringly, through the hottest fire. Nearly all of the staff officers were either killed or wounded, and General Elzey was shot through the head and mouth. After this he was promoted, though his wounds rendered him inactive for awhile. In 1863, he was put in command of the defences of Richmond. "In Early's Maryland Campaign,"

says a fellow-soldier, "he was sent along to command some mythical Maryland divisions which were never found."

The words of Colonel J. R. Herbert, of Baltimore, are but the repetition of sentiments expressed by all who knew him: "General Arnold Elzey was a gallant soldier and *loved by all who served under him.*"

It seems somehow as if the lines of the brave old Scotch poet applied to him, when he tells of a soldier who

"The sword could sway,
And lightly bear the ring away;
Nor less with courteous precepts stored,
Could dance in hall and carve at board."

Writing of General Elzey, General Beauregard, in a letter to the author of these sketches, says: "He was brave, zealous and intelligent; three qualities which are indispensable to a commanding officer."

And this tribute to a soldier of the "Lost Cause," from his friend and comrade, General Bradley T. Johnson, is strong and wonderfully generous for the day in which we live:

"He was the soul of chivalry. He had served in Florida and Mexico, and used to tell us of the way gentlemen ought to go to war, not in our rough, uncouth way, no supplies, no stores, no anything. His headquarters was the centre of Maryland hopes and aspirations. All of us Volunteers of Maryland had gone into service for the purpose of enfranchising our native State, and giving her the chance to join the South, when we believed her will, her interest and her honor required her to go.

"During the long marches—in the *bivouac*, in the lull of battle—the sole topic was, 'What will they think of us at home?' 'Will they know how well we are

doing?" (for Maryland vanity always gave itself full credit for what it was performing). We would describe imaginary scenes—our march down Charles street—our being welcomed at the Monument by the civic authorities; the ribbons that we would wear, the smiles that would be lavished on us. The very mementoes that would bear our names to the Future, all the charms of enthusiastic gallant Youth, stirred by the highest sentiments of patriotism and honor, were the themes discussed, the dreams we dreamed night and day. I have heard Elzey discant on our future glories—for we all believed our time would come, and we claimed to inherit the natures of The Old Line whose descendants and heirs we are. We certainly tried to emulate them. Elzey was the centre and the soul of all our day-dreams; the embodiment of that sentiment burning in each Maryland man, which would have sent them gaily to death to serve and save our beloved Maryland! Elzey's heart was gentle and kind, his manner sharp and military—his roughness of speech was a mere *facon de parler*—as in the case of Kirby Smith, whom he loved and sympathized with.

"He was a superb soldier! Rather impatient at the slovenly soldiering of volunteers, but thoroughly appreciating their pluck and dash. His military eye for position was the best in Jackson's corps. His choice of the field at Cross-Keys was confirmed at once by Ewell, and complimented in his report and that of General Jackson."

To quote from Major Goldsborough's "Maryland Line," can scarcely be inappropriate in this place, and this is what he says of our brave Maryland boys:

"——— these brave men never complained of what was imposed upon them. Throughout that dreary fall, and the long cold winter, nearly naked and half fed,

they silently did their duty, whilst thousands were proving recreant to the Cause. Elegant and refined gentlemen, who at home never knew what it was to want for a single comfort, were in rags and tatters, sleeping in mud and filth, and when the bleak winds of December pierced many a rent in their wretched garments, they only drew their sorry blankets the closer around their gaunt and shivering limbs, and cheerfully responded to the call for any duty. Was it a wonder, then, that after the battle of Cold Harbor General Breckenridge should have exclaimed, ‘What could not be done with a hundred thousand such men!’”

We are proud of the grand Old Line,
That back through a hundred years
Strove with the foe from Britain's Isle,
With its life, and blood, and tears!

We are proud of the brave Young Line,
That gave to a stainless name,
The noble deeds of a daring cause
To glow in the lists of Fame!

March on in the path of the Old!
March out to the unborn years!
We pledge your troth in a Nation's need
With a woman's faith and tears!

General Arnold Elzey died on the 22d of February, in the year 1871. His only son bears the name of Arnold J. Elzey.

General Elzey is buried at Greenmount Cemetery, near Baltimore city.



ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN GEORGE THOMAS,
AT LOUDOUN PARK, OCTOBER 22, 1874.



WE are here to-day, Friends and Comrades, to render just and fitting tribute to the memory of those of our immediate companionship who gave up their lives in the great struggle between the Sections. A glad and willing sacrifice in defense of principles that they as well as we had ever been taught were the distinctive political axioms of the South. We do not come in this hallowed presence to proclaim the truth of those principles, still less to assert or even to acknowledge that the dread uncertainty of War had rendered a verdict that proclaims them false. This we willingly remit to the political agitator of the day, to the arbitrament of Time and the calmer judgment of historic days to render final decision on. Setting all this aside in memory of dear companions gone to their account, in recollection of their kindly deeds and knightly courage, of joys and dangers together shared and tasted, we come to celebrate the placing of this Memorial-Stone that will tell to every passer by that they whose names are there inscribed possessed a record that their surviving comrades were not unwilling should be read in the full light of after times. The voice of passion is not yet stilled, the turbulence of the life and death struggle

not yet quieted, yet so far stilled, so far quieted that we may, without all fear of misrepresentation, join heartily in this work of love and duty.

And there are reasons why this memorial tribute is peculiarly appropriate at our hands. There is often an individuality observable about associations of men that makes them to take hold of the hearts of their members with tenacious grasp, and to form as it were a part of their existence forever after; and this was especially the case with the company organizations successively commanded by Capt. Wm. H. Murray. Composed of homogeneous elements, the individual members having such entirely similar associations, and it is to look back to and recall, there could not have been other than a feeling of perfect community pervading us as a whole; but above all, and beyond all this there existed the further bond of that untiring influence that it is the especial privilege of some men to exert, and which was to a peculiar extent exerted by our Commander, impressed as his commands were with his personal traits and characteristics, so that the designation "Murray's Company" became as familiar to the military ear as though he had been operating with an independent command. And so we come now, as the survivors of Murray's Companies, to render honor to his memory as well to that of those of his commands who gave, as he did, their young lives to the Cause; not then simply as Confederates, not as friends merely do we pause for a little while, in the bustle of Life, to come in a body to unite in the ceremonies of to-day.

We come rather as bound by ties that make the memories we celebrate a very part of our ourselves. Engrossed as we may be in the duties of Life, separated and engaged in occupations that keep us, for the most part, wide asunder, there is this at least in our Past

that makes us feel as one. There is that in our common history that will urge us, with no common impulse, to come here as to the Mecca of the heart, bringing with us, perchance, the hopes of the generation yet to play its part on the World's great stage, to recall for our comfort and for their instruction the deeds and characteristics of those whose names are here enrolled on History's most honored page. And why these? Near by are the remains of many who fell in the same struggle, and on the same side, and never while life lasts will you be able to look upon these mounds and these monuments as upon any others; yet, I challenge your own hearts to answer if there be not still a different feeling in thinking of the times that are no more, in connection with the memories of your Comrades of Companies "H" and "A."

Well might you essay the lesson of self-sacrifice and noble endurance—pure, prompting, unyielding determination—in recalling and recording the names and lives of the Lees, the Jacksons, and the Steuarts; the Pegrams, the Ashbys, and the Winders, who, now but dust and ashes, have left name and fame that the pen of their most malignant enemy would utterly fail to taint or tarnish; well might your hearts swell with honest pride in telling of the wondrous deeds of daring done on our well-loved Southern soil, when might and numbers, struggling with the right, so often reeled and in utter rout recoiled before the skill and gallantry of their painfully outnumbered foe; yet with what different, with what tenderer feelings you would recall the day of Gettysburg, and tell how the bristling summit almost gained, your own commander Murray died, how when the assembly was made at the foot of the hill, your shattered remnant looked around aghast to see the gaps that sudden death had made; how Morrison,

that sturdy soldier, came safely down the hill of death only to meet his summons at the base; of Ives, so gallant and so courteous; of Iglehart, so true and earnest and brave, and bright-faced Charley Lloyd, can you not see him now, with blanched cheek and bowed form, staggering from the ranks, and yet running back in a little while to his post in the line only to meet the too sure summons of a bullet in the brain; and Blackiston, with all his soldierly instincts keenly alive, anxious only that none should be before him in the charge. Such the names—such to us the memories of Gettysburg! The march after Meade, the winter in Hanover, Cold Harbor, White Oak Swamp, the trenches around Petersburg, how with such mention crowd to our thoughts the names of Hollyday, Gill, Braddock, Kip Deal, Denton, Prentiss, and the host of others who bore with us the trials of those days. Wagner, already devoted, when ordered on the fatal skirmish line; and Laird so gallant and true, always earnest, always with words of cheer, and always at his post, like the brave sharpshooter, Prentiss, breasting the storm of battle as with charmed life, to meet his summons when the struggle was well nigh hopeless.

And you, comrades of company "H," is there need that I should recall the special incidents of your career, the scenes with which you were most familiar during the first year of the trial, the names of those who with you enlisted in the days when all was hopeful for the cause, but who have now their names enrolled among the dead upon the field of Glory? Is there need that these things should be pictured in any poor words of mine, or that the two companies setting aside mere company designations and special recollections should be proclaimed as one, to make you keenly conscious of a sympathetic blending of associations that make of us

all, in everything that the term implies, peculiarly comrades. Separated though you were by the fortunes of War, your fates connecting you with different commands, is it possible for you to remember with any ordinary feeling, your old, your first command? Can you think of your assemblage at Richmond, remembering who your comrades were and their after fates, without acknowledging it all as a part of your inner lives from which you could not, even if you would, escape. A part most dear and most precious! How intimately must be associated with your most cherished recollections the figure of the gallant McKim, leading even Stonewall's own brigade in the charge, to him the charge, that led to death and imperishable glory! Colston and Lloyd West, do you not remember them well? Struggling both with the Angel of Death, one with breathless steps reaching the Heights of Bolivar only to meet a little speedier summons; one, stretched upon a bed of pain, begging for permission to go with his Command, on what was supposed, an expedition to meet superior numbers at the time of the Pohic march, destined, alas! to enter upon a longer, far more distant journey ere the days of that Autumn month were over. Mackall, Russell, Costigan, Steel, Hammett, Redman, Price, and all the glorious company of those who with them fell. O! how steadily by our sides then stalked the greedy Reaper—Death! How steadily marched our comrades to their fate! Forever let their names, and deeds, and principles, be blended in our thoughts.

And here let us ask what was the particular characteristic uniting these men, who, in whatever field, under whatever leader, carried with them the soldierly pride and resolve, sprung from their commander's nerve and iron will, that made them seem ever animated by like promptings. Know what was Murray's

special trait as a soldier, and the question readily is answered—stern, unyielding, unshrinking sense of duty, no thought, no impulse, no prompting, but the strictest sense of duty. His whole life as a soldier was but appropriately rounded by his death in the face of the thousands fronting the little band of whom he was one. For him, standing there erect, with all his bravery on, his men lying dead and wounded all around him, two-thirds of his command already yielded to the bloody needs of War, the line forced back, the summit not yet won, his instinct as a soldier telling him the day was lost, and with it the cause for which his sword had been drawn—for him, such as he was and so situated, there was but one course possible—no step in retreat, no yielding—only to stand, though all alone fronting the foe, till the fatal blow should come—and so he fell. With him, as with those who truly followed him, there was but one possible appreciation of duty to the cause—Death rather than Defeat. Nor was this sublimity of devotion in him the result of desire for military glory; it was not born of sudden impulse, nor was it the creature, in any degree, of passion for renown. Those who knew him best recognize it as the necessary result of his fixed determination, in such a cause, never to submit or yield. In his death he was but acting out the solemn convictions of duty that went to form a part of his matured resolves. You have all heard the story that is told of the Spartan mother, in the time so far in the past, who, when called upon by her own son for a blessing as he was about to march to meet the foe, gave him no wish for individual renown, no wish for safety, none for speedy return, but with her whole nature alive to a just appreciation of duty to the cause, when one's country calls, she bade him return either with his shield or upon it.

Since the day when first this story was told in Ancient Greece till now, the spirit that dictated the reply has been lauded ever as the noblest evidence of true appreciation of duty to a country's needs. Millions have heard and have taken the lesson to heart. The halo of historic myth is around and about it, and it seems to admiring generations as only an idealized representation of what might be in a true patriot's heart. And yet the same beautiful tribute was paid, the self-same unselfish appreciation of duty was exhibited in a quiet home on West river, in Maryland, when Captain Wm. H. Murray went to announce to his mother that the time had come for him, with others of his kind and kin, to put in act and deed his expression of disavowal of the acts that sought to set aside the cardinal political doctrines that he had ever been taught were the safeguard and salvation of his Country. He asked his mother's blessing, but with it asked for no expression of desire that military glory and renown might come to him, none that he might safely return to his well-beloved home, none that he might see her face once more—only the Spartan mother's blessing. This was all he asked. It was from no boyish impulse, from no ambitious longings, from no passion for the pomp and panoply of War that he was ready and willing to enter upon the uncertain struggle. He saw and knew the right, and with his life was earnestly determined to maintain it, "with my shield, Mother, or upon it," and so the blessing was asked, and so was given. And on his shield, all glorious and stainless, he was borne to the home of his fathers.

Living, he was an example bright to follow! Dead, he is a splended memory that we most gladly and proudly honor.



A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

PEACE! Peace! God of our fathers, grant us Peace!
Unto our cry of anguish and despair
Give ear and pity! From the lonely homes,
Where widowed beggary and orphaned woe
Fill their poor urns with tears; from trampled plains,
Where the bright harvest Thou hast sent us, rots,—
The blood of them who should have garnered it
Calling to Thee—from fields of carnage, where
The foul-beaked vultures, sated, flap their wings
O'er crowded corpses, that but yesterday
Bore hearts of brothers, beating high with love
And common hopes and pride, all blasted now;—
Father of Mercies! not alone from these
Our prayer and wail are lifted. Not alone
Upon the battle's seared and desolate track,
Nor with the sword and flame, is it, O God,
That Thou hast smitten us. Around our hearths,
And in the crowded streets and busy marts,
Where echo whispers not the far-off strife
That slays our loved ones;—in the solemn halls
Of safe and quiet counsel—nay, beneath
The temple-roofs that we have reared to Thee,
And mid their rising incense,—God of Peace!
The curse of war is on us. Greed and hate

Hungering for gold and blood: Ambition, bred
Of passionate vanity and sordid lusts,
Mad with the base desire of tyrannous sway
Over men's souls and thoughts; have set their price
On human hecatombs, and sell and buy
Their sons and brothers for the shambles. Priests,
With white, anointed, supplicating hands,
From Sabbath unto Sabbath clasped to Thee,
Burn, in their tingling pulses, to fling down
Thy censers and Thy cross, to clutch the throats
Of kinsmen by whose cradles they were born,
Or grasp the brand of Herod, and go forth
Till Rachel hath no children left to slay.
The very name of Jesus, writ upon
Thy shrines, beneath the spotless, outstretched wings
Of Thine Almighty Dove, is wrapt and hid
With bloody battle-flags, and from the spires
That rise above them, angry banners flout
The skies to which they point, amid the clang
Of rolling war songs tuned to mock Thy praise.

All things once prized and honored are forgot.
The Freedom that we worshipped, next to Thee;
The manhood that was Freedom's spear and shield;
The proud, true heart; the brave, outspoken word,
Which might be stifled, but could never wear
The guise, whate'er the profit, of a lie;—
All these are gone, and in their stead, have come
The vices of the miser and the slave,—
Scorning no shame that bringeth gold or power,
Knowing no love, or faith, or reverence,
Or sympathy, or tie, or aim, or hope,
Save as begun in self, and ending there.
With vipers like to these, O blessed God!

Scourge us no longer! Send us down, once more,
Some shining seraph in Thy glory clad,
To wake the midnight of our sorrowing
With tidings of Good Will and Peace to men;
And if the star that through the darkness led
Earth's wisdom then, guide not our folly now,
Oh, be the lightning Thine Evangelist,
With all its fiery, forked tongues, to speak
The unanswerable message of Thy will.

Peace! Peace! God of our fathers, grant us Peace!
Peace in our hearts and at Thine altars; Peace
On the red waters and their blighted shores;
Peace for the leaguered cities, and the hosts
That watch and bleed, around them and within;
Peace for the homeless and the fatherless;
Peace for the captive on his weary way,
And the mad crowds who jeer his helplessness.
For them that suffer, them that do the wrong—
Sinning and sinned against—O God! for all—
For a distracted, torn, and bleeding land—
Speed the glad tidings! Give us, give us Peace!

S. TEACKLE WALLIS. 1863.





WILLIAM HENRY RINEHART.

SCULPTOR.

“Thus was Beauty sent from heaven,
The lovely ministress of truth and good
In this fair world.”



O this “lovely ministress,” the teacher and inspirer of Rinehart, our thanks are due; he was her worker and the realizer of that ideal, only infused into the soul by beauty, truth and goodness.

William H. Rinehart was born in the year 1826. His father was a farmer of German descent, honest and thrifty. The boy gained the foundation of an English education at a rustic school in Westminster, Frederick, now Carroll county, Maryland, and when not employed in study he occupied his time in active duties about his father's farm. Upon this place was a marble quarry and stone-cutting yard, in which the sculptor of the Future evinced deep interest. Thus Experience, often the severest, though the faithfulest teacher, bestowed upon him early in life his first strong lesson. The dullness of routine belonging to such an existence did not satisfy the young Rinehart. At the age of sixteen he obtained the consent of his father to seek an apprenticeship in the city of Baltimore. Through the aid of Andrew Gregg, Esq., a respectable merchant, he

was admitted to a position in the marble yards of Baughman & Bevan, on North Howard street. When not employed in arduous manual labor he could be found in the Library or School of Design, at the Maryland Institute. Mythology, Ancient History, Anatomy, Architecture, Books of Art and Artists were his teachers, his study and his themes. These treasures of mind-knowledge he gathered and scattered, or else stored for future use. His skill as a workman was so great before he reached his majority, that we are told the workmanship of the finest quality came from his hands. The best marble mantles were intrusted to him, and at this time, says a contributor to the "Baltimore Sun," "the stone-cutting trade had not reached the perfection of the present day in Baltimore. There were no steam saws and rubbers, and there was not the same improvement in, or in fact, demand for elaborately carved monuments and ornamented tablets." Delicacy of design and artistic taste were revealed in a marked manner in the work of this humble carver, whose name was already glowing on the unread scroll for coming days. His first lessons in practical mechanical drawing were received from Frederick List, a fellow-workman. Rinehart was made foreman of Baughman's establishment when only twenty-three years of age; and while still holding this position he gained some praise for several casts and finished statues which were the works of his own hands. Rinehart desired in some way to make real the beautiful image, that Genius, inspired by Love and touched by Fancy, had already presented to his poet-vision. His desire was fulfilled through the earnest and substantial aid of Mr. W. T. Walters, whose friendship, proved in more than empty words, the Sculptor never forgot. He returned this strong help with confidence and high respect, fully appreciated by his benefactor.

The first visit of Rinehart to Europe was in 1855. At Florence, in Italy, he worked with other young artists for ordinary wages. Into his work he let his heart escape, and imprisoned there it shone in each curve and line of the polished marble.

“O, Life, O, Poetry,
——— which means life in life!”

In the year 1857 he returned to Baltimore, bringing with him two pieces in *basso relievo*. They represented Night and Morning. They were purchased by Mr. Augustus J. Albert, and are still in the possession of that gentleman. Rinehart had for a while a studio at Carroll Hall, in Baltimore city. In 1858, however, he returned to Europe. He fixed his residence in the Eternal City, which he regarded as his home, though he paid frequent visits to the northern portion of Europe. The inspiring atmosphere of Rome seemed to awaken his marvelous energies into new life and freedom. In 1866 and 1872 he visited Baltimore. On the 10th of December, 1872, a heroic statue in bronze was unveiled to the public in front of the State House at Annapolis. The creator of the statue was William H. Rinehart. The figure represents Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney. The orators upon this occasion were Governor Pinkney Whyte, of Maryland, and Mr. Severn Teackle Wallis, the poet-lawyer of Baltimore:

ADDRESS OF MR. S. TEACKLE WALLIS.

The ceremonies attendant upon the unveiling of the Statue erected by the State of Maryland, in honor of the late Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney, took place in the Senate Chamber, at Annapolis, at noon of December 10th, 1872. The Report and Address of the Committee were read by the chairman, Mr. S. T. Wallis, who in their name made formal delivery of the Monument to

the Governor of the State. His Excellency, Governor Whyte, responded briefly, and when he had concluded, the company proceeded to the grounds in front of the State House, wheré, upon the order of the Governor, the statue was uncovered.

During the ceremony in the Chamber, the Governor occupied the place of the President of the Senate, the Judges of the Court of Appeals, with other prominent representatives of the Bench and Bar of the State, being upon one side, and the Officers of the Naval Academy, in full uniform, with Rear Admiral Worden at their head, being seated on the other. His Excellency remained standing during the delivery of Mr. Wallis' address.

Your Excellency :

By an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at the Session of 1867, the sum of five thousand dollars was appropriated for "the building or erecting a suitable monument over the remains of the late Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, on some suitable site in the State House yard, or in the State House itself," and Messrs. G. Frederick Maddox, of St. Mary's county, Charles E. Trail and Hugh McAleer, of Frederick county, James T. Earle, of Queen Anne's county, Henry Williams, of Calvert county, and George M. Gill and S. T. Wallis, of Baltimore city, were appointed a committee to carry into effect the provisions of the statute. Upon the organization of the committee, it was found to be their unanimous desire that the execution of the proposed work should be entrusted to the distinguished sculptor, Mr. William H. Rinehart, a native and citizen of Maryland, for many years a resident of Rome. The amount appropriated being wholly insufficient, not only to compensate the labors of so eminent an artist, but even to meet the necessary cost of a monument at all worthy

of the State and the occasion, the committee entertained serious doubts of their ability to discharge their duties satisfactorily, without further legislative provision. From this embarrassment they were happily relieved by the liberality and public spirit of the artist himself, who responded to their invitation by a prompt and unconditional acceptance of the commission. It is gratifying to the committee to make official acknowledgment of their obligations to Mr. Rinehart, for the cheerful readiness with which he not only undertook the work, but volunteered to be content with the honor of the commission as it stood, and the pride and pleasure of uniting with his fellow-citizens in their tribute to the illustrious dead. The committee, of course, did not feel that it became them so far to tax the generosity of any individual citizen, and particularly one to whom the State already owed so much, for the reflected honor of his well-earned reputation. They, nevertheless, requested Mr. Rinehart to prepare them such design as seemed to him appropriate, and the model of the present statue was accordingly sent forward, while the General Assembly of 1870 was in session. The engagement of Mr. Rinehart and the plan of his work were so acceptable to the members of both Houses, that an additional appropriation of ten thousand dollars was at once made for the completion of the monument, according to his design, and under the direction of the original committee. It would be ungracious not to recognize the liberal and most becoming spirit in which this legislative action was taken, and its perfect accord with the deep and spontaneous feeling which had welcomed the first appropriation.

The Legislature of 1867, as appears by the Act of that date, had contemplated the removal of the remains of Chief Justice Taney to the Capital of the State, and the

erection of the monument above them. The suggestion, in itself, was eminently appropriate, for many reasons. It was here that, as a student, he had laid the deep and broad foundations of his professional learning and success. In the chamber where we meet to-day, to do him honor—and to whose historical associations this scene will add another, not the least—he sate, for years, a Senator of Maryland, the peer of the distinguished men who sate around him, when no legislative body in the Union surpassed that Senate in dignity, ability, or moral elevation. In the Chamber there, above us, where the honorable Judges, who join us in this tribute to his memory, uphold the ancient credit of the State's Appellate Bench, at the zenith of his reputation as advocate and counsel and in the very ripeness of his powers, he shone, the leader of the bar of Maryland, its actual not less than its official head. And those were days, too, when to lead it was to walk in the footsteps of Pinkney and be measured by the measure of his genius. If, therefore, he had slept beneath this dome, or in its shadow, it would have been with the dwelling-places of his fame about him, surrounded by the olden and consecrated memories of the State, which was but a revolted colony when he was born.

But the wishes of the Chief Justice himself, upon that subject, had been too strong and were too sacred, to be violated by his children, even for the gratification of the public desire. The quiet town of Frederick, the theatre of his earlier professional distinction, was hallowed to him by the grave of his mother, and when he left it, in mid life, for larger spheres of usefulness and honor, he exacted the pledge, from those who loved him, that he should be laid beside her when he died. Nor was this the outbreak of fresh grief or transient sentiment or feeling. Through all his life of toil and struggle, am-

bition, reward and disappointment, it was his dearest longing; and there is something inexpressibly touching in the warmer and more anxious hope with which the world-worn man clung fast to it, as the period drew nearer for its consummation. The literature of the English tongue has nothing that exceeds in mournful tenderness and grace the expression which he gave to it, in a letter written but a little while before the pledge of friendship was redeemed. Such a feeling—so devoted, and cherished for so long—it would have been next to sacrilege to disregard, and the Legislature of 1870 respected it accordingly, by withdrawing from the appropriation of their predecessors and their own all but the one condition, which required the monument to be erected where it stands. The final selection of that locality, with its exposure, rendered it expedient that the statue should be cast in bronze, and the Legislature, therefore, so directed.

With the erection of the monument, the prescribed duties of the committee which I have the honor to represent were substantially ended, but in view of the time which must elapse before another session of the General Assembly, they have deemed it due to the dignity of the occasion respectfully to invite the official intervention of your Excellency, in delivering the finished work to the people of the State. It would have been a pleasure to them, if they could have felt at liberty to anticipate the wishes of the Legislature, or have ventured to ask that your Excellency would gratify your own, by authorizing a more formal celebration than this quiet homestead gathering.

As a few moments will disclose to us, the artist has chosen to present us his illustrious subject in his robes of office, as we saw him when he sate in judgment. The stature is heroic, but, with that exception, the traits of

nature are not altered or disguised. The weight of years that bent the venerable form has not been lightened, and the lines of care, and suffering, and thought, are as life traced them. But, unless the master's hand has lost its cunning, we shall see not merely the lineaments we knew, but traces of the soul which illuminated and informed them. The figure has been treated by the artist in the spirit of that noble and absolute simplicity which is the type of the highest order of greatness, and is therefore its grandest, though its most difficult expression, in art. The sculptor deals easily enough with subjects which admit of ornament and illustration, or address the passions or the fancy. The graces he can lend his work—the smiles with which it wins us—the beautiful or joyous images or thoughts with which he can surround it—each is to us an open leaf of the fair poem which he writes in bronze or marble. Like the chorus of a drama, they tell, even for the worst of poets, far more than half his story. Another task indeed it is, to embody in a single image the expression of a great historic life, so that standing severe and apart, it shall be its own interpreter, forever, to the generations of men.

The pathway of a great judge does not lead through the realms of fancy. Neither in reality nor in retrospect is there much of the flush of imagination upon it or about it. With such a career Art cannot deal, nor History, as with those brilliant lives, which dazzle while they last and are seen only through a halo when they are over. The warrior, the orator, the poet—each in his way—is linked with the imagination or enthusiasm of mankind; and so the broken sword, the unstrung lyre, the shattered column with its cypress wreaths, all have their voices for the common heart. But the atmosphere of pure intellect and dispassionate virtue,

serene although it be, is far too cold for ordinary sympathies to live in. The high ministers of human justice are segregated from their fellows, by their very function, which shuts out favor and affection. Fidelity to the obligation which withdraws them from the daily interests and passions and almost from the converse of society, is the patent of their nobility in their great office. The loftier the nature the more complete its isolation to the general eye—the fewer the throbs which answer to its pulses. Such men may be cherished and beloved, in the personal and near relations which are the dearest blessing of all lives. They may be venerated and revered, so that all heads shall be bowed and uncovered when they pass. But they go, when life closes, into the chamber of heroes, fated to dwell afar off, only, in the memories and minds of men.

When the great citizen whose image is beside us walked, in his daily walk, amid our reverence, the simple beauty of his private life was all before us. We can recall his kindly smile, his open hand, his gracious, gentle speech. The elders of our generation will remember how his stormy nature was subdued, by duty and religion, to the temperance, humility and patience which we knew. All of us saw and wondered how domestic sorrows, the toils and trials of his station, old age, infirmity of body, ingratitude, injustice, persecution, still left his intellect unclouded, his courage unsubdued, his fortitude unshaken, his calm and lofty resignation and endurance descending to no murmur nor resentment. These things the sculptor is not called to tell to those who shall come after us. The pen of the biographer has worthily recorded them, and just posterity will read what he has written. The image of the Magistrate and Ruler, as the world was wont to see him, is all that the chisel bequeaths to immortality—

his image, as History shall see it, when, ashamed of the passions of our day, she shall be once more reconciled with Truth. With this noblest of the tasks of Art, only genius may deal fitly—yet genius has dwelt with it, and its difficulties, overcome, are the glory and the triumph of genius.

Thus, then, to-day, sir, the State of Maryland, with grateful reverence and pride, commemorates a life, than which few greater, and none loftier or purer, shall dignify the annals of our country. It was a life coeval with her own, and a part of her own, and she honors what she knew. It was a life of patriotism, of duty and of sacrifice; a life whose aim and effort, altogether, were to be, and do, and bear, and not to seem. The monument her people rear to it is scarcely less her monument than his to whom it rises. What changes shall roll round it with the rolling seasons; whether it shall survive the free institutions of which Taney was the worshiper and champion, or shall see them grow in stability, security and splendor; whether it shall witness the development and beneficent expansion of the constitutional system which it was the labor of his life and love to understand and to administer, or shall behold it,

“Like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to naught”—

are questions which men will answer to themselves, according to their hopes or fears—according to their trust, it may be, in the mercy and providence of God. But Maryland has done her part for good, in this at least, that she has made imperishable record for posterity, of the great example of her son. She has builded as it were a shrine to those high civic qualities and public virtues, without which, in their rulers, republics are a sham, and freedom cannot long abide among a people.

It was, I was about to say, the sad mischance—but, in a higher though more painful sense, the privilege and fortune—of Chief Justice Taney, to fill his place in times of revolution and unparalleled convulsion—when blood boiled in the veins of brethren, till it was red upon a million hands. In such a crisis, no man so conspicuous as he, and yet so bound to shun the rancor of the strife, could hope for freedom from distrust and challenge. A soul, brave and tenacious as his was—so sensitive to duty, and so resolute to do it—provoked injustice not to be appeased, and dared reproaches which he might not answer. His constitutional opinions were already part of the recorded jurisprudence of the country, and he could not change them, because the tempest was howling. It was the conviction of his life that the Government under which we lived was of limited powers, and that its Constitution had been framed for war as well as peace. Though he died, therefore, he could not surrender that conviction at the call of the trumpet. He had plighted his troth to the Liberty of the citizen and the supremacy of the Laws, and no man could put them asunder.

Whatever might be the right of the people to change their Government, or to overthrow it, he believed that the duty of the judges was simply to maintain the Constitution, while it lasted, and, if need were, defend it to the death. He knew himself its minister and servant only—not its master—commissioned to obey and not to alter. He stood, therefore, in the very rush of the torrent, and, as he was immovable, it swept over him. He had lived a life so stainless, that to question his integrity was enough to beggar the resources of falsehood and make even shamelessness ashamed. He had given lustre and authority, by his wisdom and learning, to the judgments of the Supreme Tribunal, and had presided

over its deliberations with a dignity, impartiality and courtesy which elevated even the administration of justice. Every year of his labors had increased the respect and affection of his brethren and heightened the confidence and admiration of the profession which looked up to him as worthily its chief. And yet he died, traduced and ostracised, and his image was withheld from its place in the chamber which was filled already with his fame.

Against all this, the State of Maryland here registers her protest in the living bronze. She records it in no spirit of resentment or even of contention, but silently and proudly—as her illustrious son, without a word, committed his reputation to the justice of his countrymen. Nor doubts she of the answer that posterity will make to her appeal. Already the grateful manhood of the people has begun to vindicate itself and him. Already, among those whose passion did him wrong, the voices of the most eminent and worthy have been lifted, in confession of their own injustice and in manly homage to his greatness and his virtues. Already the waters of the torrent have nearly spent their force, and high above them, as they fall, unstained by their pollution and unshaken by their rage, stands where it stood, in grand and reverend simplicity, the august figure of the great Chief Justice!

GOVERNOR WHYTE'S REPLY.

Governor Whyte proceeded to reply from his place. He said:

Accustomed, almost from the cradle, to revere the name of Taney as the synonym of all that is just and good, I dare not now give utterance to my private feelings, but must needs confine myself to the cold formality of

official duty. Maryland had already reared a stately column to him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," and it was the duty, as it has been the pleasure of the State, to hand down to posterity, as in this memorial of molten bronze, an enduring tribute of affection and regard for her own illustrious son, upon whose shoulders the judicial ermine lay, stainless as the virgin snow.

In accepting your report and taking the statue into the permanent custody of the State, I should be remiss in duty, as its representative, did I not thank you for your willing and faithful discharge of the obligation laid upon you, and I congratulate the State that your voluntary choice of the artist to execute the legislative resolve, has fallen upon one of her own honored children. In his presence and in advance of the exposition of his finished work, delicacy forbids my further comment.

There must be, I think, general concurrence of sentiment that this is not the appropriate occasion for an extended eulogy upon the life and character of the late Chief Justice, (if, indeed, a life of "apostolic simplicity" be not its own best eulogist,) but it will be my privilege, in response to an apparent popular demand, to make suggestions to the General Assembly that a proper moment and an apt orator be selected to do justice to his preëminent judicial services and to commemorate his private virtues in the presence of the two Houses, in each of which, at times during his long and useful life, he was a distinguished actor, and much of whose legislation bears the impress of his master-hand.

Thus, day by day through his life, he carved and wrought his way, which was as the beginning of a grand jeweled stair-case leading up to the Temple of Fame.

After this rare triumphal acknowledgment of Rinehart's worth by his own countrymen, he returned to Italy. Here he continued his work earnestly and steadily. His statues are numerous; that of Clyte, one of the most famous, was purchased for the citizens of Baltimore by Mr. John W. McCoy. It is now in the Peabody Institute. Into this beautiful creation the artist seems to have infused the golden glow of that olden story with all of its mythological sadness and sweetness. Presenting to the mind most vividly the lovely spirit of that flower which

"turns on her god when he sets
The same look that she turned when he rose."

The bronze doors at the National Capitol, so noted for the beauty of workmanship, were begun by Crawford and completed by Rinehart at Rome, in fulfillment of Crawford's dying request. Four years were required to perfect this labor, and the doors were then brought to America under his charge. During his stay in Washington, he made the statuettes on the clock in the House of Representatives.

Among the creations of this artist is a statue of Endymion, which represents a sleeping boy. In this, Rinehart followed the true mythological story. Endymion had received from Jove the gift of perpetual youth. The Queen of the Moon, clad in her mantle of silver, guarded him in his unbroken sleep for love's sake; and while he slept, she watched his flocks and made them increase untended by their earthly shepherd. From the poet we learn

"How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest."

The brave and fond Antigone forms the subject of another statue closely uniting the ideal with the real. In Rinehart's work we behold the dreams of a poet, whose songs arrested in their upward flight, stand forever before us in forms of marble.

Hero, too, whose name has been echoed down the corridors of ages, he has not forgotten. She who watched for the nightly coming of that lover who finally,

“Sinking bewildered 'mid the dreary sea,”

came no more.

Four years would have been necessary to accomplish the work awaiting the master-hand when Death overcame him. The number of statues completed, as well as the busts of many well-known citizens of the United States, seems almost incredible to an ordinary mind.

The subjects chosen from the mythical legends of Greece and Rome, seem to have responded best to the bent of his peculiar genius. It was his delight to wander in fancy amid the shadowy realms of ancient days, peopled by races that to us might seem only as the gods and goddesses of mythology, were it not for the remnants of glorious temples and statues, left scattered in the pathway of destroying Time. So, occasionally comes suddenly into our midst one who seems of that lost people who moved familiarly amongst the creations of perfected Art—the children of Music, of Sculpture, of Poetry:

“The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty and the Majesty
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths;
Spirits or gods that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend.”

This is but a poor recital of the arduous life-labors of an artist. The writer of this sketch performs the lesser work of wrapping about the pedestal upon which rests the statue, a drapery whose warm tints may, in some degree, throw forth the strong, pure outlines of the snowy marble. The better work is left for a bolder pen to accomplish.

Overtaxed in mind and body, Rinehart fell a victim to that merciless disease—consumption. Following the wish of his physician he repaired to Switzerland, hoping to obtain relief from the baths of Sodon. The progress of the disease, however, could not be arrested; it did its work rapidly and surely. His death took place at Rome on the 28th day of October, 1874. He left messages of love, and tokens of regard and remembrance to friends, many of whom were young artists. He was a quiet, unassuming man, of a strong, deep nature. An artist-poet in temperament, and unchanging in his attachments. There is a touching story told of the artist's affection for a lady whom he outlived. It may be a romance fashioned for the occasion, yet it wears the hallowed pathos of a sacred truth; and the tender beauty of a perfect love.

By his last will and testament, Rinehart bequeaths to each of his brothers, five in number, the sum of \$2,000. The remainder of his estate he directs to be made use of for the benefit and advancement of Art. This portion of his will is as follows:

“Third. Being desirous of aiding in the promotion of a more highly cultivated taste for art among the people of my native State, and of assisting young men in the study of the art of sculpture who may desire to make it a profession, but having at the present time no definite plan in view for the accomplishment of these objects, I give, devise and bequeath all the rest and residue of my

estate, real, personal and mixed, and wheresoever situated, unto my two personal friends, William T. Walters and Benjamin F. Newcomer, of the city of Baltimore, or the survivor of them, or the heirs, executors, or administrators of such survivor, in trust and confidence, with the injunction that the whole of said residue of my estate, or the proceeds thereof, shall be devoted and appropriated by them, according to their best judgment and discretion, to the promotion of the objects and purposes named above.

“And if, in the opinion of my said trustees, this can be best accomplished by any concert of action with the trustees of the Peabody Institute, or by the establishment of a professorship in connection with the gallery of art, which, at some future time, is to be provided for by that corporation, or by the investment of any portion of the funds so held by them in trust, and aiding, from the income derived from such investment, deserving young men who are desirous of pursuing their studies abroad, but are without the means of doing so, they, my said trustees, are at liberty to adopt any or all or none of these methods, or to transfer the trust, or the estate so held by them in trust, to any corporation which, in their judgment, would best serve the purposes indicated.”

As justice should be the meed of justice, the following honest truths, extracted from the “Baltimore Sun,” will bear reprinting upon this occasion :

“The art culture of Great Britain has, in ten years, added twenty-five per cent. to the earning capacity of the industry of the country. While so much has been accomplished in England, and scarcely less in France and Germany, the United States, with the exception of such admirable institutions as the Maryland Institute School of Design, and the like school in the Cooper Institute of New York, and a few others, has almost stood

still. The beneficent influence of the Maryland Institute school upon different branches of industry and the practical work of life in its various forms in this city will be readily conceded by all. Yet it is a curious fact that in the 'Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education, No. 2, 1874,' issued from the Department of the Interior, Washington, and which professes to give the facts as to 'drawing in public schools; the present relation of art to education in the United States,' there is not a solitary allusion to the facilities afforded for that object in Maryland. The report informs us that Massachusetts was the first State to provide for such training in the public schools, a law having been passed to that effect in 1870. We are informed of schools for the practical teaching of art as applied to industry and manufactures in various Massachusetts towns, in New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati; of schools of art in various parts of the North and West, and there is not one word of the Maryland Institute School of Design, nor of what other Maryland schools have done in the same direction, within a distance of only forty miles from Washington. The Maryland Institute has been in operation over twenty-six years, and has male and female classes, who are not only taught industrial drawing, but art proper, and it was here that the famous sculptor, Rinehart, who has attained a world-wide reputation, received his primary training.

"Drawing has been also taught in the female high schools of the city for over ten years, as well as in the Baltimore City College for boys. The private collections of paintings and statuary in Baltimore are probably surpassed by those of no other city in the Union, and yet here we have a public document sent from the Department of the Interior, Washington, for the 'information' of the American people on this subject,

which announces to the public what has been done far out in New England and Northern States, in 'South Bend,' Indiana, and even in San Francisco, and has no 'information' of what has been so long and so nobly accomplished in Baltimore, right under its own eyes.

"It is a pity that as much cannot be said of the country at large. The United States in 1848 was at the foot of the competitors in industrial art, and was little or no better off at the French exhibition of 1868. The attention of our people should be more directed to this subject, and the example of England in this regard be emulated. Industrial art should find a place in our public schools, and it is satisfactory that such a movement is being made. Some productions of American industry may be indicative of the results that flow from the neglect of cultivating art in its industrial forms."

William H. Rinehart was about forty-eight years of age at the time of his death. His mortal remains were, according to his own request, brought to his native land. His funeral took place in the city of Baltimore, on Saturday, January 2d, 1875.

Wreaths and garlands of rare flowers, together with the suggestive laurel-leaves, were sent as a last tribute from friends even so far away as Italy. The casket in which his body was placed, was borne by S. Teackle Wallis, A. J. H. Way, W. T. Walters, Arthur Quartley, John W. McCoy, Frank B. Mayer, B. F. Newcomer, Edwin F. Abel, Edward G. McDowell, Hugh Sisson, John R. Cox and G. H. Hunt.

The funeral services were performed at the Westminster Presbyterian Church. A memorial address was made by the pastor, the Reverend D. C. Marquis. Here is a portion of it:

"There is much to always be learned from the record of an earnest, laborious, honorable life. It is both

pleasant and profitable to dwell upon the history of one who has achieved greatness, eminence and an honorable fame by the force of natural genius, directed by patient, persevering, untiring labor:

“Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time.”

I could wish that some one better qualified than myself had undertaken the task of paying a worthy tribute to the memory of Rinehart. For his is a name that belongs not to Baltimore alone, nor to Maryland, nor to America, but to the world. I shall not attempt to assign his niche in the Temple of Fame, or to give him his true place or rank among the devotees of art. I know too little of such matters to presume to speak concerning them with understanding or authority. Neither do I feel called upon to describe his personal character, to extol his virtues or to excuse his faults; for, not having had the honor and the pleasure of his acquaintance during life, I could not speak from personal knowledge, and therefore would prefer to lay all personality aside.

There are some things of a more general character, however, which I can with propriety say on this occasion. I shall say them for the benefit of the living as well as in honor of the dead.

The brief but brilliant career of Rinehart is a proof that excellence is the result of labor. The old Latin proverb “*Nulla excellentia sine labore*” is a lesson that needs to be impressed upon the young men of this generation. Some whom God has blessed with native talent rely upon their genius, and failure tells them of their error when too late to apply the remedy. Others supposing that excellence is altogether due to the easy

flights of genius, and acknowledging their own deficiency in this regard, settle down content with mediocrity, omitting all earnestness of effort, never rousing their energies to the struggle.

But here was a man who carved his way to the front rank in his profession by earnest, patient, unremitting labor. His native talent was undoubtedly of the highest order. His genius pointed the way and gave form and shape to the bright ideal that became the goal to which he struggled to attain. But after all, the secret of success, the subtle charm that lifted him above discouragement and made him superior to defects, was simply hard work. The man who has a genius for faithful, honest work will make his name known and his influence felt by his generation. It is patient, persevering, enduring labor that makes men great.

The beautiful creations of the sculptor's chisel are the monuments that perpetuate his fame. But you and I, no less truly than he, are rearing monuments that shall live as specimens of our handiwork after we are gone. The influence we exert, the power we wield for good or ill, the impress we leave upon the character, and the touch that gives direction to the lives of those around us or those who are coming after us—all these are monuments that will speak for us or against us when we ourselves are cold in death. Let us see to it, then, that every influence of ours shall tend to the creation of shapes of moral beauty that shall minister pleasure to all beholders. No matter what may be our position or profession, the influence we exert will live after us. We can make it appear in form more beautiful than the most perfect figures of marble or of bronze, for we can be the instruments in reproducing the likeness of Christ, and of fitting immortal souls for the companionship of heaven.

The busiest life, the life that seems most important and that has most work before it, is no security against the approach of death. Here was a man who, by long years of patient labor, had just attained that position where he could accomplish most in his profession. In the prime of life and with the period of most effective work before him, he must lie down and die. The world feels the loss, especially in that higher realm of art where the few are privileged to walk. But here are scores of busy men from all the walks of professional and commercial life—some just struggling up to a position of effective usefulness, and others with standing fairly won are prepared to accomplish more in the years to come than has been achieved in all the past. But are you prepared for all the possible contingencies of the journey? Have you counted on the probability of death? Man of thirty, forty, fifty years, have you met this question and settled it for yourself? Don't imagine your life to be so important that it must last until you think your work is done. Get ready for death and you are ready for anything. Get ready for death and you are already more thoroughly equipped for life's work. For that man only is prepared to live who is well prepared to die.

“Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest'
Was not spoken of the soul.”

Until an appropriate resting-place should be chosen, Rinehart's remains were placed in the family vault of Mr. W. T. Walters, one of his earliest friends and benefactors. Here in the “shadow of his own beautiful art creations,” they left him in the chill of a winter's day. Here, “Love reconciled with Death,” keeps silent and unbroken vigilance over the dead. The flowers which

we drop upon a grave are testimonies of love or respect due to the doer of good deeds, and faithful work on earth. Many who are hurrying onward towards the final goal, seeing these flowers, may stop and ponder—and a few will learn.





THE DYING GIRL TO HER LOVER.

A SONG.

TOO late, ah! dearest one, too late,
Thou comest to thine own again;
Alas! to die is my sad fate,
Why, why must bliss thus end in pain?
They parted us—ah! doom too sure
To leave me thus in grief to pine!
Thy fondness now can ne'er restore
This pale and wasted form of mine.

But better thus at life's last hour,
To know that thou dost love me still,
Than linger on, a faded flower,
Touched by a blight that could not kill.
Fast fade those features, dear, of thine,
No more I mark thy anxious eye,
Then press thy warm sweet lips to mine,
And let me thus in rapture die.

GEORGE HAY RINGGOLD,
United States Army.



THE AUTHOR OF "EMILY CHESTER"



ANNE MONCURE CRANE was born in the City of Baltimore, January 7th, 1838. She was the daughter of William Crane, an eminent merchant of that city. The great-great-great-grandfather of William Crane was Jasper Crane, who settled in Newark, New Jersey, in 1666. He was afterward made first Magistrate of the City of Newark. His only son was Azariah Crane, who married Mary Treat, the daughter of Governor Robert Treat, who, in the well-known Charter Oak affair, withstood Sir Edmund Androas. The mother of Anne Moncure Crane was a member of the Stone family. The founder of this family in Maryland was the Honorable William Stone, the third Governor of the Province, and a supporter of the policy of Lord Baltimore during the usurpation of Cromwell. Thomas Stone, the grandson of Governor William Stone, and the youngest of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was the grandfather of Mrs. Crane and the great-grandfather of Anne Moncure Crane. Miss Crane was a woman of strong features, luxuriant hair, and dark eyes. Her mouth, though large, wore a pleasant and intelligent expression. Her face indicated by its force somewhat of the capability as well as the intensity of her nature. Under the

guidance of the Reverend N. A. Morrison her education was mainly directed.

She graduated in the year 1855. When about twenty years of age, in 1858, she began the story of *Emily Chester*. Urged on and sustained by a certain inspiration, she completed the work that won her first reputation as an author. When finished, the novel was put quietly away, nor was the manuscript produced for publication until five years had gone by. The story of "*Emily Chester*" was published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, without other greater recommendation than its own words, the representatives of an intellectual vigor only half revealed. "In a short space of time ten editions were required. In addition to these, four rival editions were brought out in England—while a translation, published at Leipzig, met with a most appreciative reception from the countrymen of Goethe."

Of this work Mrs. Forrester says: "It was published without a word of preface to give the least hint of the whereabouts of the author, and was not covered with the pall of 'Great Southern Novel,' as is usually the mode in which novels by Southern writers are announced."

The opening scenes of this book, and some that are most interesting, are placed in Maryland. It has been said that the characters are drawn from life. Whether they be drawn from individual lives or otherwise, they are delineated with a bold and masterly hand, equal to the task. In "*Emily Chester*," the author is said to have idealized herself. "Certainly," exclaimed a friend of that writer, "the glorious hair that crowned the head of *Emily Chester* belonged to Anne Crane." The Hon. George H. Hilliard concludes a review of the book in these words:

"From the first chapter the author seizes the atten-

tion with the strong grasp of Genius, and holds it unbroken to the last. And when the end comes we lay the book down with a sort of sigh of relief at the relaxation of fibers stretched to a painful degree of tension."

Gail Hamilton tells us that she does not know that American novel-literature has produced any other work of the kind.

When the author of this book was discovered to be Miss Crane, her companionship was sought and cultivated by many who, owing to her student-life of seclusion, had scarcely known of her existence before. So does talent raise its possessor above the level of less gifted mortals.

In November of 1867, "Opportunity—A Novel by the Author of *Emily Chester*," was given to the world. This, too, is a Maryland story. The added experience of several years, a profounder thought and wider knowledge gained thereby, marks this book more as a child of the brain than of the heart.

The freshness of a first strong effort wins and holds the attention in the story of *Emily Chester* that speaks to and of the heart rather than the brain. When Paul Hayne, the poet, tells us of the heroine of "Opportunity," that "she is little more than a girl in years, but her heart and intellect are strangely precocious," we are strongly reminded of the author of "*Emily Chester*," of whom the same words might have been written.

On the 23d of September, 1869, Miss Crane became the wife of Mr. Augustus Seemüller, a wealthy merchant of New York, a gentleman of intelligence and culture. For three years after her marriage Mrs. Seemüller resided in the city of New York. In April, of the year 1871, her third book saw the light. It was entitled "*Reginald Archer*." It was written in New York

while the great sad life of that wonderful city surged about her lesser life then near to its goal. In reply to a friend who asked: "What could have induced you to write such a book?" She answered, "Since I have lived in New York, I have learned of such fearful things, that had I not written this book, the very stones would have cried out against me!" This book has met with much censure, and in some cases has been wholly condemned as immoral. It must be admitted that the general tone of this book would seem to be rather demoralizing than elevating in its tendencies. Yet it was, doubtless, the purpose of the writer to give only "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The faithful writer is as a missionary to the world. Those darker sins that blast the hope and peacefulness of life, and damn souls for eternity, we should be taught to hate and fear. Yet the beautiful things that God has given should be more frequently and brightly portrayed, to lead us from the lower paths upwards. "Reginald Archer" contains some sweet truths as well as bitter ones. It would have been better, perhaps, had the bitterer ones been left more to the imagination—some pure minds and hearts might thus be saved from a hateful knowledge not otherwise learned.

Here are a few extracts from "Reginald Archer;" they are selected by one who, turning the leaves, takes from this and that what "seemeth to me the best."

"There is another aspect of the subject, which Christ glorified forever when he took little children in his arms and blessed them: and it seems, at times, that we would do well to take our own childhood in our arms, and let it bless us; going back to those innocent early days when we were both good and glad."—Page 1.

"It is not David, poet and singer of Israel, not Solo-

mon, wisest of men, not Moses, prince, hero and law-giver, but it is Jacob, who loved one woman, and served for her fourteen years, which 'were but as a single day for the love that he bore her;' whose tenderness and devotion increased down to old age; who cherished her children after her as he did nothing else in existence; and who, as his own end drew near, passed over the events of his life to talk of Rachel, and her death and burial. His love for her seems the one flower and bloom of his nature, gaining a strange beauty and strength from the very barrenness of the remainder of his being. His faults were many; but recalling that rare example of faithful devotion, which still lives fair and lovely in the world's heart and recollection, verily, women, at least, should judge him leniently and tenderly."—Page 7.

These words of Annie Crane's are assuredly drawn from a depth of pure inspiration. Could the writer of them have purposed aught, save what is good! "He was not a romantic man; he had no idea of passing for a hero; not the least intention of doing or saying fine things, or putting them into well-sounding sentences; but as he walked doggedly up the street, with his head down and his hat half over his eyes, bitterly arguing the case with himself, he was fighting upon the most terrible of battle-grounds—and that on which we contend with invisible forces, that on which souls, not bodies, are slain. This conflict comes to the noblest and truest as surely as to the feeble and degenerate; and we learn from it that virtue means literally manhood—the power to fight, to struggle, and even to die, rather than weakly and basely surrender our natures to foes without or within. According to the measures of our defeat or victory, we stand before our consciences and our God: we know that we are cowards and weaklings, or brave,

true men and women. There is no reversing this decision to ourselves or to others. It stands fatally recorded against us."—Page 71.

"I sometimes wonder that women ever cease praying. To me there is no truer touch of genius in that inimitable story of 'The Newcomes,' than where the author speaks of Laura Pendennis as 'engaged where pious women ever betake themselves in moments of doubt, of grief, of pain, of separation, of joy even, or whatsoever other trial. They have but to will, and, as it were, an invisible temple rises around them; their hearts can kneel down there, and they can have an audience with the great, the merciful, the untiring Counsellor and Consoler.'"—Page 98.

A few months after the publication of this work the author departed with her husband to Europe. Her perfect knowledge of the languages and literature of Germany, France and Italy, doubly endeared to her those far-off lands. Her health having become enfeebled she was taken to the baths of Ems and Baden, and finally to the city of Stuttgart, Wurtemberg. This quaint capital of "old romance," with its lordly castle, its grim walls, its vineyards and gardens lies in the valley of the Neckar. We can imagine the soothing influence of such a scene upon the heart of the weary invalid; the breeze, that to others was *only a breeze*, may have been laden for her with strange whispers from those shadowy old ruins, that looking down on the men of to-day are as the silent monitors of a past time; and the Neckar, that Suabian stream that, with a heart full of stories, hurries on to the Rhine, may it not have sent to her murmurs of its own that her watchers could not understand? Although the genial climate and the waters of the Kaunstadt are noted for their curative properties the fatal disease could not be arrested. Vain were the

efforts of mortals against the power of Death, which is only subservient to that greatest Power—the Omnipotent God.

Anne Crane Seemüller died on the 10th day of December, 1873. Mr. Augustus Seemüller, the husband of the novelist, died of heart disease at Paris, France, September the 25th, 1875.

One who is near to her in ties of kinship and love thus writes of Anne Crane Seemüller :

“Her life was a quiet domestic one, with very little of change or incident in it; but her vivid imagination, extended reading, intense love of music, and above all, the deep religious feeling which pervaded her whole life are shown in the books upon which she lavished so much of her short earthly existence.”

If we would have the work of our life judged by justest judges and critics, let us choose rather those who look at the intention before the result. The action is the motive-power to the intention, both combining towards the result, which does not, alas! always achieve the purpose desired by the worker. For the want of perfection, perhaps, in all its parts, the union is incomplete, and so the work does not move onward in the triumphant manner dreamed of by the doer of the work, whatever it may be. Another comes who remodels and makes more nearly perfect the whole, fulfilling the design of the original architect—following the intention and accomplishing the result, and this one gains the applause due to the designer of the masterpiece.

Moulded, perhaps, by a depth of love not perceptible nor comprehensible to the less heroic nature, this gifted woman may have thought to render crime odious by telling of it in her own plain fashion rather than adorning it in that seductive language used by many who have escaped so harsh a lashing from the pen of the critic.

There are some passages in the books of Anne Seemüller that wear the undefiled beauty of pure-heartedness. If she failed in her noble purpose while portraying the darker sins of life, for which the men and women of "good society" are more answerable than those of a lower grade, she at least may not have been altogether untruthful in her bold attempt. It is better to be brave than stealthy. Though the help of the coast-guard may not be needed in mid-ocean, there are often dangerous rocks and eddies near to the most beautiful land. These common-place words admit of an easy translation. Let those who read wisely look to the wiser portion of the story, banish from memory that which is unpalatable to the fastidious taste, take to their hearts those holier precepts of Truth, and acting as coast-guards shield with the strength of their life those who cannot see the dangerous rocks and eddies.



POEMS

SELECTED FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF
THE LATE FREDERICK PINKNEY.

NOT AS THE TRAVELER.

Not as the traveler with imploring eyes,
 Within the streamless deserts' burning sand,
Beholds the rain-cloud rushing through the skies
 To nourish with its freight some distant land ;

Rather like those their devious way who lose
 Amidst a wilderness of starry flowers,
And make glad pause uncertain what to choose,
 While lightly pass away uncounted hours,

I linger with thee, dearest, and my gaze
 Upon thee dwells, the gentle and the fair,
With whom the May of life as yet delays,
 And pure from earthly stain as upper air ;

And as I gaze with mingled love and pride,
 Feeling at length I have not hoped in vain,
And clasp the hand for which so many sighed,
 I know that I have done with grief and pain.

WHEN TIME MALIGNANTLY SHALL BRING.

When time malignantly shall bring
Sorrows to menace or o'ershade,
Think not thine year has lost its spring,
And Death a promised boon delayed;
Unwise dejection will prolong
The very empire that we hate,
Our terrors make a tyrant strong
That else would fail or abdicate.

'Tis seldom that such hurt can be
From suffering, accident, or crime,
That mind becomes but memory
Of one event, one point of time,
A voice that mourns a single blow,
Unheeding comfort, threats, alarm,
A clock whose stirless fingers shew
The very moment of its harm.

Life is the evergreen whose birth
Is in a land of summer skies,
A leaf, a bough may fall to earth
But younger verdure will arise,
Pleasures may perish or may wane,
Be cast away like childhood's toys,
But others of great price remain,
And all but yield to purer joys.

LOVE ALONE.

In Eastern climes a gift of flowers,
With mystic eloquence arrayed,
By blended tints, holds different powers,
To taunt, to threaten, to upbraid.

To me, though it interprets thought,
Such dreary fancies are unknown,
And with a single meaning fraught
It speaks of love, and love alone.

SING ME NOT THAT STRAIN.

Oh, sing me not that strain,
Its wild and mournful numbers
Will rouse the grief again
That for a moment slumbers;
When first 'twas sung by one
I fain would not remember,
Hope was a summer's sun
Where now is bleak December.

'Tis long since first I strove
All vain regret to smother,
Forgetting her whose love
Is given to another;
And oft there is an hour,
Like this which now I treasure,
When memory loses power
And life again has pleasure.

The heart oppressed with ill
Is not by joy forsaken,
In ruined gardens still
In spring some flowers awaken;
But sing me not that strain,
Its wild and mournful numbers
Will rouse the grief again
That for a moment slumbers.

THE FAREWELL WORD.

The farewell word is breathed, and now
Adieu to happy home,
Our gallant barque with rapid prow
Casts 'round the flashing foam,
Away, we seek the gem-like isles
That stud the Eastern main,
Yet while my comrades know but smiles
My thoughts are thoughts of pain.

There's one who for my sake will note
With tearful, anxious eye,
The sunlit clouds that stirless float
Within the placid sky;
Shall tremble when the fragile flower
Scarce shivers in the breeze,
And deem remorseless winds have power
Upon the glooming seas.

Yet absence has not much of ill,
Unless 'tis joined by fear,
For hope remains unfaltering still
To promise and to cheer;
Away, upon the heaving deep,
Our foamy track we cleave,
When others have forgot to weep
'Tis feebleness to grieve.

FAIN WOULD I MY GRIEF DISSEMBLE.

In my eyes the tear-drops tremble
Which I study to repress,
Fain would I my grief dissemble
That thine own may be the less.

Heeding nought that may befall me,
Sick in heart, in spirit tame,
I must go where chance shall call me,
Casting from me choice and aim.

I have wrecked my bark, swift-faring
To the spot where I would guide,
And upon a raft despairing
Drift, the sport of wind and tide.

Henceforth lonely and forsaken,
Hope and pleasure at an end,
Joy no more I strive to waken,
Nor with evil dare contend.

Why with thankless toil re-kindle
The cold fragments of a fire,
But to view its splendor dwindle,
And with quick decay expire?

A VANISHED JOY.

The leafless tree again may bear
Its mellow stores of fruit,
Some skillful hand may yet repair
The warped and stringless lute ;
But fortunes that are once o'erthrown
We seldom can restore,
And if our happiness be flown,
It visits us no more.

By some old tree we yet may trace
Where forests cast their shade,
By broken shaft and crumbling base
The stately colonnade ;
But not a token shall appear
Of joys that once depart,
And bootless is the task to cheer
The crushed and gloomy heart.

The Pagan might his idols hide
Beneath the ravaged fane,
And hope in victory and pride
To bring them forth again ;
Still might he view in faith and prayer
Where once they stood enshrined ;
But vain our dream, and vain our care,
A vanished joy to find.

ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me ; the night is round me falling,
The way, the light, the life deign Thou to be,
Still in Thy pity hear the suppliant calling,
Save or I perish ; Lord, abide with me !

Within the broken heart make Thou Thy dwelling,
Rescue the lost one, set the captive free,
To hope and faith by unbought grace compelling,
Stay in Thy mercy ; Lord, abide with me !

Trust I in self ? Thy saving cross forsaken,
And my own strength shall like a shadow flee,
The slumbering tempter shall again awaken,
Leave not the feeble, Lord, abide with me !

Guilty and sin-stained, yet thine aid imploring,
Thou in my weakness wilt my succor be,
Trembling, unworthy, hoping and adoring,
Let me still cry, Oh, Lord, abide with me.

MONDAY, JULY 21, 1872.

IN DARKNESS.

In darkness I the strife prolong,
The dust with Him who gave it breath,
By evil passions rendered strong,
Although my victory is death.

Rejecting when I should adore,
And struggling while I wish defeat,
My stubborn efforts I deplore,
And fain would worship at Thy feet.

For me I know that Thou hast died,
For me the atoning blood was spilt,
Repentance has not vanquished pride,
Though loathing, still I cling to guilt.

The rocks were rent, light rushed away,
The grieving earth was veiled in gloom,
The dead resumed their mortal clay,
All nature trembled at Thy doom.

Yet I, its object and its cause,
With beating heart and faltering will,
Although Thy pity towards Thee draws,
Reject the proffered mercy still.

I yield at length—Creator, Lord,
And crucified Redeemer thou,
God-head and Man, Incarnate Word,
All-suppliant I before Thee bow.

From all delusion I am free,
None can oppress when Thou art nigh,
And he who shall believe in Thee
Thy word has said shall never die.

By faith instructed, let me found
My mansion firmly on the rock,
The swollen floods may rage around,
Unshaken it abides the shock.

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